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WHAT ABOUT FORESTRY?

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE question of forestry," said President Harding in a recent talk about the conservation of natural resources, "is certain to come up for very serious consideration in the early part of this Administration."

That puts forestry into the news, and makes it fair to ask, moreover, just what all this talk about forestry has behind it. What is it these foresters are so busy about?

"So you're a forester! How extremely interesting! Then you can tell me just what I ought to do with my rosebushes," said the lovely lady to the man who was supposed to know something about trees. That, however, was as far as she got, for the forester knew no more about roses than he did about cabbages, and so he told her. Whether he made her understand what his work really was is another matter.

Foresters usually explain their profession, when they take the trouble to explain it at all, in such a way that the ordinary man is little the wiser. What they know so well they assume that he understands also, and so are apt to leave him as much in the dark at the end of the talk as he was at the beginning. Although the foresters of the United States know as much about their own work as the average civil engineer does about his, they have somehow failed to give the public a common-sense idea of what forestry is, of what it means to the rank and file, and of what is being done or left undone to put it into practice.

Ask the man in the street what it is all about and the chances are he will tell you that forestry goes with green clothes and a feather in the hat; that it has something to do with rainfall and tree planting; and that it calls for an intimate acquaintance with bugs and birds and beautification generally. In short, that a forester is a care-free individual who roams the greenwood from morn till eve, frequently bursting into song at the mere thought of being so close to Nature.

The estimable woman who once asked me to recommend a forester who could supervise the grading of a new lawn in an old cemetery was scarcely more wide of the mark.

Although forestry has been widely used and thoroughly understood in most parts of the civilized world for the past hundred years, there has been little practice, and therefore little knowledge, of the conservative handling of wooded lands in America. Except by the Government on the national forests, forestry has rarely been applied in this country. It is not altogether surprising that the last thing the man in the street ever seems to connect with forestry is the production of wood for human use.

But that is just what forestry is—the art of producing wood. The practice of it is a profession with a field and purpose as definite as the arts of law, medicine and engineering. The only wonder is that it has been so long misunderstood. The primary purpose of forestry is to make the forest yield supplies of raw material to meet the needs of men. The farmer grows corn and wheat; the forester grows trees.

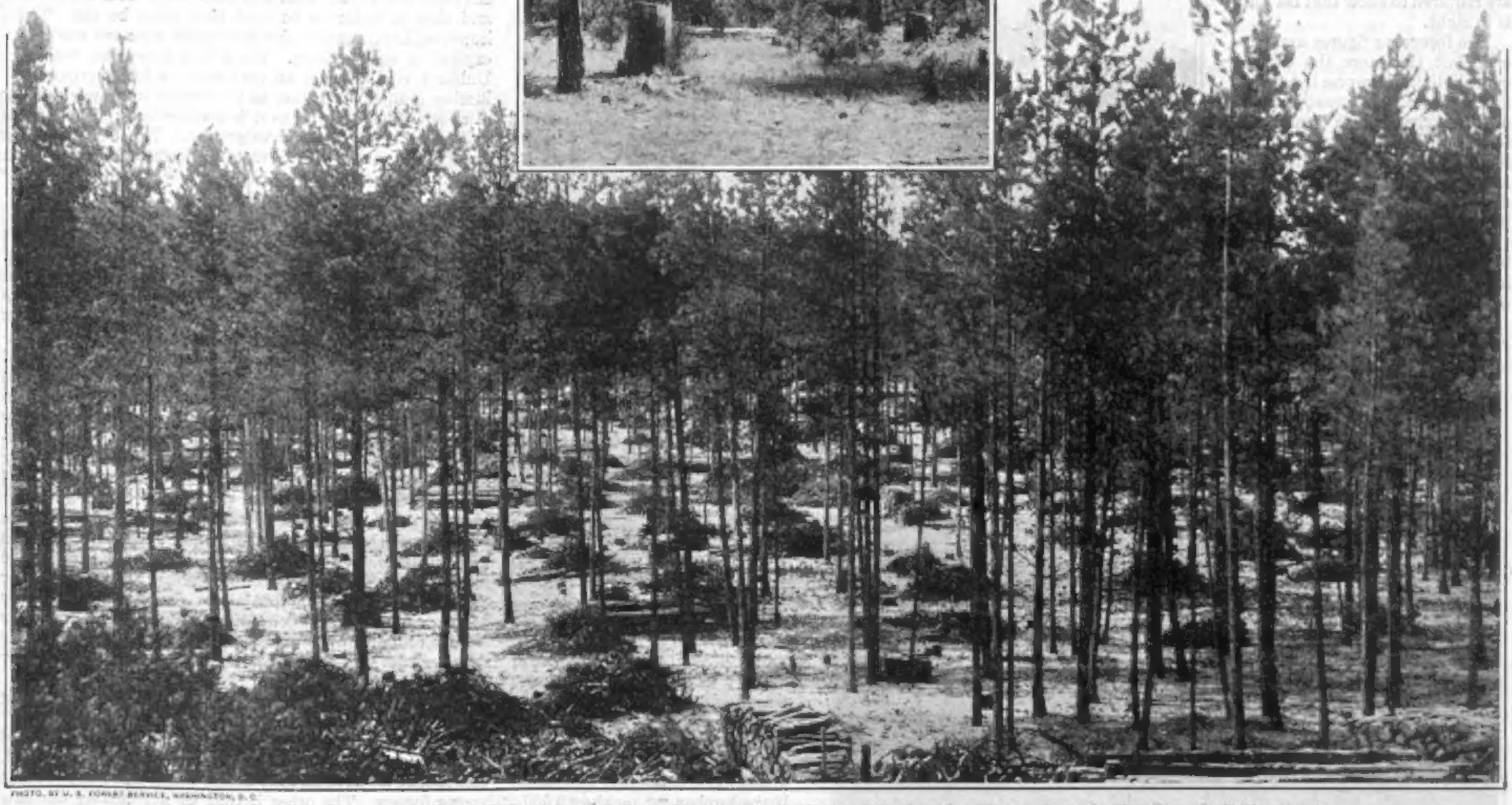


PHOTO. BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cutting Bull Pine Trees in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Showing Brush Piles and Cordwood. Above—Reproduction From Bull Pine Trees Worthless for Lumber, at Hillyard, Spokane County, Washington

The manufacturer produces shoes and cloth and tenpenny nails and automobiles; the forester produces wood. His object in life is to supply the needs of civilized men for that particular material which is consumed in greater quantities and has a wider use than any other or than nearly all others combined—namely, wood. The purpose of the forester is just as understandable as raising a steer or baking a loaf or building a bridge.

Hitherto forestry has been the occupation of a few. It is about to become the preoccupation of us all, for we stand on the verge of a great shortage of wood. This shortage it is the business of forestry to foresee and mitigate, even if it cannot be avoided altogether. Forestry, therefore, is nobody's hobby. On the contrary, it is a straightforward, clear-sighted, practical, common-sense business; and the people of the United States need it and are just coming to understand how much they need it.

Perhaps the easiest way to show why we ought to practice forestry is to point out just where our failure to practice it has brought us. Here are the facts, taken mainly from the official publications of the United States Forest Service. Their general reliability has not been disputed even by those who might have an interest in doing so.

Originally there were in the United States 822,000,000 acres of forest land. Of that unrivaled continental sweep of forest we have left in area a little more than half, or 465,000,000 acres of actual or potential forest land. But of this remaining half more than 80,000,000 acres have been so badly lumbered and so severely burned that they are completely devastated. They produce nothing. Yet to these millions of acres of desolate barrens an area as large as the state of Connecticut is being added every year. About 240,000,000 acres more support a meager second growth, and have been so mishandled that they are producing only about a quarter of what, under forestry, they would easily yield.

Cutting Into Our Forest Capital

THERE are left 137,000,000 acres of virgin timber in the United States, which remnant is being cut at the rate of 5,500,000 acres annually, and therefore at the present rate of consumption will last only about twenty-five years. And this is serious, for what is left of our virgin timber contains three-fourths of all the standing timber in America.

To put it differently, our forests of saw-timber size are being cut and used for home consumption and for export at the rate of 56,000,000,000 board feet a year. They are growing at the rate of 9,500,000,000 board feet a year, which is to say that they are being destroyed nearly six times faster than they are growing.

No complicated computations are required to show that the end is in sight.

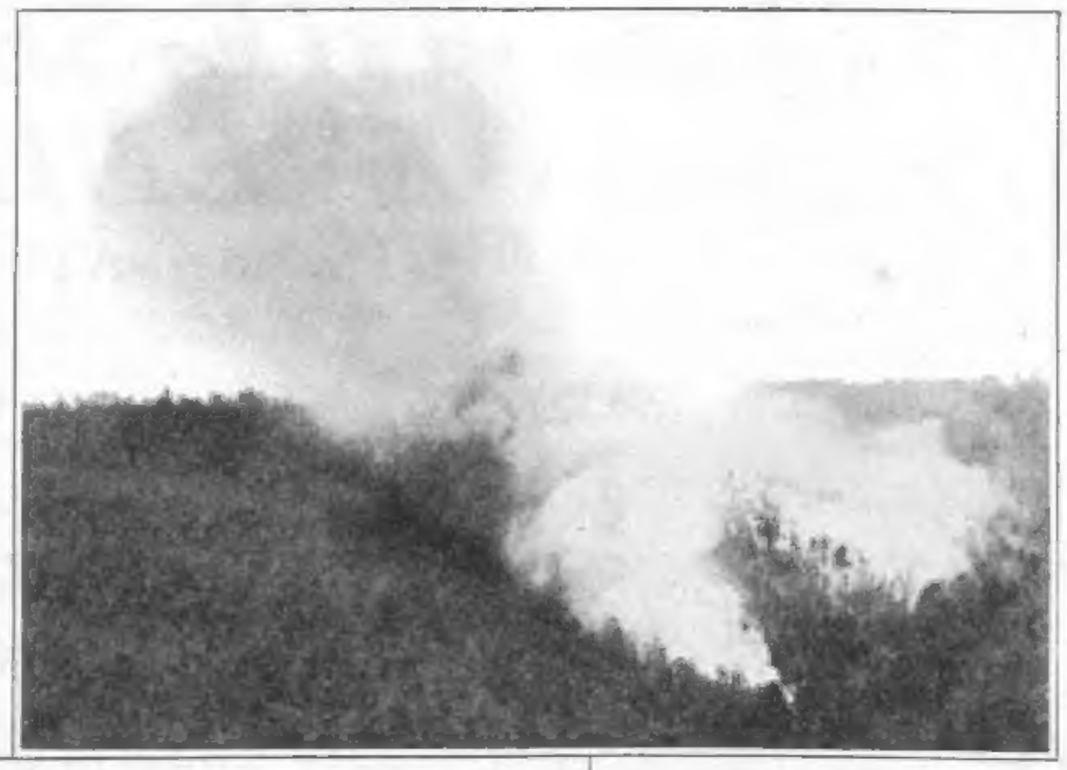
The foregoing figures are general, but the more the details come to light the worse the situation appears. The great pineries of Pennsylvania are gone; the forests of the Lake States, whose lumber built up the Middle West, are no longer able to supply the demands of their own people. The Southern forests, which supply the East to-day, are passing with bewildering speed. Every great industrial state, and nearly every one that is great in agriculture, which their people cannot earn a living. Already the mines of Pennsylvania are turning from the Southern forests to the forests of Oregon for shiploads of mine timbers which Penn's Woods have long been unable to supply.

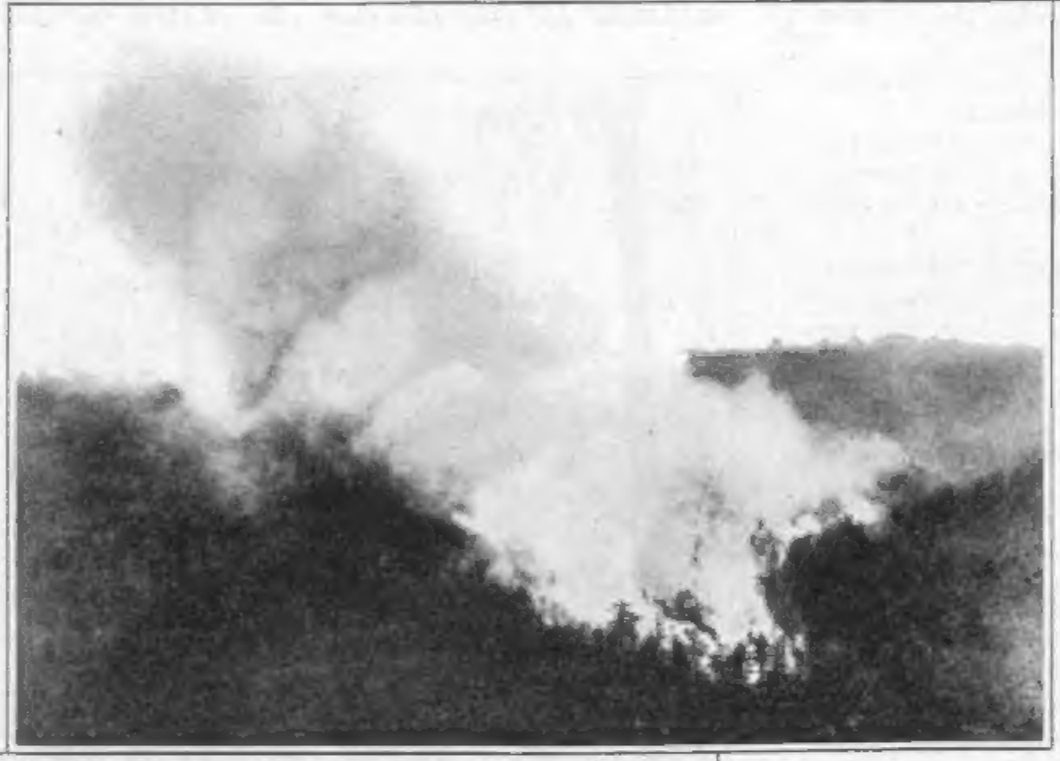
Start and Later Stages of a Forest Fire in Southern Pennsylvania

To us Americans, who are the most lavish wood users of the world, the coming timber shortage means more than it would to any other people.

"But," you say, "we had to have the lumber to build up the country. Wouldn't the practice of forestry have prevented our development?"

It would not. Forestry is merely a better way to secure and harvest forest crops. But it would have made this difference: If the lumber cut on the 80,000,000 acres of devastated forest land—an area, incidentally, nearly





three times as large as Pennsylvania—had been harvested properly, with protection from fire to follow, if the 240,000,000 acres now covered with second growth had been kept growing what they could grow instead of only a quarter of it, together they would now be producing every year some 40,000,000,000 board feet of saw timber more than they actually do produce. That amount is important, for our present normal domestic requirement is just about 40,000,000,000 board feet a year. If in addition to this the remaining 137,000,000 acres of virgin timberlands were to be properly handled instead of being devastated the total annual output of our forest lands would grow to be about 70,000,000,000 feet of saw timber, or more than enough for our own needs, with a tidy surplus for export. Instead of living upon the income of our forest investment, as other countries long ago saw the wisdom of doing, we are cutting deeper and deeper into our forest capital. Interest alone was not enough for us. We must consume the whole. It is true that forest trees are for use, and that in order to be used they must be cut. That, however, is no reason why we should wipe out our forest capital as we go along. Wood is a renewable resource. Unlike a coal mine or an iron mine, a forest grows. To lumber it in such fashion as to destroy its power to produce is as shortsighted as it is economically wrong. The only way to get wood is to grow it. The United States can grow it, but not in devastated forests, for devastated forests grow nothing.

The Era of Destructive Lumbering

FORESTERS have no quarrel with lumbering as such. On the contrary, their chief purpose is to make out of lumbering a continuing industry. Their work consists mainly in the harvesting of forest crops, and that means lumbering. What foresters are fighting is destructive lumbering, or timber mining, which devastates forest lands and kills their power to produce. What the forester lives for is the continuous production of wood, so that the lumberman may have wood to cut and the people wood to use. They would make our forest investments permanent, and permanently productive. As it is, our forests are melting away like snowdrifts in spring. We foresters object, and we are right.

Fifty years ago, or even twenty-five, there was some color of excuse for those who looked upon our forests as inexhaustible. We are living now in different times. The loose talk that "We have timber enough left anyway," or "Our Pacific Coast and Alaskan forests will never be exhausted," or "We'll get along all right when our timber is gone" might have been expected of certain people some decades ago. To-day it merely proves that the speaker ignores the facts.

Another common remark is, "We have lots of young stuff coming along that will doubtless see us through." It is true that there are second-growth forests on part of our cut-over lands, but two things must be borne in mind. One is that we have already begun to cut and market these young forests. The other is that we are cutting our saw timber, including this second growth, nearly six times,

(Continued on Page 66)

MILE HIGH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

NEARLY all the patients of the sanatorium were out of doors when the latest addition to their happy hopeful band came dropping down upon them from the blue. In the case of the new arrival the custom of procedure associated in one's thought with such institutions for the treatment of tuberculous cases was diametrically reversed. To the popular mind unacquainted with the present-day scientific treatment of what a previous generation saw fit to call the White Plague, the patient is generally supposed to go from the sanatorium to heaven. But this one came from heaven to the sanatorium, and he came thence with a suspicious spot in his left lung, eventually to leave it with a pair of robust ones which held no taint.

The patients, variously scattered about the grounds or seeking shelter in the ladies' or open-air pavilion from sun rays of such glittering intensity as to penetrate the tissues and cause the little T. B. rods to break up into shattered segments, watched the approach of the airplane with the mild interest of those following the flight of a homing carrier pigeon. There was an airdrome a few hundred yards away on the glittering plateau, a private enterprise for taking up sightseers to enjoy a panoramic view of Denver, the mile-high city at the frontier of the majestic Rocky Mountains toward which the Great Plains roll like a sea to the cliffs. Aircraft were often coming and going, passing over the imposing buildings of the sanatorium, with its terraces and arcades and façades gleaming like frosted silver. But now as they watched the homing flyer, a mile perhaps above their heads, instead of making for the hangar it began to circle the sanatorium, the center of its orbit, finally to take the ground lightly as one of the Chinese pheasants imported to the prairies, and running a little distance, as do these birds at landing.

Two men stepped out of the machine and pulled off their hoods. The pilot was short, dark, compactly made, with a jolly Irish face. His companion, a young man of thirty, stood six feet in height and had about him a good deal which suggested a viking, except that he was not distinctly blond. His hair shone in the sun like a chestnut fresh from the bur, with a sort of fine, lustrous nimbus. His eyes were a steely gray, nose short and straight, but with a sort of delicate expansion of nostrils as though they strove habitually for the intake of greater volumes of oxygen. His mouth was straight and too hard for so young a man, hard to the point of grimness, and a red spot burned in either of his lean, almost translucent, cheeks.

He stared at the sanatorium with a pleased expression, then drew out a platinum cigarette case with crest embossed in gold, a costly gift of an admiring friend, and marred while yet enhanced by a bullet hole drilled in one corner.

"Nice-looking place, Jimmy," said he; "might be a swagger country club or hacienda, or a 'little gray home in the West' of a movie star."

"You betcha, Chris. It's top hole and a mile high, and one of the best towns in the United States only a short distance away.

"Do you think they'll take me in? I understand they've got a big waiting list."

"Of course they'll take you in. The plant was built for your kind. You're an ex-soldier with a D. S. C. and a pair of gassed bellows that the T. B. have begun to nibble at, and you hail originally from Pittsburgh. When the director hears your history he'll find you quarters if he has to build a new room on the roof or clear the trunk closet or something. Look at the girls walking round. Look at that range of mountains over there—Pike's Peak on one end and Long's Peak on the other. Did you ever see such a panorama?"

"Never did. Makes the Bernese Oberland from Interlaken look like a snow fort. I seem to breathe better here too."

"I Have Practiced and Practiced and Practiced Till I Can Drive Nails With This Toy"

Jimmy began to unload the luggage, which consisted of two big valises, a pigskin kit bag and a canvas sea bag which was stenciled "Captain C. B. Carmichael." At the same time several of the patients came walking over, two of them robust-looking young men whom one would never have suspected of the taint of tuberculosis.

"Are these birds patients?" Chris asked.

"Sure. You're not apt to be depressed much by the sight of your fellow sufferers. Now let's leave the duffel here and go over and interview the chief."

Chris looked a little scared. "I like your nerve, Jimmy," said he. "Throw me into your dinky sky boat and sail me over here without so much as 'by your leave' or 'if you please' or 'go to hell' or anything."

"Well, that cough scared me, and you're no good to the company of which I have the honor to be general manager if you keep on as you are now. We want you, Chris, but we want you well; and I'll explain to Doctor Holden that we can't afford to lose so good an electrical engineer. You don't need any sweet-faced nurse to hold your hand ——"

"The deuce I don't! What's the good of being crocked?"

"Well, then, you can do it out of business hours—only don't get yourself chucked out. Remember you're a guest here, so be a good boy and don't try to start anything."

They walked across the firm sward in sunlight so brilliant that it would have seemed to the lowlander as belonging to some other world—a sunlight that blazed down in fine vibrations and penetrated the tissues and set deep fibers tingling as though it would shine through one from its very intensity and come out the other side, leaving no shadow.

Most of us have felt the rush of free air which seems to blow through our bodies as though they were porous, cleansing and refreshing them, and it was so with this sunlight, of which the effect was that of a translucent force not to be stopped by bodily opacity.

It was late in March, the ground frozen underfoot, with little sheathings of ice in its inequalities, and yet there was no sensation of chill in the faint breeze fanning from the snow mountains. It seemed to Chris that he was being sprayed by some volatile elixir which tingled the skin surfaces without chilling the deeper tissues. Here, he reflected, was just the contrary to the climate of France, where it was the chill wind which penetrated and the anæmic sunshine which appeared to stop on the outside. Even at the hospital in Switzerland to which he had been sent after being gassed and wounded there had been, as he had expressed it, no kick to the sunshine, while the cold air from the Alps had saturated his body like a sponge, and the *bise* set him shuddering from head to foot.

"My Lord! What a climate! What a country!" he said. "It would seem that a person that can't get well here had better hand in his resignation."

They passed round the steps of the administration building, where they were met by a friendly collie which seemed to have taken upon itself the duties of reception committee. At the same moment a big limousine car rolled up and stopped. Chris paused at the foot of the steps to glance back more in admiration of the size and make and burnished splendor of the vehicle than from any particular interest in its occupants. Then the chauffeur, who had the pointed eager face, fresh color and closely cropped blond mustache of an English noncom, leaped nimbly down to open the door, and as he did so the sun struck upon a flaming personality which seemed to fling back its rays with a rejoicing reflection.

"Good Lord!" gasped Chris to Jimmy. "Is that a real girl—a Denver girl?"

"Must be," Jimmy answered. "Don't remember ever having seen one quite like that before, but the sun's strong to-day and maybe she's just shed her winter coat. Sometimes they blaze out at a fellow like that in the spring, especially chaps like us that have been snowed up in mining camps all winter. She does look like a million-dollar gold piece, doesn't she? Reminds me of that frosted ore in Mr. Welles' specimen case."

The comparison was apt. The girl who had got out of the car and stood for an instant surveying the entrance, as if looking for a porter or concierge or some other functionary, strongly suggested a fragment of the precious metals locked in such abundance in the safe-deposit vaults of the great range of snow mountains which formed her background. She was enveloped in a chinchilla coat that would have made almost any woman envious, and there was set on her lightly wound ruddy hair, which the sunlight was alloying with silver tints, a small round hat of some glistening plumage that looked as if it might be Inca feather work, the breasts of humming birds, perhaps, gorgeous and iridescent, and like the coat, the involuntary sacrifice to beauty by hundreds of small victims. Her skirt was short, in pleasing accordance with the prevailing fashion, and the round fullness of the upper ankles slipped as through a funnel of bronze silk hosiery into bronze suède low shoes, short vamped and high of heel.

She turned her amber-colored eyes for an instant on the two young men, and their swift scrutiny held a look of amusement. The highly colored face was rich in natural tints and the nose, high bridged but retroussé, seemed to tug up her full red lips in a tantalizing smile as if she knew

"I've Never Dreaded Prison Much for the Simple Reason That They Shall Never Land Me There Alive"

how she dazzled and glittered, and was taking a wicked delight in it. Then she looked back into the limousine, where they caught a glimpse of a man's figure enveloped in a big white woolen overcoat such as polo players slip on when dismounting.

"Colorado!" gasped Chris. "Let's go get back in the sky boat. This place may be good for the lungs but my heart would never stand the strain of it."

"Some girl!" breathed Jimmy. "Gold and oil could never do that. She must be in the movies."

"Then let's hope she leaves her package and goes back to the lot," said Chris. "If I look at her again they'll turn me down as too advanced a case."

The chauffeur, alert and cocky as a new-made corporal, now bent with military stiffness from the hips and assisted the cabin passenger to alight. As his face came into the glare Chris gripped Jimmy by the arm.

"Holy mackerel," he breathed, "I know that bird! We were in training camp together and I saw him afterwards in France. It's Jerry Heming."

The invalid got out a little feebly. He was a florid young man with yellow hair and a full, straight, cropped blond mustache. His face was rather pale and, like Chris, his sunken cheeks wore the brilliant red badge of the Order of Tuberculosis. It was plain that he had been of broad and powerful frame, and that he was at this moment hard bitten by the scourge, for his breath came in whistling gasps and there was a tense attenuation of his lips, which were slightly parted over his strong white teeth. No less evident was the fact that he and the girl were brother and sister. There might have been no distinct likeness when the man enjoyed robust health. One could picture him as a florid and muscular or fleshy type, and his eyes were a pale blue, while hers were amber colored. But now, with features refined by his disease, the salient points of similarity became apparent, the planes and contours were identical, the high cheek bones, well-bridged noses, vertical line from chin to forehead, breadth between the eyes, and a proud, almost arrogant set of mouth, though the full lips of the girl had a hint of mirth at their corners.

"Jerry Heming," murmured Chris. "Wonder how he got his. When I saw him during the war he looked hard as nails. 'Fraid it wasn't the war fixed Jerry. More apt to have been the hell-raising in Paris that followed the signing of the armistice. Guess I'll say *bon jour*."

He went down a step or two just as an attendant came out. The girl flashed him a look of inquiry.

Chris pulled off his cloth hat in a casual way, then turned to Heming, who was supporting himself by a stick.

"Hello, Jerry," said he. "Just reporting, old chap?"

Heming blinked at him for a moment through the dazzling glare, then his emaciated features were shot with recognition.

"Well, look who's here!" he exclaimed in a voice which was cheerful if hollow. "Old Chris Carmichael." He scanned Chris' face more closely. "You got it too?"

"More or less," Chris answered carelessly, "but that's the least of my cares. How long have you been hectic, Jerry?"

"Oh, they spotted it about six months ago. I'd been going off for several months but put it down to a rush of wealth to the brain and burning daylight in Paris. Picked up a stray bug somewhere, and he got me under my guard and started a colony in both apices. I believe that's what the medicos call the first T. B. salient." He turned to the girl, who was surveying Chris with interest. "My sister grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and lugged me out here, and I'll tell the world Juanita is some lugger. Nita, this is my old pal, Chris Carmichael."

Juanita gave Chris a small strong hand. "Surely you're not a patient here," said she.

"Not yet, but soon, I hope," Chris answered cheerily. "It looks pretty good to me. Come down here, Jimmy, and get presented."

Jimmy came down bashfully. "My boss," Chris observed, after having made the introductions, "and the best ever. He grabbed me off the dump and threw me into his sky taxi out there and hiked me over here to get cured. It isn't going to take us long, Jerry, with all this loose ozone and glorified daylight."

"Of course it won't," said Nita. "Jerry's trouble is about two-thirds what the French call *le jazz*. He's got a spot in each lung, but this place will rub that out. Come along, old dears, let's go in and talk to the K. O. Jerry's all billeted. What do you mean by saying you hope to be a patient, Mr. Carmichael?"

"Well, you see, there's a big waiting list and I'm not a very deserving patient."

Jimmy fastened Nita with his blue eyes, which were glittering and frosty like the ultramarine shadows in the big snow peaks piled up in the clear dazzling distance.

"If I should need any help to get Chris wedged in here will you lend a hand, Miss Heming?" he asked.

Nita gave him her flashing smile. "Of course I will, Mr. Barclay," said she.

"Well, then," said Jimmy, "in that case I guess I might as well go over, wring the neck of my fan and taxi up to the front door with the duffel."

II

THE summer was on the wane. The great rolling seas of golden wheat had been safely garnered after the perils of wind and drought, the yellow corn stripped from the stalk, which was left standing in the littered fields, there to endure throughout the winter, with a curious resistance to rain and snow and icy gale, until plowed under the following spring.

That greatest of all gambles which is the prairie farmer's had been played to a successful finish with a bumper crop, though in some cases lack of hands to harvest it had resulted in unnecessary loss. Thousands and thousands of acres, to the eye poor and desolate, had yielded their generous contribution to a famine-stricken world. And now that the harvest was in and shipped or stored for shipment an air of abandonment rested on the vast stretches of gray tired soil and the rolling thickets of ungainly cornstalks.

It was thus that this broad bosom of earth, the feeder of the world, at that moment impressed four people who were crawling across it insectlike in a big touring car of popular make. They were all Europeans, accustomed to the garden spots of art and beauty, though one of them knew something also of the dreary places, the Siberian steppes; and another had spent a part of his early life in the savage solitudes of the Australian bush and plains. The lives of the other two had been centered in the very heart of a finished civilization, where the beauties of art and Nature had been so long combined as to become indistinguishable, and where the very atmosphere was charged with a sort of scintillating, vibrant, interweaving matrix of human passions and ambitions and tragedy and pleasure. These two, the man of early middle age and the girl of twenty-five, had been denizens of the capitals of Europe and its most lavish centers of gayety.

They were seeing the prairies for the first time and in their most uninspiring aspects, for there were no crops, green or golden, to please the eye; few trees; as yet no distant mountains to break the monotony; no sheets of water, even, to reflect the dull glint of the leaden sky through an atmosphere that was murky and dead; no herds of cattle, hoofed or horned, to lend a note of animation; and the long, straight, dusty road drew a ragged line ahead as far as the eye could reach.

"Can you imagine anyone living here, Léontine?" asked the girl of her companion in the rear of the car, a very beautiful woman of about thirty-five. "I'd rather sweep crossings in a London fog."

"Well, my dear," Léontine answered, "we must look at it from an economic point of view. It is the country which furnishes most of us with our daily bread. Look over there, Patricia, about two miles away. That small dot is a man plowing. What do you suppose he thinks about as he crawls round that enormous field?"

The man driving the car looked round with a wry smile. He was broad of shoulder, with the high handsome features of the well-bred foreigner, but his face was marred by a pair of eyes set rather too closely to the aristocratic high-bridged nose, and which with a cruel mouth gave an expression of cold relentlessness.

"His thoughts and those of the horse are probably identical," said he.

"That's a mercy, Howard," Patricia answered. "But the women in those lonely farmhouses—what do they think about? How can anything to make life worth living come into their existence?"

The other man turned with a shrug. He also was not without a certain claim to distinction of appearance so far as features were concerned. But this was marred by a sort of sinister irregularity; dark eyes, set not quite on the same horizontal plane, a mustache that failed to hide a mouth which was not precisely vulpine but that of the cruel sensualist. His nose was rather large, one nostril more dilated than the other.

"I wish we'd taken the train," he remarked.

"In that case you might not have gotten very far, Stephan," said Léontine. "These Americans buzz over their country like flies over a kitchen table. I think we're taking a chance even to remain together. But this seems to be our only safe way out. The steamers are watched, and we are rather a conspicuous quartet. I must say, though, I'll be glad when we get out of this. We ought to make Denver to-morrow night if nothing happens to the car, and after that there are mountains and scenery and things."

"I must say, this land of plenty is enough to give anybody the hump," said Howard Townley, who was driving listlessly, at a fair but normal speed. "Don't see quite what we're going to do when we reach Frisco without proper papers to get us to Japan."

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, *mon ami*," Stephan answered. "Anything now to get out of here.

Looks as if it were going to rain or blow or something. I don't like that yellow smudge ahead."

His apprehensions were not unjustified, for, as if in resentment to this foreign railing against a vast tract which was lending generously of its resource to feed the countries of the four, an ominous change of weather descended upon them with a spiteful rancor. The dust-laden air became opaque, the wind rose quickly, and in an incredibly short space of time they found themselves boring into a dust storm which a little earlier in the season might have brought devastation to the immediate region. The gale thrummed through the telegraph wires so that the poles, as they passed, gave forth a steady, sonorous diapason. The cornstalks on either side of the road began to sway stubbornly, and as the gale increased the wind seemed to lift the fine impalpable dust, not unmixed with sand, from the surface of the earth and convert it into a suffocating cloud, which weighed upon them like a woolen blanket, though worse by reason of its penetrating quality. Thicker and thicker it grew, sifting through the motor veils of the women. Stephan, who suffered slightly from asthma, began to breathe heavily in gasps. Howard Townley, his pale eyes red rimmed and his close-cropped mustache and vandyke a saffron yellow, cursed under his breath and gave the car a little more gas.

They came on a small way station with oil and water tanks and grain elevator and coal yard, and beyond these a few flimsy jerry-built houses and a general store.

"Want to stop?" he asked.

Léontine examined her road map. "No, keep on if you've gas enough," said she; "it's about eighteen miles to the next place. Imagine doing this sort of thing for fun. Yet lots of people do."

"They can have it," said Patricia. "Sometimes I'm almost tempted to turn honest. This life of crime is not all romance by a long shot."

"Nor profit either," growled Townley. "Wouldn't I be a nice haul for some secret-service sleuth—badly wanted in Paris for murder in the first degree?" His white, even teeth came together with a snap between his parched and dusty lips. "And everything coming right my way. If ever I cut the trail of that copper-headed beauty there'll be something in store for her!"

"You've a lot to learn, *mon ami*," said Léontine; "and one of the first and most important lessons is that in our precarious calling revenge, as such, does not pay. It cost Chu-Chu his life, and I could name a list of others that came to grief from trying to indulge it. This is getting worse and worse. I think we'd better stop the night in the next town. The book indicates a decent hotel."

There was no dissenting voice to this proposal. The local farmer in his flivver would have ridden through the dust storm unconcerned. But to these people there was something horrible about it, as if the country they had been abusing was determined to gather them up and smother them. The few knowing their true identity would have found it a pity that this could not be managed, as they were unquestionably, for all their elegance and high-bred traits, the four most ruthless, most desperate, most clever criminals whose joint forces were arrayed against society.

So they drilled on doggedly through the yellow shroud, now swept directly in their faces by a wind of high velocity. It was not such a dust storm as those who have never seen the sort might naturally imagine. For the yellow powder came less in puffs and swirls of thick opacity than as a sort of impalpable quality of the atmosphere itself, which seemed less to hold it in suspension than in saturation. It was homogeneous and constant, of a quality to sift through the closed ventilators and double windows of a Pullman car. Not the bitter alkali dust but plain, finely powdered soil, and driven with such force that right after planting time the wheat grains might have been carried with it, to ruin a splendid potential crop. It was one of the many evils with which those greatest of all gamblers, the farmers, had to cope.

Howard Townley stood it the best and kept up a sort of sardonic commentary. "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?" said he. "We'd all better send ourselves to the dry cleaners to-night or get the chambermaid to run her vacuum machine over us. Here comes a train. Lucky devils. I agree with Patricia. If I could only manage to grab off a Western heiress I believe I'd tread the straight and narrow path.

Léontine leaned forward. "Your path might be narrow, my lad," said she, "but never straight. Outlaws like ourselves are born, not made. We are put into the world perhaps for a definite purpose; a sort of counterirritant for a smug and satisfied society. Now let's speed up."

Townley acted on this suggestion, not pettishly but with disastrous results. The straight but straggling road was fairly good if one watched it carefully and avoided occasional deep holes, ground out by the big freighting vehicles. But the dust had got into Townley's eyes and as he forged more rapidly ahead they plunged into one of these with a jounce which, heavy laden as they were with luggage, brought the body of the car down against the chassis with a thump. Then as it sprang up again there came suddenly from its vitals an agonizing, tearing, smashing sound, as though the whole mechanism was being rent and torn. The car stopped abruptly and they sat for a moment in silent dismay while the yellow dust wind sighed past dolefully and the telegraph wires sang like æolian harps.

Townley was the first to recover himself. "That," said he, "sounds as if we'd ripped away the whole lining of this music box."

The others were too dismayed for words. As experienced motorists they realized that there could be no such devastating and destructive sounds as these without serious damage to the mechanism. Townley slipped out from under the steering wheel and leaped to the road.

"You might as well all get down and stretch your legs," said he. "That racket came from the transmission box, and merely plumping into a hole is not enough to account for it. I haven't touched the gear lever and it's solid in its notch. Sounds as if some Bolshevik had thrown a monkey wrench in the gears."

The others had been in rather strained positions for some time, wedged in with their hand luggage, and made no objection to the straightening of cramped limbs. Léontine and Patricia wound their veils a little more snugly about their heads and stepped out. Stephan shrugged and lighted a cigarette while Townley proceeded to investigate the damage. He lifted the cover of the gear box and, rolling up his sleeve, felt about for a moment in the mixture of fluid grease, then fished out a broken pair of pliers. Holding these with the blackened oil dripping from them, he looked for a moment grimly at the others, then turned to examine the cogs.

"Mangled all to pieces," said he. "Not only stripped but forced out of union. Straight case of sabotage back on the road. Possibly last night or perhaps a night or two before. Some late enemy took exception to our distinguished French and English personalities and decided to let us down. That accursed thing would lie in the bottom of the box without doing any damage until we got a good jolt, when it would be thrown up and jam in the transmission. This bump in that hole did the trick. So here we are about twenty miles from nowhere in the middle of the afternoon with a sandstorm blowing and a cold dead car."

"Can't we manage to limp into the next town?" Léontine asked.

"No, my dear lady. The cogs would only hit in spots and strip the few remaining ones, even if they engaged, which they don't. We've got to get a whole new box, and where to find it, heaven knows."

"Then what are we to do?" Stephan asked.

Townley shrugged. "That's a bit of a conundrum," said he. "We don't want to lose the car and it's too far to walk anyhow. We've got to wait here until somebody comes along that's willing and able to give us a tow."

Patricia unwound her veil and tried to stare through the grayish-yellow opacity which was almost like a mist. No human habitation was in sight, but the range of visibility extended not more than a quarter of a mile. Léontine also unswathed her face.

"Howard's the skipper," said she

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"And the Joke of It Is," Said Patricia, Looking Down at Him With One Hand on Her Hip, "You Could Buy Out All Four of Your Distinguished Guests With a Handful of Those Pebbles on the Table"

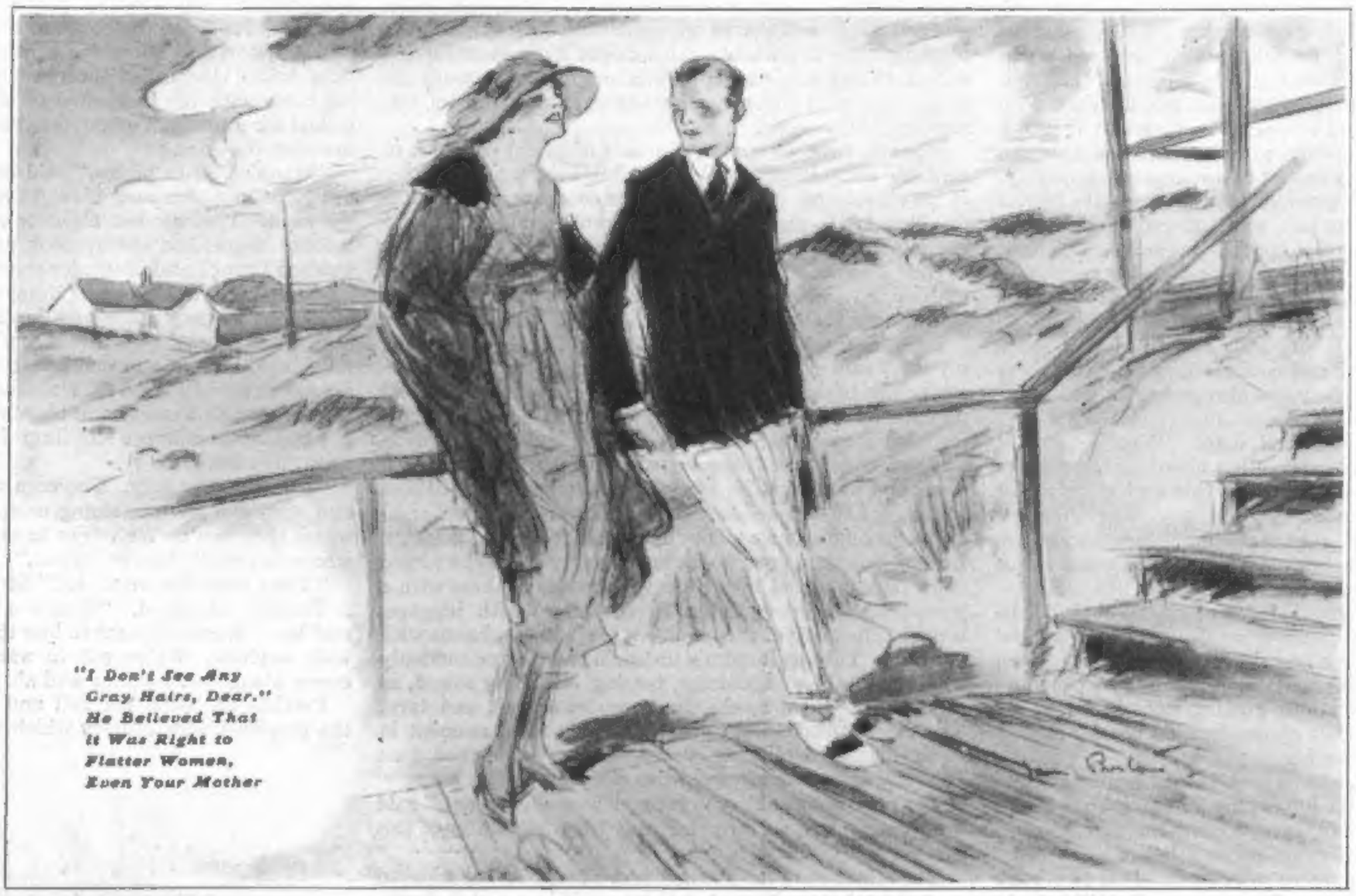
Night Life and Thomas Robinson

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IF THIS story has a fault—a thing of course extremely difficult for its author to admit—it would be that it is not wholly, primarily, exclusively about Thomas Robinson. Of course it is impossible that all stories by all authors in all magazines should be about the same young hero, so this one is to be about his mother, partly.

But it is also to be partly about the viciousness of young people in New York, an extremely congenial and welcome subject nowadays. And in due time we shall deal with pleasure, and roofs, and kissing in limousines, and even a French actress—quite enough about badness, you might think, to please even the most modern reader. Yet, paradoxically, the original statement must stand that it is largely concerned with young Mr. Robinson and his mother.



"I Don't See Any Gray Hairs, Dear." He Believed That It Was Right to Flatter Women, Even Your Mother

Thomas Robinson would have been the first to admit—at least in the period preceding the events about to be recorded—that any stories concerning parents must necessarily be concerning their youth, when stories did perhaps take place. It would indeed have seemed to him unsuitable that anything much should happen to elderly people like a man's father and mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Robinson of course were elderly, since they had been young so long ago, eighteen years earlier, when their son, no longer particularly young himself, was born to them. But paradoxically enough, Thomas Robinson had to admit, they did not look very elderly, at least not actually decrepit; especially his mother, who was commonly called a very pretty woman and, astonishingly enough, seemed so even to her son at times. They did not always behave very elderly, either—if elderly can be an adverb. The Robinson male parent especially had a flow of gayety and spirits which though the older man—the one of eighteen, that is—often found delightful, he secretly thought almost lacking in dignity and poise. The man was thirty-nine or forty if he was a day, yet his boyishness was almost exuberant. Once after reading in connection with a school course a book called The Primer of Psychology, Thomas Robinson went so far as to wonder—when he was quite alone and it was safe to wonder—whether his father was a case of what the book called "arrested development."

This feeling of being older than and superior to your parents is not wholly an unpleasant one. It gives you a kind of sentiment of affectionate guardianship of them that in no sense decreases your sense of your own importance, a most happy combination. Young Mr. Robinson of course had no such great feeling of watchfulness over his mother. Protect her and make life pleasant for her of course he would, to the last drop of his heart's blood. But he had confidence in her behavior—at least he always had had. His father in a way he did not trust—once out of his sight. But his mother ——

She felt her age more than his father, for one thing. He remembered quite well something she had said to him one afternoon at West Dunes. It was his birthday and there was a comparatively calm moment after tea when they strolled down to the sands together.

"I don't feel quite sure, Thomas, that you had better have any more birthdays, or ever grow to be more than eighteen. Won't you become a kind of public disgrace to me?"

He had merely looked at her very affectionately and said, "I don't see any gray hairs, dear."

He believed that it was right to flatter women, even your mother.

"No," she had answered, evidently pleased. "And I suppose I could dye my hair if it was necessary in order to let you grow up."

She was, you see, though quite dignified, also quite modern. For example, she was not at all like Whistler's mother, the painting of whom, by her son, Thomas Robinson had seen at the Luxembourg in Paris. Her clothes, for example—but there will be, in due course, more to say about her clothes.

"Yes, I suppose you must grow up," she went on, pursuing the same train of thought. "Indeed I know you must, to be a man."

"Oh, mother!" he protested.

She turned to him, suddenly and solemnly too. There was in her eyes laughter sparkling through tears.

"You mean you're a man already, do you, my son? Is this what this eighteenth birthday means to you, dear?"

"I've waited for this eighteenth birthday a long time, mother."

"Almost if not quite a year, haven't you?" she asked with a funny smile. "You couldn't manage to be a boy, just for your mother, could you, until the twenty-first birthday comes? I do see," she went on, "the justice of your becoming twenty-one—though I do think you might stop there. Yes, you must become a man, and do all sorts of fine things which will make me proud of you when I'm old."

The moment she said that Thomas Robinson suddenly saw that she really didn't look old at all.

"You won't ever become that, mother."

"Your father says I won't; he keeps telling me that all the time. I hope he's right. But I think I want to become just old enough to be the mother of a man of twenty-one who could—well, you could vote, for one thing, couldn't you? Then I'd control two votes —— No"—and she restrained herself—"No, it is much more likely that you'd control two, Tom."

The woman was infatuated with Thomas Robinson. It was easy enough to see that, and he himself had known it for quite a long time.

If proof of her folly were needed it was to be found early on the very evening of this story in the gown she had on. Perhaps this requires explanation.

The gay young Edgar Robinson, the father, had been suddenly called to Boston on business. Let us hope he found that gay, too, and then let us dismiss him from our minds. He and his wife had been dining out and the hostess on being telephoned to had expressed her willingness to have Mrs. Robinson even without her husband, this in itself a considerable tribute in New York, where men who will dine out are worth their weight in gold, and women much less. But the lady told her son Thomas that if he would dine with her quite alone she would chuck the other—an open declaration, as it were, of her affection for him.

It is quite open to us to believe that Thomas Robinson had already made other social arrangements—he was in town for only five days on a holiday from school. But he was, in the first place, very tolerant, almost indulgent of his mother's inclination to him—as young gentlemen go nowadays he carried it almost to a point of eccentricity; and in the second, he was far too well versed in modern New York ways not to know that to break an engagement from time to time is absolutely essential to self-respect.

He may even have been free. But it is not considered very polite to your hostess in New York nowadays merely to say you are disengaged and will accept her invitation. The least you can do is to say that of course you are already dining out, but you'll chuck it in order to come to her. This is almost rudimentary good manners, and Thomas Robinson's manners were better than rudimentary.

"Don't you think it would be rather fun if you took me to a restaurant, Tom? The sort of place you like going to yourself, you know. And," she added, "I'm rather rich this week, so I'll pay if you'll organize the evening."

"That makes it easier, mother," Thomas Robinson admitted.

"I guessed it might," commented the wise parent.

This all seemed very plain sailing, but suddenly a slight embarrassment seized upon the gentleman.

"You know, mother dear, I was engaged to dine tonight and—well, but as I'm chucking one engagement I think I ought to keep another one later on."

"Oh?" exclaimed Mrs. Edgar Robinson, noncommittally, on the whole.

"Of course I'll take you home," he protested, the slight embarrassment ever so slightly deepening.

"Oh, that's all right. I quite understand," she exclaimed, with vivacity suddenly come back. And then: "And I ask no questions."

Whether women are at their safest when they protest that they ask no questions is itself a question which may be left open perhaps. Besides which, a promise has been made quite a long time ago to say something of Mrs. Edgar Robinson's gown. Mr. Thomas Robinson had dressed himself with unusual care, if that were possible. But his parent to his eye seemed to have surpassed herself.

It was a new gown, of that he was quite sure, and she was wearing it for him. It will not be described here. It must, however, be said that it appeared to be a sort of cinnamon brown and that there was something copper-colored and also rose-pink used in trimming it, and that it had in some mysterious way that note of Vienna which appeared last spring to delight a world sated with Paris. In her hair was one of those spiked things of spun glass, so one would have said. If this description is vague it is meant to suggest that the costume was designed to bewilder the male as well as to please him.

"Well?" she asked, standing still for inspection. "Will I do, Tom?"

She knew, of course, quite well she would—the knowledge fairly sparkled in her eye.

"I never saw you look better, dear," replied her courteous son, kissing her lightly on the cheek. It would often be a nice thing to do to the lady you are taking out to dine, but even Thomas Robinson could not always count upon escorting a young and lovely mother.

"If I never looked better," she said, "perhaps it's because I never wanted to look better!"

If you analyze this you will see that what she really meant to say was that she had never more wanted to look well—or even better. But in spite of the grammatical confusion the meaning is fairly clear and is, under any interpretation of her words, pretty flattering to Thomas Robinson.

When she had put her cloak on—a simple little thing of pale brown summer ermine—he kissed her a second time lightly on the cheek. This, too, would often be a nice thing to do.

"Where are we going to dine?" she asked.

"I thought the Grill Room of the Versailles. Theodore usually gives me a good table."

"Oh, does he?"

She looked gravely at him, although you might have thought from the twinkle in her eye that she was going to laugh. Then she passed a small hand through his arm and drew a little closer to him in the motor; she snuggled, if you can bear the word.

"Well," she went on, "I don't blame Theodore. I should give you a very good table."

They got a very good table. And Theodore, the good head waiter, whose suavity covers unplumbed depths of worldly wisdom, seemed to Thomas Robinson to bestow a glance of appraisal and approval upon his companion.

Such approval should be despised by none, for competition in the Grill Room of the Versailles runs high. There were there, for example, that evening no less than six movie actresses of the very highest rank — queens, in fact; two star actors of the speaking stage; a Polish pianist dining tête-à-tête with a Russian princess; Mrs. Freddie Lance, of Roslyn, with three brokers who still had money; old Mr. Harlington; and so forth. The all-New York, as they say in France *le tout-Paris*.

Theodore bent courteously over Monsieur Robinson like a distinguished diplomat of the old days taking the suggestions of a young crown prince. He was serious, yet there was a light sparkle in his dark Latin eyes, as if it both pleased and amused him to see one so young so completely *au fait*, to employ the language of his native land, in the ways of the world.

Thomas Robinson studied the menu with some care. But his first remark did perhaps spoil the picture of complete elegance.

"The grub at school," he announced, "is simply rotten."

The lady and the good head waiter exchanged a glance. But it may be that they judged this boyish frankness to be only the direct and brutal modern way of talking, even among complete gentlemen if they are fashionable enough.

"Let's have a very good dinner," suggested the lady.

"Would it," began Thomas Robinson, not forgetting that it would be the woman who would pay—"would it run to caviar?"

"Oh, yes," she replied; "and if I didn't bring along enough money there are always my pearls!"

It was a good dinner, not at all like the ham and eggs which in the story is all the rich Alaska miner could think of after being years where the grub was simply rotten.

It would be a pleasure to linger over the ordering of the dinner and the eating of it. No one in the room seemed to try harder to please the gentleman she was dining with than Clare Robinson. It may be that no one succeeded better. There was a deal of light laughter at their table. And something more—love too. Once the lady might have been seen to catch her companion's hand and hold it for a moment. Not quite the best style perhaps, but what can a gentleman do with a woman hopelessly in love?

Even in the gayest restaurants, however, there sometimes comes a mood after dinner of a quieter kind. Not minor exactly, but confidential. The music goes on, but to its accompaniment sad or sweet or tender or even bitter things may be said. The truth creeps shyly out perhaps to the rhythm of a waltz. And so at one table in the Versailles Grill a talk went on in lower tones between a mother and her son which was like all such talks everywhere in the whole world. And what was in Thomas Robinson's mother's heart is a little we believe in the hearts of all women who are mothers.

There had been a silence of perhaps a quarter of a minute, but this is really a long silence. They sat smiling at each other.

"Thomas," she said at last, "there's nothing in the world a mother would like so much as to be her son's most intimate and dearest friend."

"Well, aren't you, dear?" he asked softly.

"I'm not saying I'm not. But I'm not saying exactly what I want to say—not yet. Indeed, perhaps what I want to say to you is more your father's affair than your mother's."

"Oh, go ahead, mother. Why, there isn't anything wrong, is there?"

"No, I'm sure there isn't a thing wrong. People are always saying nowadays," she went on more briskly, more what people call conversationally, "how wicked and how badly behaved all the modern young New York people are. But I don't believe it's true that they're all bad. I don't, for example, believe my son is "

She smiled at him; yet was there a look of anxiety in her eyes?

He smiled back at her, and there seemed no look of anxiety in his. They were clear and very handsome eyes. Slowly something not unlike a blush rose to his cheeks.

"I'm not very wicked, mother. In fact," he went on more slowly, "I'm not wicked at all. Some fellows would be almost ashamed to say this, but I'm not, not to my most intimate and dearest friend."

There was an odd little catch in her breath as she started to speak, and her hand was pressed an instant with a pretty, almost girlish gesture, as of relief, against her heart. But she gave a little laugh.

"Oh, I dare say you're wicked, though I hope it's always in ways I'd approve of. I don't ever want to be foolish or old-fashioned or prudish, dear. Just because I think you're an angel from heaven, I don't suppose you really are. I don't really suppose you ought to be. But mothers are silly creatures, dear. I try to give you all possible freedom. I try to understand that you're not a child. I try not to worry. But you wouldn't believe how in spite of everything I often lie awake till you've come into my room and kissed me good night."

"It's been good morning sometimes lately, hasn't it, mother?" commented Thomas Robinson.

"I wish you'd always feel free to tell me where you're going and what you're doing. It's so foolish, but when I don't know ——"

"Do you mean, mother, that you want to know where I'm going to-night after I've taken you home?" asked our young gentleman with a laugh all mischief. "Is that what you're leading up to?"

She collapsed completely.

"Yes," she admitted, like a bad little girl caught in a trick. It made Thomas Robinson feel very mature to find out what a child she was.

"I don't in the least mind telling you, dear," he said with a certain air of magnificence, "that I hope it means a front row at the Frolic."

"Is that very grand, dear?" she asked. "If it is, I hope it means just that. But ——"

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Once the Lady Might Have Been Seen to Catch Her Companion's Hand. Not Quite the Best Style Perhaps

THE CLASS

By EDWARD H. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

WHEN Marse Overton caught the packet at N'Orleans in the days of our South's adolescence and started back to Baton Rouge with his slave-sale money in his bag he was certain to encounter pleasant and perilous fellow passengers. They wore high hats of beaver and obtrusive clothes tailored in St. Louis, after impetuous copies of the New York and Philadelphia modes of the time, and their fingers were banded with fulgurous rings. In the bar or on the deck these resplendent ones dispensed various thrills for the amusement and impoverishment of the public. The Overtons, of all the West and South, tried their hands at the rondo and keno and monte and faro, at the wheel and the rouge et noir urbanely conducted by these steamer-haunting gentlemen. It was the noonday of the river gamblers, whose age is softly memorable now, whose crimes are richly clad in distance.

When Mr. Jones climbs aboard a train to-day, in any city in any quarter of this spacious country, he also may meet casuals as dangerous to his purse and reputation. Unless he is a great deal warier than his neighbors he is likely to let himself be invited into sessions of draw and stud poker conducted in the drawing-room of some other voyager by train. The Joneses of all regions and all estates are trying their luck at these ventures, euphemistically called games of chance.

This is the high day of the railway gamblers. There is neither distance nor softness about the crimes of the train sharpers. Their misdeeds have all the barb and pang of presence and actuality. They are taking the American traveling public into purse as never before in our history.

In New York recently official announcement was made that detectives were being used against the sharks and that known gamblers would not be let through the gates at the metropolitan terminals. Detectives are riding on many trains in the areas where the car gamblers have been most active, and numerous arrests have been made.

Public Gambling Then and Now

WHOEVER has traveled since the war needs not be told of the persuasiveness of the gamester of the rails. On such main-traveled lanes as those between New York and Chicago, New York and Boston, New York and Washington, Chicago and the Northwest, Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha and the Pacific Coast, Kansas City and St. Louis and the Southwest, and especially on the routes leading to the great Eastern, Western and Southern coast resorts, the gamblers are not only constantly active but so numerous that rivalries and fights among them are common.

The kind of victims selected in these days deserves attention. It is no longer the verdant rustic who is sought out and divested of his small savings. The gambler of to-day will have nothing to do with the yokel. He hunts the prosperous merchant, manufacturer, man of fat business and easy circumstances, the fellow with money to lose. The sporting salesman is hardly worth his while, and serves as gudgeon only when no nobler game is in sight. Heads of business firms have lately been fleeced. In at least two authenticated cases metropolitan bankers were got into these traveling games and came out badly drained. The small-town magnates, politicians, hotel keepers and factory heads who have been stripped are certainly beyond estimate.

A bit of background: The traveling public has always been most preyed upon by the crooked gamester. The tourist must have money or he could not be voyaging. He is likely to have considerable amounts of readily negotiable paper or actual cash in his pockets. He is usually looking for diversion, for anything that will kill the tedium of long trips. Unless he is specially warned or has had prior defeats he is readily approachable. The man who would stand off any stranger in his own city often yields readily to the advances of a traveling confrère. The gamblers who capitalized dexterity with cards and other implements of gaming a century ago, at the beginning of public gambling in this country, understood these facts, and took to the steamers which were then beginning to fill our great rivers and puff along our coasts.

When the Railroads Displaced the Water Traffic the Gamblers Were at First Disconcerted

When the railroads displaced the water traffic the gamblers were at first disconcerted. The rapidity of train travel and the absence of such privacy as the packets afforded seemed insurmountable obstacles. Many of the old river players located themselves in cities and the raw towns of the West, where they opened gambling houses. At the end of a generation these were pretty well closed and made unprofitable by the legal enactments against them. Then some gamblers went back to the trains, and we had the smoking-car sessions which were familiar enough twenty years ago, and still survive. These were never genuinely successful from the gambler's point of view. There were always too many onlookers and too low stakes. Their victims were men with not much money to lose. They were recruited from the same simple strains of people which supplied the victims of the cruder games of confidence men and green-goods peddlers. Every manner of crude card trick was employed by gamblers, themselves so ill trained in the arts of the gamester as to seem pitiful in the light of recent accomplishments.

It must have seemed to those who legislated against gambling that constantly amended enactments were certain to drive the gamblers out of business by making their work unprofitable. Once more experience has contradicted this view of moral lawmaking. The taste for gaming, the lure of something for nothing, the feeling of superiority over others, the liking for the miraculous cannot be threatened or forced out of a people in whom these silly traits are so dominant as in the United States character. People continue to gamble in one way or another There are probably more professional gamblers now than ever before. The losses are, by agreement of all the initiates I know, much greater than at any time in our past.

Legislation has arranged things so that the humble fellow with a weakness for what are termed games of chance must go to some trouble to find ways and places for losing his pay. It has also put the gamblers to pains in devising subtler methods of operating. It has kept them on the move and constantly seeking new places in which to conduct their games. No doubt they will now be legislated off the trains and into some other haven.

So the point isn't that we can stop the gambling, or that I as one individual want to. But I can tell you how the cleverest railway gamblers operate to-day. It is possible to post any intelligent man sufficiently to make him safe against the games now used. After a while the gambler will change his games. Then someone else must come along and inform the public anew.

Not an Actor for Nothing

PRACTICALLY all card cheating is now done by means of marked cards. All the older tricks have been discarded. Paraphernalia of every description are now eschewed by the experts, or, as their own world terms them, the class.

But there are marked cards and marked cards. A world of difference spins between the old and new types. Before going into this subject there is one bit of absolute doctrine to lay down. There are no honest professional gamblers, no square public poker games. There may in the past have been casino keepers who took nothing more than the fixed percentage of their games. The most sophisticated followers of the tables of chance apparently doubt this.

When it comes to poker, the only game extensively played on the railroads, it ought to be remembered that no gambler in the history of mankind ever sat into this kind of venture with strangers unless he had an advantage. Either the gamester resorts to cheating, or he reckons his opponents so inept that crookedness is superfluous.

All the railway games in which professional gamblers and amateur sharpers participate are crooked. This must include the greater part of all such games in which strangers participate.

The story is told of a motion-picture actor who got into a through sleeper in Chicago, bound for California. The man was anything but a child. He had played cards in every kind of company for a good many years. He was himself decidedly dexterous. He believed he knew what there is to be known and considered himself proof against cheating. But he managed to lose a couple of thousand dollars in a drawing-room game the first night out. He watched carefully, examined the cards, kept his eye on the man who did most of the winning. Still he could detect nothing. He was, however, utterly certain that he was being cheated. Finally, after the loss of one of the biggest pots of the evening, he pretended to be without further money and quit the game. He left the drawing-room and went back to his berth.

Ten minutes later the players were thrown into panic when the actor plunged into the drawing-room with a bomb in his hands, the fuse of which was sputtering and hissing threateningly.

"You're a gang of crooks!" he shouted wildly, staring about him with furious eyes. "You'll give me back my money or I'll blow the crowd of us to hell! I've got to have that money! It's the last I own, and I mean business!" The players hesitated.

"Don't try to stall me!" cried the actor. "If I don't get my money back it's the end of me, and I'm going to take you crooks along!"

"We are Going to Have Beautiful Weather," He Says, and His Confrère Understands That the Dupe is Worth Trying

There was a swift digging into pockets and wallets and lightninglike return of the player's money. He snuffed the fuse and pocketed the money.

A few minutes later the conductor and the train detective pounced on the actor in his seat. The gamblers had reported that there was a dangerous man aboard with a bomb.

"Just a minute!" pleaded the Thespian, writhing in the grasp of the officials. "That bomb was just a prop. Look at it yourself! It's in that smaller suitcase there."

The railway officers examined the infernal machine and decided that the man was telling the truth.

"What's the idea of scaring people to death?" they demanded, still inclined to arrest their man.

"It's like this," the actor explained: "I'm in the motion pictures. Those crooks in there came their game on me and I came mine on them. Both worked."

He was not again molested.

One of the sharp gentlemen cowed by the stage bomb told me the story, laughing ruefully at himself as a gull. It must be true.

The story illustrates more than anything else the skill of the class. The men who are working the cars to-day are as removed from the traditional gambler in type and method as one set of men may be from another. The older gambler was an obvious fellow as to dress and manners and methods. No one of any sophistication should ever have been taken in by him. He advertised his profession. The modern professional conceals his. The old-timer took the candy butcher or news agent of the train into his confidence and gave him a share of the winnings. In return the hawker handled marked cards and other paraphernalia. Cold decks, breast-holdout machines, and crude run-ups and stacks were extensively employed by the older generation. Its members played mostly in the smoking cars and had little chance to pick and choose victims. The games were usually for minor stakes.

The modern gambler goes about it in another way. He dresses like a responsible city business man. He uses no paraphernalia whatever. He would not dream of betraying his secret to any member of the train staff. He travels usually in a drawing-room and carefully selects his victims. His stakes are and must be high, for his original investment, called the nut money, is considerable. As a general thing he travels alone. On some of the more luxurious and profitable lanes, such as those leading to the expensive winter and summer resorts, the class operates in gangs, either of two gamblers and one woman or two couples.

The Technic of the Class

THE good gambler now uses practically nothing but personally prepared marked cards, known in the argot as homemade paper. He is an expert at throwing the paper—dealing marked cards. He deals tops, bottoms or seconds so cleverly that no eye can follow him. He is an artist in this, quite as skillful as the sleight-of-hand man and legerdemain specialist. One of the men I know never engages a room in a hotel unless it contains a full-length mirror or pier glass. As soon as he is alone he backs a table against this reflector, places himself before it and begins dealing from the bottom, or second position. He watches his hands in the mirror to see whether he can himself detect the slightest hesitancy, the least imperfection in his technic. Every morning and every evening he practices, like a pianist. He must keep his fingers supple and his hands soft. He takes as much care of his digits as a violinist. What is true of him is pertinent to all of his class.

Referring again to the subject of marked cards: There are two general divisions into which these implements of gambling dishonesty fall, the ready-made and homemade paper. Ready-made marked cards can be bought in every city of any size, or through the mails from advertising dealers, who refer to their wares as trick cards. There are several types, the most common being referred to as readers. These cards are so delicately marked on the back that no ordinary person is likely to detect the fraud, and only the expert can make them out without the key to the marking. Such markings may consist of small dots of fine lines or extra curves or spirals in the conventional design on the back of the cards, or of special delicate shading in the design.

The class does not employ ready-made paper. The expert prepares his own. He may do this either before the game or after it starts. If it is done in advance he must contrive to get his deck introduced into play, not always an easy feat if the opposing players are wary. By far the better plan is to mark the cards as they are used. This requires the greatest skill and daring. Only the deep initiate are able to employ it, but most of the men playing the real havoc on trains in these days belong to this classification.

Speaking broadly, the train gamblers use two general methods of marking cards while in play. They either dent them slightly with a tiny wooden needle worn under the thumb nail and called the peg, or they shade them by means of blue and red crayon. The peg is not new and not so effective as the other method, which is referred to as the daub. This is the very latest and most deadly form of cheating known in poker-playing. The man who can do it well ranks with the first elect. He is the class of the class. Let us see how he operates.

The gambler gets aboard a Florida-bound train in New York, let us say. As soon as the train is well under way he begins to study his car. If he sees a man who looks prosperous and approachable he soon makes a pretext for engaging him in conversation. The gambler is a shrewd reader of character. He knows at a glance the kind of man likely to be interested in his wares. If he can get his man interested he shortly invites him into the club car or smoking compartment. If there is a club car there is almost always a card game in progress, one got up among a few friends if nothing more. The gambler studies carefully the onlookers. At every such game there are a few men who cannot watch without wanting to play. They sit or stand about impatiently, waiting for places, trying to insinuate themselves into the game. Often enough they look about among the spectators and try to organize another table of their own. If this happens the gambler immediately declares himself one of the party and gets his first new acquaintance to join. Then and there, or later, he suggests that the game be played in his drawing-room. The hint may always be tactfully given.

"We don't want all these Peeping Toms looking over our shoulders, do we?" he asks. Or he acts a little shy and dignified, saying, "I really have always made it a rule not to play before an audience. I've a drawing-room back in the second car. Let's go there."

Every poker player appreciates the boon of privacy, and few are slow about accepting such an offer. The four or five men picked up in the club car are led back to the drawing-room, a table is got from the porter and the game is on. As a general thing the gambler tries to limit the game to four or five, picking out as well as he can those who look most profitable.

Two packs of cards are now ordered from the porter, and the gambler prefers to have someone else get them. At this point he takes every precaution to have nothing whatever to do with the cards. He calculates that if he takes no hand in supplying the implements of play no suspicion is likely to attach to him. The cards are brought, usually a blue deck and a red. These cards are absolutely honest. They are of standard make and unmarked in any way. But——

In the upper left-hand pocket of his vest the gambler has two crayon pencils, one red and one blue, both sharpened and worn with the points up. On his handkerchief he has a small quantity of a chemical mixture whose character is best not disclosed here. From time to time he takes out his handkerchief, gets a little of the fluid on his fingers and then touches the tip of one of the pencils—that corresponding to the color of the deck then in use. The quantity of color he takes upon his finger must be minute, so as to give the back of the card an almost imperceptible shading at the point where the gambler presses his stained digit.

The Modern Gambler Dresses Like a Responsible Business Man

As soon as an ace comes into his hand the sharper presses a speck of the color on the card at the corner. A king is shaded just below, a queen a little nearer the center, the jack still nearer and then tens and nines practically at the center of the card. Usually the cards of lower denomination are not marked, for the game is always either jack-pot poker or stud, in which the cards of lower denomination play relatively small parts.

Two Types of Wisenheimer

IT MUST be remembered that this shading is done very deftly, and so lightly that decks so marked have been shown me in a strong light and yet defied an eye that was looking for the shading and knew what it sought.

As the game proceeds the gambler thus shades one card after another, as the various aces, kings, queens, jacks, tens and nines chance to fall into his hands. Just as soon as he has the deck fairly well covered he is ready for his tricks. If he has an associate he manages to deal this man the winning hands; and the partner, who understands the daub fully as well as its maker, returns the compliment. If the gambler is alone he must deal the big hands to himself. When others are dealing he must be content with reading the backs of his opponents' hands and being always informed of the true state of the play. By dealing from the bottom and second position he is able to make hands at every deal. He is a most skillful manipulator as well, and varies the run-up with the stack. For those who do not know the difference it should be explained that to run-up is to fix a deck by means of the old-fashioned hand shuffle, shaking the cards from one hand into the other. Stacking consists of accomplishing the same end by shuffling on the table, lifting the edges of both halves of the deck and running them together under the thumbs. A cold deck is one similarly prepared in advance and then surreptitiously introduced into the game. Naturally no honest player or amateur cheater has any chance against this sure thing.

I have already spoken of the change in the type of man victimized. It may be laid down as an invariable rule that the modern gambler lays his snares only for the wise guy, or wisenheimer, as the sophisticated person is called. These terms, which are identical in meaning, contain a nuance, like most slang words. The wise guy is superficially a man who is informed and clever, one who knows the world or the realm of trickery. But underneath is the satirical inflection. The wise guy is not really informed. He is one who only believes in his cleverness. He is, in other words, a conceited and semieducated ass. This from the gambler's point of view.

The class recognizes two types of wisenheimer—the shrewd business man, who has generally an air of

(Continued on Page 85)

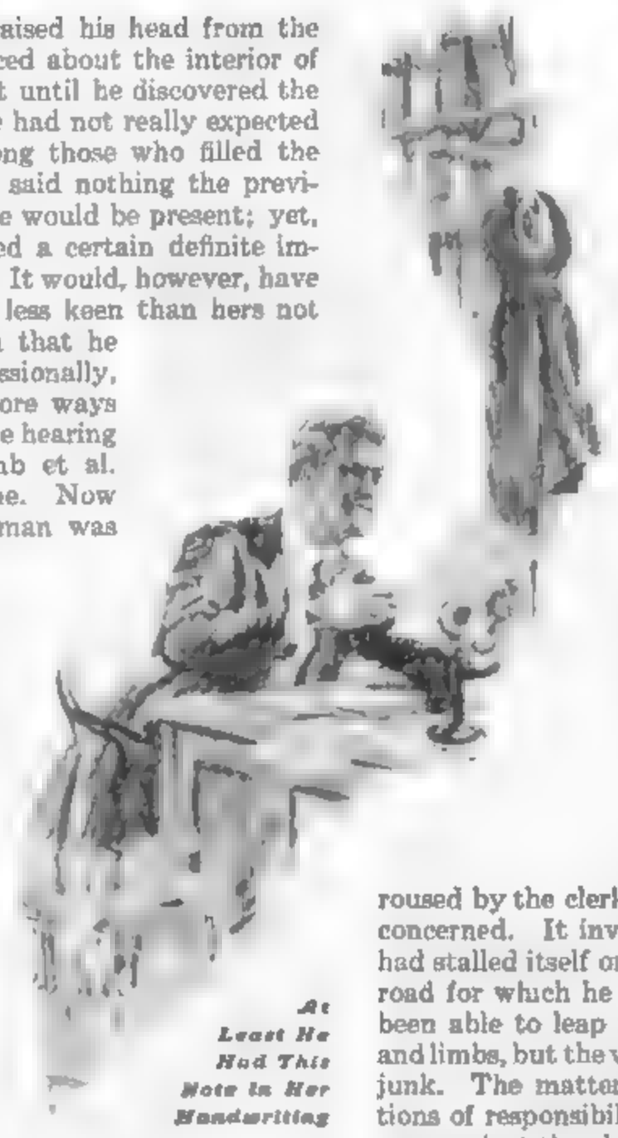
Either the Gamester Reverts to Cheating, or He Reckons His Opponents So Inept That Crookedness Is Superfluous

THE BIG IDEA

By LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. FISK

ATTORNEY COLEMAN raised his head from the lawyers' table and glanced about the interior of the Third District Court until he discovered the face he had been seeking. He had not really expected to find Eleanor Shotwell among those who filled the tawdry court room. She had said nothing the previous evening to indicate that she would be present; yet, somehow, his mind had evolved a certain definite impression that she would come. It would, however, have required a woman of intellect less keen than hers not to have caught his intimation that he would be highly honored professionally, and personally gratified in more ways than one, were she to attend the hearing of the case of John Hanscomb et al. against the Randolph Short Line. Now she was here, and Jared Coleman was highly sensible of the compliment.



At Least He Had This Note in Her Handwriting

It appealed to him as marking the new phase in their relations which had begun the previous evening when he had asked her to be his wife. She had been very gracious; indeed, it was clear that she had been tremendously affected and that her regard for him had passed the bounds of their earlier friendship. Yet she pleaded for time. It was all a development so unexpected, so sudden that in justice both to himself and to her she must consider many things. And so it had been left.

Yet Coleman could not but feel that all was well; so now as he looked upon her a certain proprietary sense filled and uplifted him. Her eyes were turned out of a window giving upon a placid street scene swimming in delicate June sunshine. He noted the fine line of profile, the patrician poise of the head. She was a new sort to him. In all Randolph there was no woman like her; he had never seen anyone quite like her. As he watched he saw her turn to a man at her side whom hitherto he had not noticed, yet a man of poise as marked and appearance as distinguished as the woman at his side.

A lawyer was bringing to its close a ridiculous peroration in a petty suit and Judge Dixon had interposed a side remark. It was clear to Jared Coleman that the woman had not smiled at her companion because of any humorous merit embodied in the clumsy judicial witticism. A slight raising of her brows precluded any such interpretation. It was merely the cheapness, the pettiness of the whole thing that had impressed Eleanor Shotwell. The return grimace of her companion was entirely sympathetic.

The lightning flash suddenly illuminating a midnight landscape may graphically reveal that which has been hidden from years of daylight. So now this little interchange of smiles seared Jared Coleman's mind with a sense of the littleness, the unimportance not only of the case before the court but of the pettiness of the court itself and all its affairs. It was as though he had been endowed with increased vision enabling him to see the limited scope of a world he had thought big.

As for Eleanor Shotwell, in a flash she had been transported miles and miles away from him. He saw her now, aloof, serene, unattainable; his only wonder was that he had ever been able to bring himself to that point of fatuous asininity which had led to his declaration of love.

Coleman slumped in his chair, frowning over his meditations, when he was roused by the clerk's voice calling the case in which he was concerned. It involved the wrecking of a motor car that had stalled itself on the tracks of the little branch-line railroad for which he was legal counsel. The occupants had been able to leap from the car in time to save their lives and limbs, but the vehicle had been completely resolved into junk. The matter at issue, hinging as it did upon questions of responsibility, might ordinarily have been a clear case against the plaintiff, since the railroad most obviously had nothing to do with the stalling of the car. But other matters had combined to make the suit not so simple in its solution as might otherwise have been the case.

Hastily gathering his books into a pile, Coleman was rising to advance to the bench when he saw Timbrook, the opposing counsel, and a man whom he recognized as the claim agent of the Randolph Short Line leaving Judge Dixon's side. The judge glanced at Coleman and then cleared his throat:

"Case of Hanscomb against Randolph Short Line dismissed."

"But, Your Honor ——"

Coleman stared first at the judge and then at the two men, who were standing together, smiling upon him.

"The case has been settled out of court, Mr. Coleman." Judge Dixon swiveled his chair toward the clerk. "Call the next case."

Humiliating as this would have been in any event, it was, under the circumstances, unutterably so. Coleman stood rigid for a moment, staring haughtily at the bench; then without replying to the laughing salutation of the railroad man and the rival lawyer he bent over the desk, gathering up his papers.

Involuntarily he raised his eyes toward Eleanor Shotwell and her companion. They had risen and were making their way into the aisle. His inclination was to wait until they had gone, but the woman caught his gaze and nodded and smiled, indicating that she would await him in the hallway.

"Jared, this is my brother, Edwin Shotwell," she said as Coleman joined the two.

Coleman, who had begun a stiff bow, jerked upright.

"Oh, indeed!" Recovering, he took the man's outstretched hand. "I have heard of you, Mr. Shotwell."

Edwin Shotwell was one of the best-known corporation lawyers in New York, a man constantly appearing in cases which, to the financial world at least, were frequently of national importance. Coleman inwardly cursed his stupidity in not having associated the two. He remembered now that she had often referred to her brother, although not, that he could recall, by name.

No wonder he had smiled throughout the proceedings. Evidently that was what he had come for; a merry diversion, a balmy dip into the humorous ways and byways of legal rusticity. Well, he had not been disappointed. And the irony of the whole thing was that he, Coleman, in his simplicity, had invited Eleanor Shotwell to the court in order that she might view him in his professional aspects. Jared Coleman was a man of keen sensibilities, and now that his eyes had been opened and he had seen his environment and his affairs with the perspective of an outsider he caught every light and shade of the situation.

He fumbled nervously at his watch, opened it and then replaced it in his pocket.

"I think," he said, "if you'll excuse me, I must go back to the office. I ——"

"But"—the woman was smiling composedly—"we are not going to excuse you, you know. I want you and Edwin to go over things a bit. So of course you're coming to luncheon."

Without waiting for a reply she moved toward the motor.

Shotwell, whose eyes throughout had reflected inward amusement, gestured and smiled.

"Better come, Coleman, hadn't you? My sister has written about you, and I feel I'd like to know you a bit."

"Oh, he's coming." Eleanor Shotwell turned as her brother assisted her into the car, beckoning imperiously to Coleman, who, without further dissent, followed into the tonneau.

"Rather a disappointing outcome to your case, Coleman." Shotwell chuckled reminiscently as the car turned from the unevenly paved street with its rows of quaint brick stores and office buildings into a thoroughfare leading toward the river.

Jared Coleman's reply was monosyllabic. That abortive case was the last thing he wanted to talk about. Indeed, his mood was not at all talkative.

"Tough on us lawyers," Shotwell went on cheerfully. "If this habit of settling cases out of court grows we'll come to be little more than legal appendices, and mighty useless ones at that."

"I would call it a happy solution. Yet"—Eleanor turned to her brother—"I don't want you to think, Edwin, that I don't appreciate a skilled administration of the law. I couldn't after my experience with Jared Coleman."

She referred to the man's legal services in connection with an aunt's estate, Riverview, a venerably handsome seat a few miles outside the city, whither the car was now bound.

Eleanor Shotwell had come there in the late winter to be with her aunt, who was ill. Death had shortly ensued, but the niece—she had been named in the will as sole heir—had fallen in love with the beauty, the peace and the charm of the place and had lingered on.

"It may please you to know," she continued, "that my decision not to sell Riverview when I come into possession is due to Jared's advice."

"We're Even. Three More, Boys. One and— Two —— Hooray!"

"Yes, that is what I came here to talk about."

The woman flushed.

"I know you did. Something told me you wouldn't take an important day off for mere pleasure, or simply for the sake of doing an act of brotherly devotion. And of course, being a lawyer, you'd get at the point of your visit by circumlocution. Well, at all events, the argument can keep until after luncheon."

"Oh, I'm not going to argue." Shotwell's easy manner was that of a man talking to a child. "I'm merely going to tell you. Now ——"

"After luncheon, I said, Edwin."

"Very well, after luncheon, then." The man extracted a cigarette from his case and lighted it.

Coleman studied the two with some curiosity. Shotwell was a man of perhaps fifty. If it had ever been in Coleman—who was pretty much of the old school—to do anything so ungallant as to speculate about Eleanor Shotwell's age, he might without error have placed her in the middle thirties. He had come to know her well enough to catch under her light demeanor an underlying uneasiness, while evidently Shotwell's attitude toward him would have been subtly inimical had not his patent contempt precluded emotion so deep.

Luncheon was rather a silent affair. It was well cooked and well served, and Shotwell, apparently a *bon vivant*, gave practically all his attention to the food. Several times Coleman had glanced up, to find Eleanor's eyes fixed upon him. Their expression was dubious. It occurred to him that memories of the previous evening were still in her mind; as for him, he had dismissed that evening and all the wonderful things it had contained as though it had been a dream.

"Well"—Shotwell drew back his chair a bit and lighted a cigar—"let's get down to business, Eleanor. You say that acting upon the advice of Mr. Coleman you are not going to sell Riverview. What are you going to do—rent it?"

"Perhaps." She glanced at Coleman. "We—I may decide to live here."

"Pretty big and luxurious place, this. How do you suppose you're going to ——" He paused and glanced at Coleman.

"Mr. Coleman, there is no reason why we shouldn't all be very frank and plain, especially since, as I understand, you have done my sister the honor to propose yourself as her husband. She asked my advice this morning about that; but I dislike giving advice offhand, so I thought I'd wait until we three could get together and canvass the situation."

"Yes"—Coleman flushed and stiffened in his chair—"I did ask your sister if she would marry me."

"Quite so. Now, first, about Riverview. You advised my sister not to sell the estate. How much do you suppose it would take to run this place?"

Coleman shifted his feet, glancing about the room and then out the window.

"Well, on simple lines, about ten thousand a year."

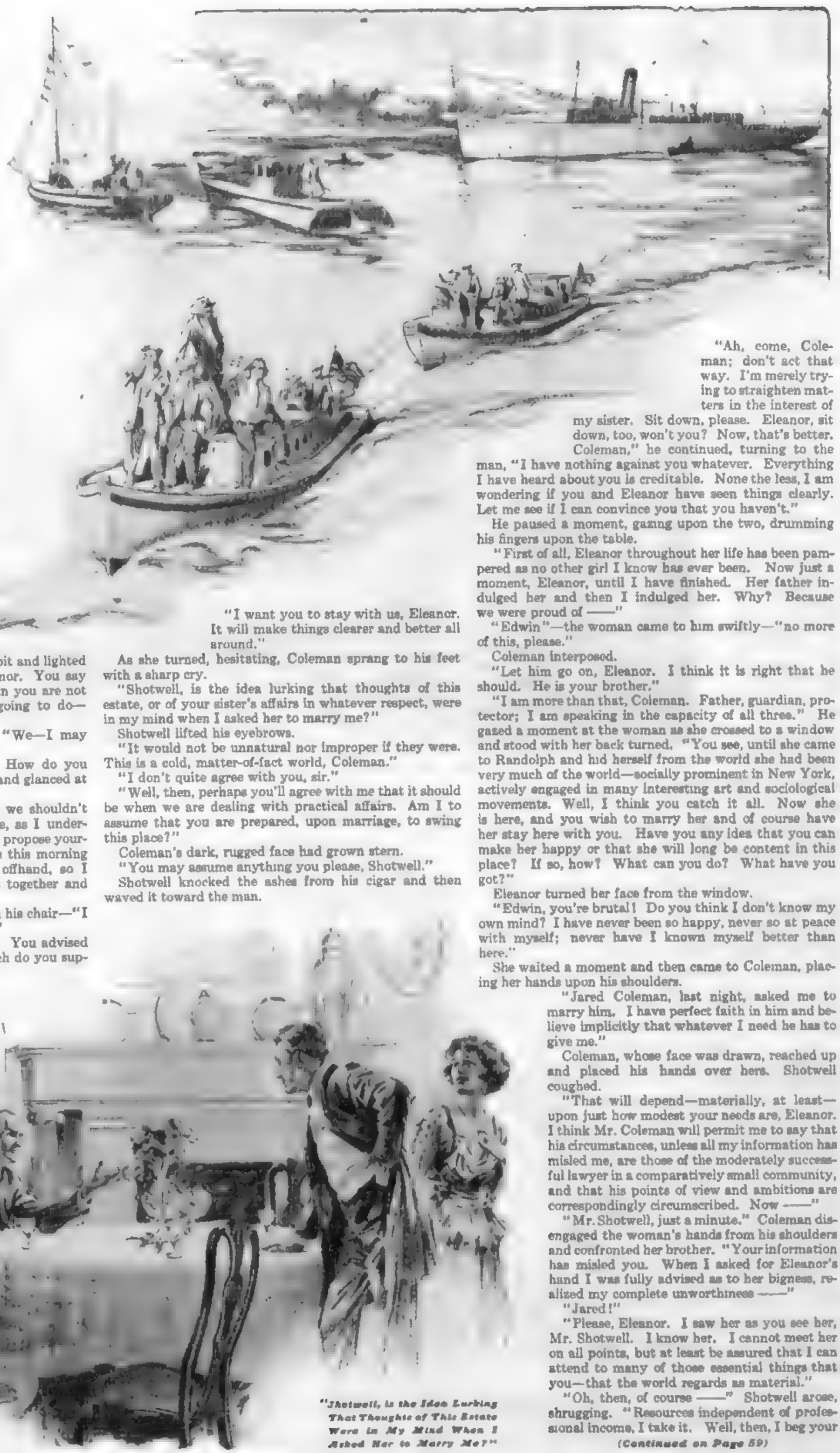
"Easily. As a matter of fact, I fancy you're a bit conservative."

"Perhaps so."

"Well, are you aware that my sister has no means that would enable her to meet that expense? Are you aware that her personal income amounts to two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and that her living allowance has come, and—until she marries—will continue cheerfully to come, from me?"

"Eleanor has never spoken to me of affairs of that nature," was Coleman's quiet reply.

There was silence. Then the woman rose abruptly and was leaving the room when her brother called to her.



"I want you to stay with us, Eleanor. It will make things clearer and better all around."

As she turned, hesitating, Coleman sprang to his feet with a sharp cry.

"Shotwell, is the idea lurking that thoughts of this estate, or of your sister's affairs in whatever respect, were in my mind when I asked her to marry me?"

Shotwell lifted his eyebrows.

"It would not be unnatural nor improper if they were. This is a cold, matter-of-fact world, Coleman."

"I don't quite agree with you, sir."

"Well, then, perhaps you'll agree with me that it should be when we are dealing with practical affairs. Am I to assume that you are prepared, upon marriage, to swing this place?"

Coleman's dark, rugged face had grown stern.

"You may assume anything you please, Shotwell."

Shotwell knocked the ashes from his cigar and then waved it toward the man.

"Shotwell, is the Idea Lurking That Thoughts of This Estate Were in My Mind When I Asked Her to Marry Me?"

"Ah, come, Coleman; don't act that way. I'm merely trying to straighten matters in the interest of my sister. Sit down, please. Eleanor, sit down, too, won't you? Now, that's better. Coleman," he continued, turning to the man, "I have nothing against you whatever. Everything I have heard about you is creditable. None the less, I am wondering if you and Eleanor have seen things clearly. Let me see if I can convince you that you haven't."

He paused a moment, gazing upon the two, drumming his fingers upon the table.

"First of all, Eleanor throughout her life has been pampered as no other girl I know has ever been. Now just a moment, Eleanor, until I have finished. Her father indulged her and then I indulged her. Why? Because we were proud of ——"

"Edwin"—the woman came to him swiftly—"no more of this, please."

Coleman interposed.

"Let him go on, Eleanor. I think it is right that he should. He is your brother."

"I am more than that, Coleman. Father, guardian, protector; I am speaking in the capacity of all three." He gazed a moment at the woman as she crossed to a window and stood with her back turned. "You see, until she came to Randolph and hid herself from the world she had been very much of the world—socially prominent in New York, actively engaged in many interesting art and sociological movements. Well, I think you catch it all. Now she is here, and you wish to marry her and of course have her stay here with you. Have you any idea that you can make her happy or that she will long be content in this place? If so, how? What can you do? What have you got?"

Eleanor turned her face from the window.

"Edwin, you're brutal! Do you think I don't know my own mind? I have never been so happy, never so at peace with myself; never have I known myself better than here."

She waited a moment and then came to Coleman, placing her hands upon his shoulders.

"Jared Coleman, last night, asked me to marry him. I have perfect faith in him and believe implicitly that whatever I need he has to give me."

Coleman, whose face was drawn, reached up and placed his hands over hers. Shotwell coughed.

"That will depend—materially, at least—upon just how modest your needs are, Eleanor. I think Mr. Coleman will permit me to say that his circumstances, unless all my information has misled me, are those of the moderately successful lawyer in a comparatively small community, and that his points of view and ambitions are correspondingly circumscribed. Now ——"

"Mr. Shotwell, just a minute." Coleman disengaged the woman's hands from his shoulders and confronted her brother. "Your information has misled you. When I asked for Eleanor's hand I was fully advised as to her bigness, realized my complete unworthiness ——"

"Jared!"

"Please, Eleanor. I saw her as you see her, Mr. Shotwell. I know her. I cannot meet her on all points, but at least be assured that I can attend to many of those essential things that you—that the world regards as material."

"Oh, then, of course ——" Shotwell arose, shrugging. "Resources independent of professional income, I take it. Well, then, I beg your

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H_2O BOY!

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Fibius Was a Chocolate Symphony. His Breast Stroke Was Faultless

THE mahogany-hued figure of Mr. Fibius Gillum balanced precariously on a rickety piano stool, the single point of contact between Mr. Gillum and the stool being that portion of the gentleman's anatomy immediately adjacent to his belt buckle.

Mr. Gillum's Herculean figure was becomingly—scantily—clad in a one-piece bathing suit of howling cerise, and as he lay face downward on the piano stool his enormously muscular arms and legs kicked out rhythmically, while Mr. Eli Rubb glanced occasionally at a pamphlet which he clutched in his left hand and droned forth advice.

"Tha's it, cullud boy! You is gittin' it now. The book say both them arms back together an' both legs out ditto the same way. You is gwine be the swimmin'est man!"

Fibius was a chocolate symphony. His breast stroke was faultless. Once or twice the stool upon which he perched tried to throw him, but Fibius saved himself on each occasion by masterful balancing.

Eli Rubb glanced idly from the pages of the book—entitled Swimming Taught at Home in Ten Lessons—through the windows of the ballroom. Twenty feet beyond the wide veranda he could see a gilded sign which was nailed fast to a sweet-gum tree:

EVRYBODY COME INN

COLORED ONLY

CHICKEN DINNERS 75 CTS.
POLITE SWIMMING & DANCING

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

Beyond that tree was unfolded to Mr. Rubb's enraptured gaze a magnificent panorama of crystal lake nestling in the narrow valley between two large hills. From the lower—and deeper—end came the roar of the spillway at the crude dam which made possible the lake and the phenomenal success of the first colored pseudo country club in the Birmingham district—possibly in all the South.

Eli Rubb was by way of being a considerable dignitary at Evrybody Come Inn, and it was through his friendly influence that Fibius Gillum now lay prostrate across the piano stool struggling grimly to master the art of the fish.

For ten additional minutes the lesson dragged on under the watchful—if somewhat tired—scrutiny of Mr. Rubb. Then he placed the book on the piano.

"A'right, Fibius. Reckon you is done did 'bout all what you c'n do in one day."

Fibius righted himself and stood perspiringly upon his abnormally ample feet. He found Eli's gaze resting doubtfully upon the white-lettered inscription on the breast of the cerise bathing suit. Fibius, too, sought the words and thrilled to their message:

LIFE-SAVER

Then he raised doubtful eyes to Mr. Rubb, general resident manager for Evrybody Come Inn.

"You reckon, Eli," questioned the life-saver, "that I is ever gwine learn to swim?"

"Huh! Fibius, co'se you is."

Fibius shook his head.

"I dunno."

"Dunno ain't never got nobody nowhere. Don' that book yonder say they teaches you in ten lessons?"

"Yeh, it says so. But that book ain't gwine save no lifes if'n them lessons don' wuk."

"They cain't he'p wukkin'. It's like the book says—if'n you c'n do all them strokes on a pianner stool, they ain't gwine be no trouble doin' 'em in the water. When you is in swimmin' you is got the water all roun' you, but when you is learnin' thisaway you ain't got no s'port 'ceptin' underneath."

"Yeh, tha's all what I is got when I is sittin' down, too, Eli. An' I never had to learn that outen no book."

Eli became a mite peeved.

"There you go, Fibius, gittin' ongrateful fo' what I is did fo' you. Wa'n't you tellin' me on'y fo' weeks ago that they wa'n't nothin' you woul'n't do to git you a good job an' eatments th'ee times a day? An' ain't you got that job now, an' all the grub what you c'n eat?"

"Uh-huh," assented Fibius doubtfully. "I is got all what you says, Eli. But I ain't never befo' heard of no life-saver which coul'n't swim."

"Well, I di'n't know you coul'n't swim when I made 'em 'lect you life-saver fo' the beach heah, did I? Don' go blamin' that on me. An' what if'n you ain't never hearn tell of no life-saver which coul'n't swim? Ise bettin' they's a heap mo' things that you ain't never hearn of. Besides, they ain't nobody gwine git drowned out heah nohow."

"But they is gwine think it's funny I don't never go in the water, ain't they?"

"Who is?" snorted Eli indignantly. "Who is? You is talkin' foolishment with yo' mouth. Now I asts you, Fibius—an' you has been bell boy at Ormond Beach, Flo'da, fo' two seasons—I asts you, is you ever in yo' whole life seen a life-saver in swimmin'?"

Fibius thought carefully, then shook his head.

"No-o, now I come to think of it, I don't hahdly recillec' ever havin'."

"Well," triumphantly, "how you know they could swim?"

"They must of could swim or they woul'n't be no life-savers."

"You says words, Fibius, but they don' make no sense. You says if'n they coul'n't swim they woul'n't be no life-savers."

"Uh-huh."

"Ain't you a life-saver?"

"I reckon so."

"C'n you swim?"

"Not hahdly."

"Then don' that prove you is wrong in sayin' what you done said? If'n they is one life-saver which cain't swim—an' tha's you—how we know they ain't a million which is in the same fix? Honest, Fibius, what you ain't got is no brains. I reckon tha's why the good Lawd give you big muscles an' a fine shape."

Fibius reached the book from the piano top and thumbed uncertainly through its pages. He was not at all impressed.

"Well," he vouchsafed finally, "I reckon my job's kinder safe until somebody goes an' stahts to drownd. But when they does"—he made a helpless, hopeless gesture—"when they does, an' waits fo' me to save 'em, they sho' Lawd is gwine git a s'prise!"

Eli Rubb was not at all pleased with his friend's lack of enthusiasm. According to Mr. Rubb's way of thinking there was no job in the world which could possibly suit Fibius quite so well. Certainly Fibius had a figure which any life-saver in the world might envy. And all he had to do was to tread the concrete beach of the lake before Evrybody Come Inn and exhibit that figure to the admiring eyes of the dusky damsels and the envious glares of the less fortunate colored gentlemen who were frequenting the resort in increasingly large numbers.

Together they strolled out on the broad veranda and stood gazing off into the distance; and then, as though in response to an unworded summons, the shrubbery took life. The bushes moved gently and an equine head was insinuated into the landscape. At sight of the animal which stood gazing in a most friendly manner upon them Eli Rubb swung testily upon his massive friend.

"Yonder's Cauliflower," said he significantly.

Fibius' face was momentarily distorted by a grimace of pain.

"Uh-huh! I sees him."

"I reckon that hawss makes you think of Meander Wright, eh?" taunted Eli.

Fibius flushed a deep lavender.

"I ain't cravin' to make talk bouten Meander Wright."

"Meander can swim plumb elegant," snapped Eli, and then added maliciously, "An' he's a swell hawss trader."

Fibius winced. Too well did he know that Meander Wright was an excellent horse trader. The friendly face of the well-fed Cauliflower was ever-present proof of that fact.

Meander was by way of being the rival of Fibius for the heart and hand of the dimply Miss Thesaurus Johnson, and Meander had been for some time combating the obvious preference exhibited by Miss Johnson for Fibius.

Several weeks previously Meander had planted in the breast of Mr. Gillum an ambition to succeed in the one-horse-dray business, Meander offering for sale one horse—to wit, Cauliflower. Fibius purchased Cauliflower. With

what remained of his arduously collected capital he purchased a new and shiny dray and a set of secondhand harness. With the latter he attached Cauliflower to the former. He attached him, but Cauliflower did not remain attached.

After Fibius had sold the remains of his new dray for firewood he borrowed a dray from a friend and to this vehicle he hitched the horse. Again there was a series of violent kicks and another dray passed into the great beyond of all good drays, and the owner thereof —demanding immediate payment, which Fibius was unable to make explained to Fibius just how he had been stung by Meander Wright.

Cauliflower, it seemed, was known by reputation to the owner of the borrowed and now defunct dray; and he let Fibius know that though Cauliflower was a good enough horse in certain ways, he was temperamentally disinclined to the labor and social indignity of menial draying.

"They's some hawses thataway," explained the wise friend. "They rides saddle all right, an' they buggies elegant, but they don' do nothin' to no drays or nothin' else which ca'ies a load 'ceptin' kick 'em to pieces. An' tha's what Meander has sol' you."

Fibius gazed ruefully upon the wreck of the wagon and of his fortune.

"I c'n sell him."

"Nossuh. He ain't a real good saddler, n'r neither buggier. An' he ain't no good fo' a dray hawss."

The friend proved an accurate—if pessimistic—prognosticator. No one desired to purchase the affectionate Cauliflower, and Cauliflower refused to demean himself by hauling a dray. Fibius made two desperate efforts to lose the horse; but, like the proverbial cat, Cauliflower came back. And so it was that when Fibius accepted the position of life-saver at Evrybody Come Inn he brought with him one equine liability answering to the name of a popular vegetable.

And on the shores of the placid, crystal lake Cauliflower waxed sleek and fat and ate rapidly into the weekly salary of his master. And Cauliflower became genuinely fond of the big man who had brought him to this state of ease and affluence, never knowing that whenever Fibius' gaze fell upon him he was racked by a fierce desire to murder or otherwise seriously inconvenience the Mr. Wright who had unloaded the animal upon him. Nor was Fibius made happier by the knowledge that in a single fell swoop Mr. Wright had reduced him to a state of financial destitution and made immediate matrimony with Miss Thesaurus Johnson a matter not to be considered.

"Meander trimmed you good," insisted Eli Rubb mercilessly. "He sol' you a bum hawss which you spen's all yo' money feedin'. An' ev'y Sunday he brings Thesaurus out heah with him an' shows off all them fancy divin' stunts of hisn, an' swimmin' under water an' sech—a li'l' shrimp like him—an' you tellin' me you cain't learn how. Fust thing you know he's gwine make sech a hit with Thesaurus that she's gwine up an' ma'y him."

"Reckon Thesaurus ain't gwine be swep' offen them feet of hern by no human trout."

"She's pow'ful fon' of swimmin', Fibius; an' good swimmin' is 'bout the on'y thing Meander Wright don' do nothin' else but."

"Ev'ything wa'n't so wuss," raved Fibius, "ontil this heah beach went an' opened. Hones', I never thought no cullud folks was ever gwine go crazy 'bout swimmin' in the water."

"They's one I know, an' her name is Thesaurus, which is crazier 'bout swimmin' in the water than she is 'bout swimmin' on a pianner stool, an' the sooner you learns——"

"Well, I ain't gwine in," negatived Fibius positively, "until I is finished with all ten of them lessons. Takin' chances like'n to that ain't the fondest thing I is of."

"Trouble with you," snapped Eli, "is that you is plumb ongrateful. Ain't you never stopped to reelize all what I is done fo' you? On account of you bein' the life-saver Thesaurus thinks you must be a better swimmer than what even Meander Wright is, an' heah you is, tellin' me you is skeered of learnin'."

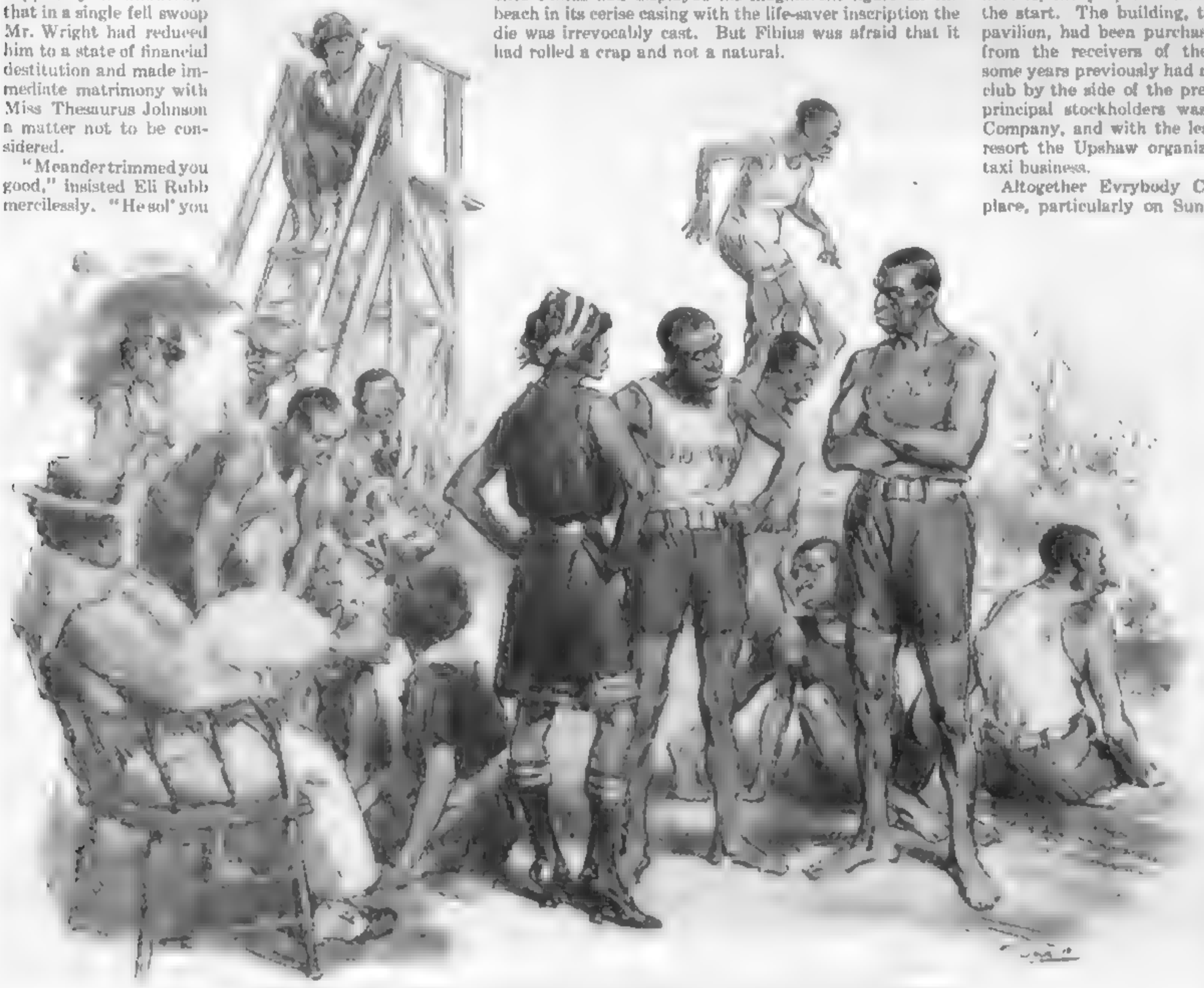
"I ain't skeered of learnin', Eli. I skeered of tryin' what I has learned."

"A'right," raved the little fellow, "you keep on bein' skeered an' fust thing you know yo' job is gwine be ain't!"

Whereupon Mr. Rubb flounced away.

There was something radically wrong with the arrangement, and Fibius knew it. It was all very well to believe that he could fool all the people all the time, but such belief was discouragingly illogical. Some day the truth would out, and when it did Fibius saw himself as an object of caustic, merciless ridicule.

Of course he was in for it now. The prospectus as given him by Eli Rubb when the job was tendered had proved too tempting; and besides, for fourteen hours preceding the proffer of the position Fibius had not eaten; and he owed money for his friend's ex-dray. Mr. Rubb explained that eatments could be had immediately and regularly, and once Fibius had displayed his magnificent figure on the beach in its cerise casing with the life-saver inscription the die was irrevocably cast. But Fibius was afraid that it had rolled a crap and not a natural.



"Mawnin', Fibius. How's the Heavy-Swimmin' Life-Saver an' His Hawss This Mawnin'?"

Another thing: Fibius was mortally fearful of the water! To that he had not confessed, even to Eli. But ever since the arrival of the book on swimming from the home offices of the fifth-rate correspondence school Fibius had been dreading the completion of his tuition with the inevitable practical tryout of his hard-learned theories on personal navigation.

Fibius couldn't help being afraid of the water. He was afraid of nothing on earth, nothing which walked the earth or crawled on it or flew over it. But he possessed naught of the fishy instinct. Water was all right to bathe in occasionally—but as a locale for sport, for amusement—

The crowning circumstance was the sudden passion exhibited by his bestest lady love for aquatic sports and the persons adept thereat and the unsuspected proficiency of Mr. Meander Wright in matters marine.

Until the financial embarrassment incident to the purchase of Cauliflower and the opening of Evrybody Come Inn beach, Fibius felt rather secure in the matter of eventual matrimony with Thesaurus. In fact, had there not been the little matter of no job and no money that particular bit of matrimonial adventure would long since have been essayed. Thesaurus had exhibited a pronounced fondness for Mr. Gillum, but his proposal she rejected as a matter of expediency.

"'Thout no job, Fibius," she inquired, "how I an' you is gwine eat?"

"You is gittin' sevum dollars a week," he started hopefully, but she cut him short.

"No sassiety lady cumtinus to wuk as no hired gal after she gits her a man."

"Well," he persisted, "they ain't no hahm in us gittin' engage', is they? An' when I gits me a job we ma'ies."

She shook her head.

"I ain't takin' no risks, Fibius. Come I an' you to be engage' I might come to love you so much I coul'n't live 'thout ma'yin' you. An' I jes' nachelly ain't anxious to do that thing."

Fibius was genuinely fond of Thesaurus, and he had sought a job eagerly. But jobs were not plentiful, and those which he might have had were too pregnant with work to satisfy his idea of a job. Therefore the offer from the Evrybody Come Inn Corporation, which came through his good friend Eli Rubb, was not to be denied.

Contrary to the most optimistic expectation of the stockholders, the proposition had been a money-maker from the start. The building, the concrete beach, the dance pavilion, had been purchased at a very moderate figure from the receivers of the organization—white—which some years previously had attempted to launch a country club by the side of the pretty artificial lake. One of the principal stockholders was the Acey Upshaw Taxicab Company, and with the leap into popularity of the new resort the Upshaw organization did a largely increased taxi business.

Altogether Evrybody Come Inn beach was a jolly place, particularly on Sunday afternoons. The colored folk flocked to its cool seductive shores en masse Doctor and Mrs. Atcherson, Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton, Florian Slappey, Acey Upshaw—in their own motor cars, the less fortunate ones on the street-car line and via busses furnished by the Upshaw company.

On clear warm days the beach bloomed with a radiance of bathing suits—one-piece affairs for the more pulchritudinous damsels, like Thesaurus Johnson, and heavy bloomer-and-skirt things for the elder and fatter matrons. Swimming became a passion which set pool and poker and bridge and five hundred in the background once and for all. Those proficient in water sports were frankly envied. And it was there that Meander Wright was coming into his own, and also into Fibius'.

Meander had none of Fibius' magnificent physique. He was short and very skinny and had a narrow face and ratlike eyes. In a bathing suit he looked like a human mistake. But what he didn't know about

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THE SILENT HOUSE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AS SHE came out of her upstairs sitting room, hatted and cloaked for her walk, Juliana MacNair caught distinctly the blended mélange of sounds that wafted themselves up the wide stairway from the spacious lower hall, where Kio had a moment earlier opened the front door to admit a party of women and children from the crisp outer air. A quick, shrill staccato that was the voice of childhood—1921 model—with a rasping obbligato of wire-haired terrier—a brace of them—dominated negligibly by Blanche's more matronly, more slowly spaced but scarcely less shrill tones.

"A Chaperon! Mother! As If Any Chaperon Could Quell Richard and Me if We Felt Like—Come Here, Richard, Let Me Vamp You"

Behind these or through these tones, in an interweaving, interminable dissonance, was the sound of Julie's high-priced talking machine going full tilt in the library, pouring out a cacophony of calabash, gourd fiddle, snare drum and goat bleat improvisation in a metronomic interval to which Julie and her latest "sweetie," Richard Pepper, were trying out a new step. A long-drawn, impatient contralto blare repeated thrice from the curb intimated an irritated tenant waiting for Blanche and her brood in the big car outside—Chester, probably, who had small patience with his wife's erratic and brief stops at the house. Indeed, there was conceivably no special reason for this one—the children, an excited group of four, dancing up and down among the dogs under Blanche's futile effort.

A blond elf in pearl-gray astrakhan, a cloudy band of gray fur over forget-me-not eyes, shrieked penetratingly "I want gran'ma! I want gran'ma! I want gran'ma!" a tiny silver vanity case flying up and down like a bright pebble on her small wrist. A small griffon, Julie's, dashed out of the library to yap among the terriers, and Julie herself, closely held—hideously held, Juliana thought—in the arms of Richard Pepper, known in their set as Pep and Paprika, toddled after him.

"I do wish you wouldn't make so much noise! H'llo, Blanche! Mother's somewhere."

Julie freed herself quickly from Richard, a slim, sandy wand of a youth with a sleek red-lacquer head, and stood pouting before her older sister, a darkly bright-eyed Japanese type.

For a moment Juliana, with her hand on the stair rail, watched them unseen—these, her beloved, or a part of them—forming, dissolving, reforming in a brightly tinted pattern of impatient, nervous modernity. The conversational din, human and canine, mounted as the women and Julie broke into quick, animated conversation, and the childish chatter and barking continued.

Behind them, through the lunette and panels of the irreproachable MacIntyre door, she saw the snow sifting softly, lazily down, like a film of delicate lace languidly drawn across the glass, and just inside the dark, saturnine face of Kio, noiseless, effaced, statuesque.

"They are the only two things that are quiet—considerate," she thought: "the snow and Kio." An alien of another remotely mysterious race, not half comprehended, whose interest was a matter of wage; and a natural force, inhuman, aloof, indifferent, whose only relation to her was that it bore to all human kind—an ultimate and impartial covering for her resting place.

Juliana lifted her hand, and putting out her broad, sensibly clad foot moved downstairs to her beloved.

The gray-clad elf saw her, danced faster, and Blanche, her eldest daughter, turned swiftly toward her.

"Mother, we didn't disturb you—you weren't taking a nap?" It was not so much a question as a running part of the quick, nervous monologue Blanche always conducted. "The children were bound to come. Queenie wants to show you her bracelet—just on the way to the matinée—I'm giving her a little box party with a supper at Fenelli's afterward. Show her your bracelet, Queenie. Hurry, dear, we've got to drop father at the office. How do you feel? You're going out, aren't you? Not to walk, surely." The last conveyed a faint reproach as Blanche, delivering her words in a voluminous breath, placed a delicate kiss on Juliana's cheek.

Faint amusement and wonder mingled in Juliana's mind. She could never sufficiently recover before the miracle of Blanche's physical presence; that a daughter of hers could be so entirely the woman of the world, this delicately blond piece of feminine grace, in the ultra-smart costume, just as her practical mind found secret mild amusement before Blanche's pretty insincerities and mental posturings.

"Oh, yes, my dear, the air is fine."

"Oh, mother! In this snow?"

"Like the snow! Let's see the bracelet, Queenie."

She caught the astrakhan elf and cuddled her suddenly, examined on the wee wrist the narrow band of filigree gold set with tiny alternate diamonds and sapphires.

"Letty Parker's is only sapphires, but mine's di'monds too," the little voice shrilled. "And we're going to see Leslie Parrish in The Love Lassie, and eat at Fenelli's—lobster patties and bombé pistache; and Benny Converse sent me pink roses, didn't you, Benny? And Mary Cable couldn't come to my birthday at all."

"Oh, poor Mary Cable—why not?"

Juliana held the tiny excited creature quiet a moment, kissing her.

"'Cause it would have made three girls an' two boys, so she couldn't come. You have to have a boy for every girl, don't you? There has to be a boy for each girl, so Mary Cable couldn't come."

Queenie released herself and joined her background of two small, polished-looking boys and a round-eyed, fat, squirrel-like little girl in blue velvet.

Julie and Blanche's friend, Mrs. Stephens, were continuing their conversation. Richard Pepper was baiting the terriers, and from the library archway came the strident wheezing of the goat-bleat calabash strains. Julianastraightened up, smoothing the folds of her rough-cheviot coat.

"It's a pretty bracelet—but, Blanche, for a child of seven! And lobster patties and Fenelli's! Why, when I was seven —"

"I know, mother—bed at six and square-toed shoes and blue woolen mittens—but times have changed. Oh, I know it isn't exactly right, but what can I do? Everybody in Queenie's set has a birthday party at Fenelli's. You don't want a child to be different. I am careful with Queenie—I have been careful. You know I fed her on schedule and had a trained nurse—but everybody! They're so cunning too! You should see her new dance, barefoot, interpreting a nymph fleeing from a faun—perfectly darling. I'll bring her to-morrow and show you. And she and little Benny do the camel walk too screamingly. He's quite sweet on her—funny thing! If she so much as looks at little Will Harper—mother—or if he cuts in at dancing class—I wish you were coming along! It's not a bad picture, and the children are so tiresome. Do you mind my leaving the dogs? James is driving and the maids all asked to go out specially—some tiresome movie they want to see. The movies are simply ruining everything for us. Children! Children!"

"Kio will take them."

Juliana's voice was lost under a protesting yell as the knot of chattering children suddenly tightened into a central congested nucleus that swayed and swerved and wavered as one of the small boys leaped upon the other and began beating him on his immaculate head with clenched fists. Julie, Leta Stephens, Blanche and the terriers became abruptly involved.

"Why, Willy Harper! Why, Willy Harper! Why, what do you mean? Hitting Benny Converse on the nose! Do you want to make his nose bleed—and going to a box party too? Shame!"

"He said—he said I loved Celeste Taylor! He said she was my sweetheart!"

"Oh, naughty boys! Well, what if he did?—to hit him for that!"

"But she isn't my sweetheart! She's not well dressed! My mother said so! I don't go with a girl that ain't well dressed!"

"Oh, children, children! There, that's father blowing the horn again. We must go. And settle down now—come, be nice to each other. Benny, take Charlotte's hand—oh, I forgot! He wants to take Queenie's hand. Well, then, Willy and Charlotte—if you don't mind about the dogs, mother. This sort of thing is killing—I've been on the go all morning—French class and a facial. 'By, Julie—'by, mother. Don't walk too far. Oh, if only Chester didn't get so cross!"

There was a complicated strategy that included a pairing of small forms, an assortment and restraint of canine followers, adroit manipulations by Kio, vivacious farewells by Mrs. Stephens, some last pert word of Julie's, a backward-floating iteration from Blanche, and they disappeared into a wedge of suddenly revealed out-of-doors, a blue triangle where motors, briskly honking, velvet shod, flashed by beneath the delicate languor of the snowflakes.

Kio led away the barking dogs.

Richard Pepper, having fed anew the fading fires of the cannibalistic machine, came mincing out of the library with outstretched arms and slender undulating body in invitation to Julie.

In the long wall glass Juliana saw distinctly the picture they made, the reflection the glass gave back of a darkly rich American interior, pierced brasses and costly rugs, a wall of stamped leather with some excellent pictures and at an angle a slanting perspection of filled bookcases in undisturbed, meticulous order and a pleasing crackle of wood fire in a Caen-stone fireplace This for background for a composition of three figures. Slender, reedlike Richard, with his glassy hair and manikin's figure; Julie, a butterfly with vivid coloring; herself, a plain, thick-set, dark-faced woman past fifty in uncompromisingly unmodern dress.

She was looking at Julie in the glass, and thinking of Julie's rounded sixteen-year-old body so frankly revealed in the scanty jade silk, so insufficient of skirt and sleeve, and of Julie's face—lip paint, a thick vermilion smudge across Julie's mouth, cheeks like blanched almonds under white powder, inscrutable sphinxlike shadows of sophistication beneath Julie's candid, inexperienced, *backfisch* eyes, Julie's black hair cut ruthlessly across her ears

"A woman's hair is her crowning glory," reflected Juliana; but she had said the thing so often she let it pass unuttered.

But Julie herself had been thinking. She came up with a discontented face, made little tucking movements about her mother's ears.

"Oh, mother, if you'd only remember to put on a hair net! And get some decent shoes for walking, and a hat that doesn't look like a caterpillar grub. When Blanche and I make you buy good clothes, why don't you wear 'em? And that old fur—why, it looks like a dog's skin! It does, honestly!"

There was something to be said for Julie's protest. The young vivid shape in the glass brought out every note of indifference and carelessness in Juliana's elderly attire.

"Oh, well, I'm only going to walk," she said. "I like old clothes for walking."

"But I don't!" cried Julie. "As my mother you might take more pride. Other girls' mothers do. Look at Mrs. Gardener! She's a hundred years older than you are, and she looks as young as young, because she takes some trouble, and she's really plainer than you are—if she let herself go. If you took massage or baths and had your face lifted now and then, and watched your corsets ——"

"Julie!"

Juliana lifted eyebrows toward Richard Pepper, and Julie danced away, mocking, "'In my day ——'

"I know all that dope, mother, but it isn't so, really. You were as bad as any of us—only that you were sly. We—we do things frankly. If we want to smoke or take a cocktail or stay out late or—or kiss a man, we don't sneak. We're honest and aboveboard."

"I never in my life—girls of good breeding ——"

"Oh, you're simply not telling! That was the old way."

"Julie, my child ——"

"Oh, don't start, mother! What's the use? Is that what mothers are for—something to fight all the time? I believe you like being shocked."

"Shocked or not, Julie, I want you to tell Nellie Campbell to bring her mending downstairs in the back parlor while I'm gone."

"Parlor! Nellie Campbell! What for, in heaven's name? A chaperon! Mother! As if any chaperon could quell Richard and me if we felt like —— Come here, Richard, let me vamp you. Here, chee-ild!"

Julie danced up to Richard Pepper, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"We do that often. We like it."

Juliana fastened her gloves.

"Oh, Julie, it's not because I want to find fault, or because you're really—but it's just a cheapening, a sort of tarnish you youngsters are getting."

"I know, mother. I know your ideal:

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove –
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky

"That thing you quote. And she dies in the next verse No wonder—'mossy,' and 'few to love'! I'd die too. I'm a cave woman. I've got to be loved violently, don't I, Richard?"

"Julie," Juliana laughed feebly in spite of herself as she fastened her fur collar, "your father ——"

"Oh, daddy thinks I'm ripping!"

It was true. There was no use falling back on a paternal cohort.

"Well, you tell Nellie Campbell to bring down her sewing."

Juliana waved aside Kio's proffered umbrella and Julie and Richard resumed their interrupted dancing.

"Good-by, old dear," Julie called. Then she suddenly released herself and ran back to her mother. "And, mother, would you stop at Peter Gamba's and tell him to send better avocado pears for my after-theater supper tonight? The housekeeper's phoned twice, but he pays no attention. Heavens, such rotten service! Last week they left out two items. Would you, old dear ——"

Juliana had a sudden impulse to cry out, "Come with me, baby! Wash off your pretty little painted face and walk with mother in the nice sweet air—just the two of us—out in the cool snow."

She could not remember in many years any of her children going for a walk with her. To propose it now would have provoked a gale of laughter from Julie. So she merely assented to Julie's request, and a second thought stirred her—"We're too far apart ever to show emotion for each other. A woman of fifty-two is too old to be the mother of a girl of sixteen."

Kio had opened the door, and she saw that he was speaking to someone.

There was the figure of a man carrying a small dark-leather bag like a piano tuner's, who after a few words turned slowly down the steps

"A man to see Mistah Stowall, madam," Kio explained "I sent him to the office and he returns back—twice yestiddy and this afternoon. He says now he comes one more time again."

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"Every Time Our Squad Fired It Was Like Something'd Clout You Over the Head, an' Made You Dumb, Kinda"

The Cost of Being Cavemen

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

I WANT to go a long way back and take a running start on this recital. A promenade down the aisles of time, looking at the points and objects of interest, gives a background such as was provided not long ago for a New York banker who was dining with the President of China and some of the members of his cabinet. The table talk fell upon Bolshevism, and the banker asked whether his hosts felt any apprehension that the ideas now prevalent in Russia might affect the Chinese masses. One of the ministers spoke up at once.

"No," he said; "I don't think our people will care to experiment with such ideas again. You will remember that we tried Bolshevism in the third and again in the eleventh century. It didn't work for us either time, and after two failures we shall hardly care to give it a third trial."

With that vivid illustration of the value of a perspective as an incentive I ask you to go back with me to the Neanderthal man. And then we will talk about reduction of armaments. The two are related subjects.

You remember the Neanderthal man. He lived about 50,000 years ago. He succeeded the Piltdown jawbone creature, who lived about 100,000 years ago and is now classed as subhuman. The Neanderthal men left nothing except some flint implements and cracked bones as traces of their existence, though they prevailed in Europe for tens of thousands of years until a higher type, the Cromagnards, came along and exterminated them. We examine the remains and study the Neanderthal type from the heights of our superior intelligence and enlightenment to-day with a mixture of pity, interest and condescension. We are told by Mr. Wells: "Man at that time was not a *degraded* animal, for he had never been higher; he was therefore an exalted animal, and, low as we esteem him now, he yet represented the highest stage of development of the animal kingdom of his time."

Passengers on the Good Ship Earth

"WE KNOW also that they were right-handed like modern men, because the left side of the brain—which serves the right side of the body—is bigger than the right. But while the back parts of the brain, which deal with sight and touch and the energy of the body, are well developed, the front parts, which are connected with thought and speech, are comparatively small. It was as big a brain as ours, but different."

We are sorry for the Neanderthal man. He lived by fighting and was always afraid that something or somebody would kill him. And yet I have no doubt that when he went abroad with a new club tucked under his arm and looked at the hair on his chest and arms and legs and felt his muscles, the poor prune thought he was hot stuff. He knew, at any rate, that he had solved the armament-problem, for he carried the biggest and knottiest club that anybody at his squatting place had ever seen. He had no friends; he sought no friends. What did he care for friends when he had his club and his health? He was the first believer in preparedness and an adequate armament as a complete protection against war. Though disproved at every test, the idea has survived. I sat one dreary, dismal, rainy afternoon with a friend in Dirty Bucket Camp in front of Ypres, waiting for the Germans to get through shelling the plank road so that we could get through with the duty that had brought us there and get away. Dirty Bucket Camp was one of the unkempt outskirts of hell. It was all blackened and burned and wholly dead. We sat hunched up, half protected in a little fox hole of earth while the Germans methodically planted their afternoon hate. The rain dripped off the rims of our tin hats and put out our cigarettes. We were just miserable and wet and cold.

General Tasker Bliss Seated as a Brigadier With Troops on the Mexican Border. Above—Admiral Sims Addressing a Crowd in Front of the Capitol

We stared at the rotten world. The fellow with me said, in the tone of one who declares a profound conviction, "There is dashed little to be said for the human race"; and I agreed with him. I couldn't see then and I don't see now that at that moment we had advanced much beyond the Neanderthal men. And that isn't all.

It is just as sure as anything that some day, somewhere, some Egbert and Cuthbert of the remote future will take a container of violet rays, or whatever form of energy posterity may be employing, and go out excavating for remains of ancient man—meaning us. Perhaps by some happy chance they will miss you and me and Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle and light upon the skull of Tirpitz or Mr. Josephus Daniels or some other believer in "incomparably the greatest navy in the world."

They will take their treasure home and study the cerebellum and the cerebrum and the place where the medulla oblongata ought to be. They will make exact comparative measurements of the cranial surface and the conformation and thickness. They will set it alongside the skull of their own Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the fourth dimension, and say one to the other, "Gosh, what a lowbrow this poor hick was!" and they will be sorry for us. That's the best we can hope for—to be Neanderthal men ourselves 100,000 years from now. So let us use the old bean as much as possible and make a good impression on posterity if we can.

Isn't the following a fair perspective of our plight? It was drawn by Herbert Quick, and admirably falls in with my present design:

"We only know that toward some unimaginable goal the sun travels, dragging with him all our planets with all their moons, and a great cloud of comets, asteroids and meteors. It is one of the mysteries incident to the fate of the human race—that of sailing on their ship Earth under sealed orders.

"We are on this ship as passengers; but there is no café service. The passengers must feed themselves. Moreover, they must subsist out of the ship itself. The ship breaks out in a green rash called plant life. On this, millions of things called animals live by taking the green substance into their bodies and making it over into body tissue. Certain other animals eat these plant-eating animals. The decks of the ship, even the watery parts, are thus full of growing, and eating, and killing, and digesting. And we, the passengers, who believe all this is for us, are of the sort that eat plants, and devour animals, and do more killing and destroying than any of the other creatures on board."

Peace Prophets of the Past

"NOW all these plants and animals are made out of the substance of the ship itself. We are all in the same boat with the plants and brutes in this respect—we are made of the earth, and we dissolve back into the earth. . . . We are earth mites. We are just bits of earth organized into two-legged bubbles of earth which last a score, or two score, or three score years and ten, and then—death pricks the bubble, and we are earth again. We last only for a few whirls of the merry-go-round, the longest-lived of us."

Doesn't it seem silly to you, such being our circumstances, that we should, like the Neanderthal man, devote so much of our energy and our labor and our earnings to the organized slaughter of one another? Some of our wisest men have thought so. It sounds familiar to find Disraeli saying in the House of Commons in 1859: "Let us terminate this disastrous system of rival expenditure, and mutually agree, with no hypocrisy, but in a manner and under circumstances which can admit of no doubt—by a reduction of armaments—that peace is really our policy."

In his own day Ralph Waldo Emerson thought and declared: "War is on its last legs; and a universal peace is as sure as is the prevalence of civilization over barbarism, of liberal governments over feudal forms. The question for us is only, How soon?"

And that is still the question.

Charles Sumner was much disturbed as long ago as 1845 when he discovered that in this country the average annual expenditures for military and naval purposes was 80 per cent of the total revenues of the Government. But "the passage which was most striking at the time," says Sumner's biographer, "according to the testimony of hearers still living, was the one where, treating of the immense waste of war defenses, he compared the cost of the Ohio, a ship of the line lying in the harbor, and, on account of its decorations, a marked spectacle of the day, with that of Harvard College." He spoke of Harvard's library, the oldest and most valuable in the country, its museums, its schools of law, divinity and medicine, its body of professors and teachers, many of them known in every part of the globe, and its distinguished president, Josiah Quincy, who had rendered such high public service in so many fields. "Such," he said, "is Harvard University; and it appears," he added, "from the last report of the treasurer, that the

whole available property of the university, the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts"—1845 was still the day of small things at Harvard—"to $703,175.

"Change the scene," said Sumner, "and cast your eyes upon another object. There now swings idly at her moorings in harbor a ship of the line, the Ohio, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836 at an expense of $547,888, repaired only two years afterwards for $233,012, with an armament which has cost $53,945, making an aggregate of $834,845"—1845 was still the day of small things in battleships—"as the actual outlay at this moment for that single ship, more than $100,000 beyond all the available wealth of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land."

I should like to have Mr. Sumner in the Senate to-day tell what he thinks of $40,000,000 battleships and the present demand that we shall have not less than twenty-two of them as the backbone of a great fleet.

You see I was quite justified in going back to the Neanderthal man as a point of departure. This is an old topic of discussion. It has been thrashed out for many generations. I am not asking you now to listen to me on the wisdom or folly of war, or its righteousness or unrighteousness. It may be that some of you who read this have noticed that I have betrayed an interest in the columns of this journal in the operating expenses of this Government; so when I ask you if you favor a reduction of armaments my inquiry really is whether you favor a reduction of taxes. If you enjoy paying your present income and other taxes, if you are content to pay $6,000,000,000 a year for the running expenses of government, if you think it wise and proper for us to pay out from 88 to 90 per cent of our total national government income on the sheer economic waste of war—then what I have to set down here won't interest you a bit and you can skip on to something else. The abolition of warfare can be discussed until half past two next century, but the ayes seem to have it on any proposal for the abolition or reduction of taxes.

Part of the Eleventh-Hour Thousands Paying Their Income Taxes at the New York Offices of the Bureau of Internal Revenue

General Pershing's Striking Summary

FIGURES compiled by the New York World from the Statesman's Year Book and other sources show that the appropriations of the five great powers for military and naval purposes in the year 1920 alone reached a total of $16,442,251,101, a sum only about $2,000,000,000 more than the total for the whole fourteen years before the war.

It all comes down to this so far as you are concerned:

Every morning when you go to work, or when you stay at home sick on a working day, or even if you are out of a job, it has been arranged for you to pay your fair share, out of what you earn or should earn, of over $5,000,000 a day for the support of the army and navy. That is the estimate for the next fiscal year—over $5,000,000 a day. I have General Pershing's word for it. You will have to pay it. Five million dollars every working day is a pile of money to spend for insurance against attack. And of course that is not all the cost. What is the big idea? What do you think about it? You will have to pay the bill. Do you think about it at all? General Pershing does. This is what he thinks:

"As we consider the causes of the World War and comprehend its horrors, every thinking man and woman must feel that measures should be taken to prevent another such calamity. One step in that direction would be to reduce expenditures for armament. Our own estimates for naval and military purposes contemplate an appropriation for the next fiscal year of over $5,000,000 for every working day in the year. It is a gloomy prospect that the nations plan expenditures greater than ever before in peacetimes.

"It would appear that recent experiences should be enough to convince everybody of the danger of a renewal of this competition. But one nation cannot reduce armaments unless all do. It is time that enlightened people everywhere should undertake to reach some rational agreement which would not only relieve the world of its heavy financial burden but which in itself would go far toward the prevention of war. We are not a warlike people. We do not wish to expand at the expense of any other nation, and we have no designs on anybody. If other people feel the same toward us and toward each other it seems unreasonable that they should be unwilling to consent in principle to some limitation of armaments, to be carried out when other nations succeed in establishing stable governments and are willing to recognize the wisdom of such a course. Otherwise, may we not seriously ask ourselves whether civilization is a failure, and whether we are to regard war as an unavoidable scourge that mankind must suffer?

"There are other considerations which should prompt us to make every effort to bring about a curtailment of these expenditures throughout the world, particularly in the war-worn countries of Europe. The people of Europe have always been our best customers and are largely dependent upon us for certain necessities. We must look to them to buy the products of our farms, mines and factories. The prosperity of our people depends in no small measure upon the uninterrupted flow of commodities abroad. We have stocks of cotton, wheat and other products greatly in excess of our own requirements, which the people of Europe sorely need but which we cannot sell and they cannot buy because their fiscal systems have broken down, their currencies have depreciated, and their purchasing power is exhausted.

"The first step to take in the rehabilitation of the finances of all these countries is to reduce the cost of government so that expenses will not exceed the incomes Expenditures must be lowered everywhere if financial stability is to be restored and if the nations are ever to pay their debts. Until stability is restored none can have the prosperity that comes from a free and uninterrupted flow of products from one country to another. But this cannot be done if huge sums continue to be appropriated for the maintenance of large armies and large navies.

"The safety of humanity of the future, indeed the peace, the happiness and the prosperity of the race—all appeal alike for an early consideration of the question of limited armaments."

War Without Its Old-Time Glamour

THAT is the reasoned and matured belief of the chief and foremost professional soldier among us. It is amply confirmed and supported by millions of men now alive, many of them maimed and impaired, who have had actual experience in war on the grand scale. They know that whatever gay and chivalric and knightly adventure war may have been in other days, it is now become the most bloody, futile, filthy, beastly business in which human beings engage. It shocks and affronts the lowest intelligence. It has become an affair of lice and putridity and stinking filth and rats gnawing dead men's flesh; of horrible deaths that blow the bodies of men to little bits; of a great, wanton, wholesale waste of life and the products of men's labor. There is nothing glorious about it.

How in the name of a merciful God men who have seen their fellows gasping and choking and writhing so pitifully as their little flame of life goes out after being poison-gassed can wish to engage in such a dreadful enterprise again passes human understanding.

The answer is of course that they do not. Broadly speaking, it is the men who profit,

(Continued on Page 48)

General Pershing Testifying Before the Senate Military Affairs Committee in Washington on the Size of the Army, Opposing a Recommendation, Since Then Defeated, of 500,000 Officers and Men

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A Prince is Born Among You

A STRANGER visiting a certain small community any time in the last twenty-five years would have noticed a tall, handsome, impressive yet simple-mannered man who appeared to receive the homage of all his fellow citizens. He rode and walked about quietly enough and his smile was always friendly. But wherever he went he was treated like a prince. The stranger, puzzled at first, a little later discovered that the man who received so much attention had inherited one of the greatest, most solid and aristocratic fortunes of the country.

By this time the stranger, as yet but little aware of the true inwardness of local personalities, would smile to himself a bit cynically and remark, "Of course; I see now why he is such an important man."

But after a few months or at the most a year or two had passed, the newcomer, now somewhat less a stranger, would never dream of making such a remark. Instead he would always say "Mr. X is the finest rich man I know," for it took only a moderate and comparatively brief acquaintance with the life of the community and the man himself to discover that he commanded the deference of his fellow citizens for the simple reason that he was a prince at heart.

The question is frequently asked whether an inherited fortune is a handicap. With the vast increase of wealth in this country the problem of the rich man is not one of the least that constantly present themselves. The idle rich, the vapid, silly rich, the dissipated rich, the inefficient or wasteful rich, the selfish, intolerant and labor-oppressing rich, and at the other extreme the soft-headed, parlor-Bolsheviki rich—all these and many other undesirable species we have with us.

But is it necessary for the rich to get that way? The answer from anyone familiar with the life of "the finest rich man I know" would be an emphatic negative. His life was largely spent in helping out other men who were in difficulties or in making good what others had failed to do or taking on burdens he might easily have shifted. He was diligent in attention to his vast inherited business and financial responsibilities, and was utterly opposed to all careless or irresponsible dealings in money. Yet he found more time to work consistently for the welfare of one of the great educational institutions of the country than most successful men give to their businesses.

He took upon himself a multitude of duties and obligations toward this institution and performed them faithfully in the smallest detail for nearly forty years, until almost the moment of his death. He was interested in the course of study, in the athletic and social activities of the students, in providing good dining halls, in increasing the salaries of the professors, in knowing personally the professors and their families down to the most humble and obscure, in remembering and helping them when in trouble and illness, in beautifying and enlarging the campus, and in every way helping to make the community a better place to live in. He was a "full example of the vital power of a great affection." He never sought to do the conspicuous things or reach out for personal glory or credit. He did not pretend to be a genius or a great man. If he had a philosophy of wealth he did not talk about it. It was merely that his sense of obligation to others in its use was keener and more consistently carried out than in the case of most men of similar means. Even the grounds of his country estate were open to the public.

Wealth can be used for public service in more than one way. No one man can serve as a model for all. But with the increase of large fortunes it might be well to compel young men who are about to inherit them to take a required course of study in the lives of those who have been faithful to a great trust.

Conscience and Business

LIVELY sense of personal responsibility is the mainspring of business conscience. That inner faculty which perceives obligations, whether direct or indirect, and wills their entire fulfillment, is the silent, invisible force that holds civilization together. When that force is weakened by war or any widespread social upheaval, business suddenly finds itself engulfed in the Dark Ages. Confidence is beaten down by doubt, trust succumbs to suspicion, and good faith seemingly runs to cover and becomes for a time a rarer bird than the Æpyornis. A painfully recent example of this sort of thing is to be found in the late world-wide epidemic of canceled orders and repudiated contracts, from which business has not yet recovered.

Mr. James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, in an address before an important trade body, hit the nail on the head by stressing the human element that enters into every economic problem: "A return of social stability rests upon recognition both by nations and individuals that reconstruction can come only by hard work, that business can endure only on the basis of a sincere discharge of obligations, whether they be in the form of executive duties or in the form of a day's labor, and that a high sense of personal responsibility must prevail in all the relations of life. The most frequently asked question of the day is, 'When may we expect a return of normal business?' Forecasts based only on technical business considerations are worth little. The rebirth of normal business awaits a new attitude of man toward his job."

The past year has witnessed many earnest attempts to reach higher ethical levels by fostering this very sense of personal responsibility. Trade bodies from coast to coast have made extraordinary efforts to put business more and more on an honor basis and to suppress the shifty and shady practices that were formerly tolerated. Unfortunately many of these movements, praiseworthy as they are, have fallen short of their ultimate goal; for they have been in large measure instituted for the mutual protection of sellers and buyers in the same line of business rather than for the benefit of the outside public. The next logical step of these business reformers is to consider their responsibilities toward the public whose patronage keeps their vocation on its feet.

Organizations of manufacturers and the labor unions alike are lineal descendants of the old trade guilds of the Middle Ages. Masters and journeymen were once fellow members of the same bodies, and it was only after generations of pulling together that apparent divergence of interests caused a split between employers and employed. These old guilds earned a high place in common esteem because one of the chief reasons for their existence was their avowed guardianship of consumers' interests. They undertook to see that the wares turned out by their members conformed to certain proper standards both of material and of workmanship, and their sponsorship served as a guaranty satisfactory to the most careful buyer. Indirectly this system of control worked advantage to the whole craft, for besides winning the confidence of the public it had the effect of preventing the destructive competition of unscrupulous workmen who used poor material instead of good and who aimed at cheapness rather than quality.

There is no good reason for assuming that a trade policy that worked out well in the fourteenth century might not achieve equally good results in the twentieth. Suppose, for example, it became the settled policy of the great trade-unions to guard with jealous eye the interests of the public, from which their wages are ultimately derived, by seeing that every member gave an honest day's work for a fair day's pay and by requiring a high standard of workmanship and production not so much for the sake of the employer as for the self-respect of the individual worker and for the benefit of the third, or public, element in the industrial triangle. A labor leader who could enforce such a policy without losing the following he headed would hold every employer concerned in the hollow of his hand. The whole force of public opinion would be behind him and our inborn sense of fair play would so assert itself as to make the country too hot to hold reactionary and stubborn employers who ran counter to the business decencies. In the event of labor troubles the worker's cause would instantly and properly become the public's cause, for nothing breeds respect more quickly than the spectacle of a man or a body of men assuming responsibilities not because the law requires it but because it is the right and manly thing to do.

Good sportsmanship in mill or factory or on a construction job is quite as fine a thing as it is in the jungle or on the athletic field.

Terrors and Reforms

AMERICA still lives in the country. The census figures of 1920 indicate that America has moved to town and now walks on paved streets, but this is not the case. The urban population is greater than the rural population, but in the cities are congregated alien guests from the four corners of the earth. America still lives within a stone's throw of the plow handles and wipes the mud from its shoes and knows which end of a cow gets up first.

Country and town are bound together by economic ties, and each is dependent on the other. If the town man must go to the country for his food, the country man must go to town for his planter. Each serves the other for the sake of a profit.

The city man is not conscious of being a minority. He has every reason to believe that he is the mule team, the load, the driver and the little dog under the wagon. The concern statesmen feel is for him; the rod held in pickle by the reformer is for him. One pays a price for the privilege of being conspicuous.

Much is being said concerning the restoration of the old-fashioned Sunday. The reformer would close the playhouses and stop the games and throw a monkey wrench into the machinery of jazz and establish a real Sunday, *sans* spending and *sans* frolic. It is the city man who squirms in anticipation of the rod.

The country man's Sunday is innocent of clamor. It is his day of rest. He lies late abed and makes a leisurely breakfast. The mellow bells call to worship and the children are got off to Sunday school. Shortly he follows them, walking slowly that he may enjoy the Sabbath stillness. There is a quality in the air that is almost solemn and yet is not solemn—a sadness that brings no pain, a peace past mortal understanding.

After church and dinner he will go for a walk if the weather is fine and stop by the post office for his mail. The stores will be closed and the street deserted. Or if he is kept indoors by unkind weather, he will nod over his after-dinner cigar or sacrifice his cigar for a nap.

When the reformer threatens to make Sunday a day of quiet and rest he is talking to a minority; for Sunday is still old-fashioned in the country, where America lives.

Highbrow Hand-Me-Downs

By FREDERICK COLLINS

THE trouble started on Broadway, wherever two or three actors were gathered together, and spread east and west until everybody who was anybody on the bright side of the footlights knew that gold had once more been discovered in California. Since the caravan journeyings of the forty-niners—or, for that matter, since the flight of Mohammed from Mecca—there has been no hegira so precipitous or so complete. Every theatrical personage, from Beerbohm Tree to Eddie Foy, entrained forthwith for Hollywood. This was ten years ago—and of the lot only Fairbanks of the lambent smile and Chaplin of the shuffling feet remain to get the gold!

Now this same cinema dementia has seized the men and women who write our short stories, our novels and our plays. Just as the famous beauties of the spoken stage turned their shapely backs on the public that had made their fame, the favorite authors of fiction and the drama have turned their faces toward California and the quest of movie gold. The result—so some critics believe—is the mass of secondhand novels, shopworn plays, rummage-sale short stories, and the many other pretentious highbrow hand-me-downs that serve as motion-picture scenarios without much added luster to the author or the screen.

The analogy between the transplanted author and the transplanted actor is a tempting one, especially as there is reason to believe that the same bleak fate awaits them both; but in fairness to the author it must be said that he brought to the pictures, many years earlier than they would otherwise have acquired them, many things they badly needed—better ideas, better plots, better taste and, most important of all, better audiences. Thousands crowded to see Barrie's first picture, solely because it was Barrie's. They were shocked to find The Admirable Crichton renamed Male and Female, and they were stunned, or should have been, to rediscover Barrie's heroine, in the intimate moments of the early morning, through the keyhole of her bedroom door. They were—these worshipers from Thrums—very properly disappointed in the highbrow hand-me-down that had lured them to the theater; but they had come.

And perhaps on the way out they turned to find their eyes and thoughts cooled by the white expanses of an arctic ice floe; or perhaps they saw the great Chaplin bending that wonderful face into the finest pantomime the world has seen; or perhaps they saw the Tiger of France hunt the tiger of Africa at the bottom of the earth. If they did, if they felt the call of the pictures, as millions have felt it before them, they came again; and it is their continued presence that will ultimately make impossible such wanton perversions as most highbrow hand-me-downs turn out to be. This without doubt is the famous author's chief contribution to the screen.

Books and Moving Pictures

IN RARE instances, however, where the theme of a book or a play has been especially suited to the screen—as in Doctor Jekyll and The Four Horsemen—the metamorphosed story has produced an excellent picture. These cases are exceedingly few, but there are countless instances where a story or a play has furnished the idea for a worthwhile film, as in Broken Blossoms; or the bare plot, as in Way Down East—and in these ways the author has had a part in many good pictures when good pictures were rare. It may be that their temporary monopoly of the screen has retarded the development of real screen writers, but they have certainly shown students of the new technic many things to avoid, and perhaps they have held the center of the screen just long enough to make the entrance of the real masters most effective. So though we cannot forgive the motives that diverted our literary idols into the movies—most of them with hand out and tongue in cheek!—we cannot absolutely condemn the results.

But when you have said this much for the money-mad author you have said about all there is to say; for, artist and technician that he is, the author must know that he has no real place in the movies.

He must know now, if he did not in the beginning, that the motion picture is no more like the written story and the spoken drama than the art of Neysa McMein is like the art of Pavlowa. If artists were interchangeable like the parts of a standard car, if story writers and painters and architects and poets and musicians and dancers and playwrights and embroiderers and sculptors could produce with equal facility novels and canvases and public buildings and sonnets and arias and gavottes and tragedies and dollies and Venuses, if it were true that any artist could achieve any art—then it would also be true that the man who was born to work in words, like the skilled novelist and playwright and short-story writer, would be the ideal man to work in pictures. Since none of these things is true, since not even all musicians can do everything musical or all writers everything literary, and since the long roll of movie outcasts contains almost every distinguished name in literary history—the transmogrified author must know that he has failed.

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"Hey! Put it Down!"

WEST BROADWAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

IX

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

We Stole Down to the All-Night Lunch Room as Per Usual for Our Breakfast

I HATED to believe my husband, but it was true. I read the piece in the newspaper with my own eyes, and there could be no doubt but that the case against both Westmans was pretty strong, though entirely circumstantial.

It seems that a certain car known to of been used by Westman had been near the place of the explosion just before it occurred; and that also, from fragments of the murder car, the police had been able to prove it was the same. Whether the Westmans' disappearance, which now came out, had been caused by the explosion or not, there was no evidence to prove—and of course we had one of the evidences, meaning Tom himself, right along with us, so we knew he, at any rate, hadn't been blown to samples.

It looked mighty funny, though—funny in the most serious sense, I mean to say, and yet no one had actually seen either of the Westmans in the explosion car that day.

"It's hard to think that kid is a criminal," says Jim, walking up and down the hotel bedroom and waving his paper in genuine and not silver-sheet-plated distress. "Lookit how he's been with us close day after day, and it never showed on him!"

"Well, James Smith," I says, "criminal or not, don't forget we owe our lives to him, for the Colby would surely of crushed us both only for his prompt action."

"That's true!" says Jim. "Another minute and she'd of turned turtle, and then—good night! But what'll we do, with the bulls trying to find him?"

"Keep them from doing it!" I says. "The kid is a good kid, or I miss my guess, and an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—you know the Bible says it, and I'll say that covers the whole insurance policy. We owe him a life for our life! Besides, he may be innocent!"

"Then why does he hide?" Jim comes back at me. "How about it?"

"Well, why not ask him?" I says. "We believed him in the first place, when we left New York with him under peculiar circumstances. So why not now? Have him up and have it out."

"All right!" says Jim, and goes to the phone. "Send up my chauffeur, please," he says, and pretty soon Tom appears, suspecting nothing worse than an extra bag or package.

"Good morning, Tom," I says. "Did you see the papers yet?"

Well, Tom's face went white under the sunburn at that, which was enough for Jim.

"Shut the door!" he says, but doing it himself. "Look here, Westman," he goes on, "what do you know about the Broadway bomb explosion back in New York?"

There was a short silence. Then Tom looked Jim right in the eyes—head up and everything—not a bit like either a crook or a boastful Red.

"I left New York because of it, Mr. Smith," he says quietly. "And yet I had nothing to do with it. If you wish, I will give myself up to the St. Louis police, but they will let me go again—and nothing will be gained for justice; that I swear!"

"Hump!" says Jim. "You had nothing to do with it, eh? Then why are you hiding?"

"I can't tell you," says Tom. "I'm doing something I can't explain. I can only ask you to trust me—and that's asking a good deal, I know. But you trusted me once."

"And you saved our lives!" I broke in hotly. "Jim, I'm willing to go on betting on him. He's not a Red—are you, Tom?"

"I—— My ideas on that have got badly disturbed since I've been on this trip—seen the country," he began, sort of hesitating, his brown eyes reminding me of a troubled hound. "A month ago I would have said yes, I am a radical! But there was a lot I didn't know—hadn't seen. I'm not one to throw the teachings of a lifetime over in a week or two, Miss La Tour, nor to pretend to do so in order to get help and protection from you folks. But no matter what I may feel about social justice, I am in no way responsible for that bomb plot, I swear!"

"And your brother?" says Jim doubtfully.

"What about your own brother?" I snapped. "Suppose everyone was to have their families' doings fastened on to them, what kind of a world would it be? You don't approve of your brother being a acrobat, but how can you help it? What I say is, let's stick by Tom until he's proved guilty. I guess I know a real person when I see it, and if he says he's got a decent reason for what he's doing I'm going to take a chance on helping him. The law can't jug us any harder for helping a supposed criminal escape to California than to New Jersey, and so I say we keep on escaping, that's all!"

Well, after that we shook hands all round. I don't know just why, and I hadn't spilled my real reason, which was that no matter what Tom had been—no matter how red, short of murder—when he crossed the Twenty-third Street ferry going West he was outgrowing it without knowing it, the same as if his radicalism was a woolen union suit that had gone to the wash. His redness was fading and shrinking while he didn't know it, and I had a hunch he was going to arrive on the Coast a pretty good American if nothing—particularly cops—come up to interfere in the meantime. But of course I wasn't going to be such a boob as to mention this and get him to fighting his unconscious education.

Well, anyways, we went downstairs, Jim having actually found his toothbrush was as usual forgotten but put it in his pocket, and made for the car, which I hardly recognized, because it had been washed—washed with a pickax, hose and time and a half for overtime, and still you could hardly see it, and it seems a waste on those muddy roads, but if you don't do it, actually that clay packs tight and the wheels wouldn't turn round, and that is no joke except on the ones who don't believe it and let it go dirty.

Well, anyways, as we were passing through the lobby after our usual breakfast in the all-night lunch, which is where you have to eat if you want to make a early start, most dining rooms not getting up until seven-thirty or eight—well, as we was passing through the lobby I seen two mashers watching me, and I'll say it takes the Westerners to get at it that early in the morning.

One was a fat man with a round baby face, and the other a little bird with spinach, French style. I noticed them particularly, while pretending not to, because they went as far as the door and stood behind it while we got in the car. But I said nothing to Jim, because if I had of we would never of got started, and he had already made us late with his toothbrush and bad news and not being able to find the dog.

But at last, the usual morning fight about why did you bring all this junk and so forth being over, we drove off, finding our way out of the city with only the usual number of wrong turns and inquiries, and at last I took a deep breath of pleasure, for we was, after two long days of restless rest, on the broad highway again and Westward ho! and everything.

I now feel that I want to pass a few remarks upon and about Missouri, and the first of them is that Jim kept me in a state of dread because Kansas was now more or less directly ahead.

"Kansas is flat as a pancake," he says. "And I warn you you will get awful bored going through it, because there is nothing to it but wheat. I been across twice in the train, and I know. Wheat, wheat—jack rabbits—nothing else! But you got to stick three days of it."

Well, after more than two years of married life I should of been on my guard, but he had been there and I hadn't, and so I fell for it. But with a mental reservation that was justified, because after we had actually crossed Kansas, and it proved to be quite to the contrary notwithstanding, I never believed one word Jim Smith said about what was coming next, and even he had to confess that he must of been thinking of some other fillum, and this plot just reminded him, if you get that.

Well, meanwhile Missouri was full of beet sugar, and a person certainly had to wonder where the shortage come in after seeing actually miles of beets, which ain't a particularly inspiring sight unless you can see 'em in terms of candy shops, homemade desserts and thriving canneries. Believe me, I took them for turnips, and was greatly worried to think who would eat them all, buttered or not.

Also, it seems that it's real work to cut them, and after you plow 'em up you got to smack off the top with a knife and pile 'em up, and then a person would say throw 'em in the garbage if you were to go by their looks.

But the farms where they grew were even bigger than any we had passed back East, as we now commenced to call Indiana and Ohio. Also, as the farms grew bigger the farmhouses got smaller, and often it would be only a mere shack, but with some big whale of a car parked in the yard without exception. It was in Missouri that I first began to realize that the farmers had so much to do taking even

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This quickness at home is just great,
You don't catch me getting in late,
For this is my inning, and Campbell's is winning—
You'll never beat me to the plate.

Right for the home plate

It's good to get home when you know that right there waiting for you is a plate of delicious hot soup, to take the tiredness out of your hunger and start you naturally on the quiet enjoyment of your meal.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Gets its wonderful flavor and tonic properties from vine-ripened tomatoes of a selected variety, and from the way they are blended with creamery butter, pure granulated sugar and other appetizing ingredients. Serve it regularly and often. Keep a supply always on hand.

Price reduced to 12c a can

For Cream of Tomato heat in a saucepan the contents of one can of Campbell's Tomato Soup after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately to the boiling point an equal quantity of milk or cream. When ready to serve stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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part care of all that land that they hadn't had time to even think about their house. But they had a car, every time.

Well, for a long ways it was just the same—roads, dry now, and might of been made of granite. Then all of a sudden a little jewel citylet with perfect pavings, etc. Then out again into the wilds, where we saw our first unfenced cattle—just wandering around free and Western, and the sight of them gives a person a deep feeling of the beginnings of excitement; a sort of now-we-are-coming-to-it sense, as also do the hound dogs. Because Missouri hound dogs are one thing no West Thirty-ninth Street song writer has exaggerated, and they are actually more so. And ponies too. Only it's farmers, not cowboys, that ride them when the roads are too bad even for flivvers, which sometimes they actually are. Three ponies and four hound dogs waited outside the butcher shop in Wenzel, where we ate our lunch with the Peterkins, of sausage, near-beer and mince pie, but it tasted like New York—only better. After which we started out again, making fifteen miles an hour, which was our average all the way across that state.

But take it all in all, Missouri was to our trip like the part in the picture where you are waiting for something to happen. And yet it's a funny thing, but in pretty near every one of the Missouri towns there lived a man whose name was known all over—either a highbrow or a writer or a scientist or something, names I had seen in the papers and would naturally of supposed they came from New York. "Came from" is right—came from a perhaps yearly visit there!

Of course, it was kind of disappointing not to find any place that seemed like it needed to be enlightened on my great subject of Americanism. But, I thought, Kansas is coming, and the Wicked Wild West, and I'll surely get a chance to spill some dope out there.

I didn't try to do it but once in Missouri, and when I did it come about this way: We had struggled over bad roads all day, and about nine o'clock at night the soldering on the radiator shell went blooey again, and of course no garage—much less a town—in sight, when all of a sudden out of nowheres we stumbled on a broad, well-lighted street with lots of cars parked down the middle, lovely public buildings and—oh, heavenly sight—a hotel, a neat, up-to-date, clean hotel, sophisticated enough to call itself a tavern. And thus, as the poet says, we came to Columbia.

Well, we was all so cross from trying to be decent to each other, and so tired and so hungry, we decided then and there that Columbia was the Gem of Missouri. And the funny part is that next morning when we got up and looked around we still thought the same, which is not always the case, as pretty near any town looks good when you are tired, but only like a good place to start from, in the morning.

But start is just what we didn't do. The radiator wouldn't let us, and I wouldn't go so far as to say that Tom done it on purpose, but it's the truth that the Peterkins hadn't caught up to us yet.

Well, anyways, while we waited we went out and took a look at what turned out to be a college town. And with no male monopoly on the place either, and I had always rather thought the rah-rah stuff was confined to boys, having often in the old days played New Haven, Boston and Trenton.

But here it was different. Young girls and young fellows both was there—hundreds of 'em—and a fine-looking lot there were, walking about on a campus with six great vine-covered columns standing on it, and it would make a beautiful location for a heart picture, only hard to get to for the footage you could make use of in it.

Well, anyways, I thought here is a good place to talk to the youth of the country and instill good anti-red stuff into their head, because in New York there are a lot of redlets among the college students, and catch 'em young is my idea.

Well, the more veil drawn over that speech the better. I had a big audience, I'll say that. And I talked this and that for nearly an hour, arranged by one of the teachers. And at the end I says, "Are there any questions? I would be glad to answer them." And what do you think I got? One boy says, "Are you a picture actress, Miss La Tour?" and another says, "Miss La Tour, what is a Red?" And by this I do not mean they were simps, but that they had never heard of either of us! And what is further, when I explained, I myself was the only one of the two they seemed much interested in.

I realized also, with a shock, that of course the people round this country would not know about me or about the Reds, though they had heard of Bolsheviks in a dim, far-off sort of way, because the newspapers we had been seeing didn't give any space to them, but to things like crops and etc. In other words, they were advertising the good things we had, such as the best and biggest harvest in fifteen years, instead of the things the Reds thought and did; and it's the Eastern newspapers gave them that snappy title of Reds that's so easy to remember, and you know the advertising value of a good trade name.

As for myself, why, I guess it was just a accident, that boy never having heard of me, but good for my vanity—or rather I should say good for what ailed it, but you know what I mean.

Well, anyways, the next morning after my educational speech on who I was and so forth the Peterkins family reached town, and so our radiator shell healed up at the sight of them, and pretty soon we set off out of the Gem of Missouri and continued our way through the first state which had lived up to stage-manager specifications, looking for our way to Kansas City and more places which was named after Daniel Boone.

I'll say this Daniel was some animal tamer, the best known story about him being the time he went into the lion's den. But there are plenty of others told on him around the Missouri River, including one about a bear's den also, and how he tamed the wild Indians. And it seems he run several hotels as well, or at least we passed them with his name on them, besides a ferryboat which took us across the river from Boonville, a town that was also named for him—the old original ferryboat I guess it was, with a sort of bustle or egg beater or something on behind to make it go, and a whistle like an old maid calling for help.

Yes, I'll twitter that was some boat. Flat-bottomed, it was, too, or would of been, only it was humped up in the middle and also sort of slanting to one side. Jim said it was listed to the left, but I had a strong feeling it would be listed among the missing before we got to the other side of the river. It had what I supposed was a donkey engine in it, because it had a kick like a mule but never got anywheres, and the smokestack looked like the rest of the boat ought to of wore starched ruffles and trousers strapped under its boots—if you get me. You seen pictures where the atmosphere crowd wears that kind of silk lids. But this was not by any means a property boat. I would of trusted it a whole lot more if it had of been, because Goldringer always takes good care of his stars, and doubles them in all the really dangerous bits, even if he does carry a heavy insurance on them made out in his own name.

No, this was a real, genuine old antique—called the Daniel Boone after the first owner—and I could see how the natives felt about how safe it was, because a young feller with a horse and something which I took to be an old translation from the early English for buggy got on board with a bunch of lilies in his hand. I, of course, pointed that out to Jim as the ferry trembled gently away from shore and commenced to float kind of aimlessly up and down between the chalk cliffs. But Jim says it is Sunday—he is probably taking them to his best girl. But I knew better.

"He's probably a decent young Christian," I says, "and don't want to die, even by drowning, without some of the usual formalities."

But we had quite a good time on that journey by water—kind of a desperate good time because of realizing it might be our last.

The Peterkins was already aboard when we got there, in the strange, mysterious way a camping flivver has of beating a big car that uses the hotels to it nearly every time.

Well, the Peterkins were there, all eight of them, and the young man and his river

(Continued on Page 26)

He Came Directly Toward Us—a Handsome Man With a Clean-Cut Yankee Face; But at the Doc's Words My Heart Froze

THE man who buys the Cadillac today knows beyond reasonable doubt that he stands at the threshold of a highly satisfactory experience.

Already he has enjoyed it in his own previous Cadillac; or at least he has observed it among Cadillac owners of his or his friends' acquaintance.

Through years of use, and thousands of miles of travel, he looks forward to the sureness and the reliability of performance which single out the Cadillac among all fine cars.

He expects to be able to enjoy his car without submitting to the delays and inconveniences which are so often the fruit of mechanical shortcomings.

In short, he confidently counts upon the dependability, the economy, and the ease which have been the distinguishing qualities of more than 110,000 eight-cylinder Cadillacs that preceded his own.

It is these qualities which have brought the Cadillac to the position of world-wide precedence which it holds undisputed today.

It is its steady and progressive development, through eighteen years of skilled engineering and devoted craftsmanship, that speaks so unmistakably to the Cadillac buyer now, of his future with his car.

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 24)

horse and seagoing low-cut barouche, or whatever it was, the captain with his cap on so you could tell him from the crew—who wasn't allowed a cap—ourselves and dog. And as it took pretty near half an hour for Daniel to make up her mind which part of the other chalk bank to hit, or to remember where she had berthed last visit, we had lots of time to enjoy the novelty of crossing the river in 1841 or less and to take each other's picture. I took Jim sitting in the car, and then we took Tom and Welcome on the running board, and then they took me, and we took the Peterkins and they took us, so we would have the snaps as souvenirs of this experience, even if you couldn't see any of the ferryboat or the river in the finder, but hoped in our hearts that when they were developed we would mysteriously see the whole Missouri, Daniel and all, the way a person does kid theirself over a camera.

It was just beyond here that we come to the first place in eighteen hundred miles that I could really call a hick town. It was hardly a town at that, and for two reasons—besides again needing gas—we stopped there.

For the first one, there was a country fair going full time, and it was also time to eat—we could tell it the minute the smell of hot Hamburger and sizzling dogs hit us. Funny thing, but when you are on a long trip almost any time is lunch time; but this really was, and by this stage of our journey we had learned to eat when we saw it and run no risks.

Well, that fair was just what I had been looking for all the way, and at last I seen it—full of vegetables of both sexes, and fruit and homemade-pie contests and patchwork quilts—and I got out to laugh. I didn't get out to preach Americanism. I was not such a simp even then but that I knew that was one thing I didn't have to preach to the farmer. Having his hands and his money in the actual physical country itself, patriotism was something he would already have a faint suspicion of, and could literally give me cards and spades on it—well, spades anyways. But I did get out to laugh.

Well, never in my life or the place where we deal on Eighth Avenue did I see the fruit and vegetables I see here. And I was admiring them and listening in on the hicks and feeling awful superior when Jim, who has the real masculine lack of shame about asking questions when he don't know something, started shooting me a few.

"Say, what are them things like big eggs?" he says.

"Why, eggplant!" I says very shortly. And I wish you could of heard the big hick standing beside me let out a roar.

"Excuse me, miss," he says, "but them are cattle squash."

"Well, there is such a thing as a eggplant," I says, feeling very cheap.

And then all of a sudden I realized an awful truth. Out here I was the hick! No joke—it was a fact. Maybe the big friendly giant in the snappy red tie—snappy in the sense of being snapped onto his collar button with a rubber band—couldn't recognize spinach à la renie if he seen it at the Ritz, or eggs Benedictine; but, by heck, out here I couldn't recognize raw spinach or eggplant! So I seized, as the poet says, opportunity by the forelock and decided right on the spot, which was a spot marked by a dropped tomato, that here was my chance to learn something, and not miss a single scrap in the great big interesting jig-saw puzzle which, if I could ever get it fitted together, would mean my dear country and give me a real picture of the whole of it.

"Say, mister," I says, smiling up at the kind strong face and keen blue eyes above that innocent red tie, and using the sweet appealing look which has won me a million friends from the magic of the screen—"say, mister, we don't know a darn thing about this stuff. Would you kindly wise us up as to the names of some of it?"

Well, he did. And again I had perhaps best draw a veil, because in five minutes I found that the only vegetables I knew in their native state was potatoes, corn and onions. On my word! And here is another thing, too—that big farmer didn't laugh at my ignorance again. He was kinder to me than I had intended being to him, and I come away from that town humble. I had seen a hick village—yes—with the sunlights and the footlights and the spot all turned on it at once. And all I could think of was that I myself was kind of cheap and temporary, and that the farmers weren't very funny, after all. There was something deep behind them that I hadn't understood.

Honest, I know it sounds simple to be made to feel religion by a potato, but it can happen, I know—it was done to me. I was made to feel eternity in a cabbage. And when I realized how all this stuff come out of the earth and that these simple people done it—well, it's the only time vegetables ever brought tears to my eyes except once when I tried to peel an onion.

But I'm not kidding—don't get me wrong. The festival I saw there, with fruits of the earth and of the hands of women, with basket lunches and hot dogs to grace the festive literal board on two trestles, was more of a feast in the truest sense than any fifty-dollar-a-cover Thanksgiving party yet given on Broadway.

I carried the memory of it in my heart all through the bumpy, washed-out Missouri roads, over long, pretty dreary detours, down to the point where on a high plateau outside of Kansas City we said good night to the Peterkins, who stopped to camp beside the schoolhouse, where already there were two other evening fires gleaming—which meant that there was water and no "Forbidden" signs. I sort of envied them that they could stop off there. The other cars looked friendly—a Climber from West Virginia with a mother and two fine big sons, and a motorcycle man and wife from Nebraska. It seemed like we were to be suddenly torn away from the free magic of the road, while it would sleep with them through the night; that the spell of their adventure would keep up like a lovely play with no acts and no final curtain. But we had to put on our hats and come out into the street of Civilization, and it made me sad, although I knew we would return to the road next day—to say nothing of how sad it made Tom, although Alma gave him a look to put under his pillow. I felt that they had something we weren't getting—something we lacked to make our journey all of a piece, as ma says. And then I got a comforting thought. We would have something that they would lack—and which looked mighty good to me—meaning a warm bath.

So we waved to them and swirled down into winding, new, prosperous Kansas City—golden with its promise for the future, startling in its present achievement, and full, to me, of the excitement that comes of the name it justly give itself—the Gateway to the West! Beyond Kansas City lay all the dime novels of my youth and Jim's, riding clothes for me, unknown dangers, undreamable beauties—the Thing, big, hard to put into words, which I now realized I had been unconsciously hurrying toward all this time. Up to now I had been interested—intensely—but I had been willing to go fast—fast as we could. And now I wanted to go slow, to make the journey last, like a kid with a lollypop.

Well, anyways, when we got into the hotel I ran downstairs for a moment to get a paper of face powder. I went alone, Jim having started to clean up, and I needed it. And as I crossed the lobby and went out who would I see but one of the mash birds which had hung around the hotel in St. Louis!

Of course there was nothing strange in this. We was often by now running into the same tourists again and again. But when we did as a rule they smiled—but this one did not. Neither did he try a mash. Instead when he caught sight of me he deliberately tried for me not to catch sight of him! He pulled his cap down over his eyes and sank out of the way, putting up a newspaper in front of him. And that was not all. No sooner was I in the drug store than he followed along the street and looked in through the window. My back was turned, but I could see him in a small shaving mirror on the counter, and there was no doubt but that he had followed to be sure it was really me!

All the time while I bought my powder and chinned with the girl I was thinking fast. We hadn't seen these birds all day. It seemed as if they might have come on by train. Was he really spying on me, and if so, why? Why did he first hide from me, and then follow me? And then I got a glimmer. It was just a chance, but I ought to make sure, because he couldn't be following me. He must be following Tom!

x

IT IS a terrible thing to be a picture actress in a desperate situation with no director to holler out what to do next or say go home now—we will shoot the rest to-morrow.

And yet that is just where I found myself at the end of the fourth reel, with a mysterious stranger spying on me through the window very uneasily, and no Jig Wells to yell at the camera man that will be enough, Billy! The only thing that flashed through my mind with any comfort was that we were registered as plain James Smith, wife, chauffeur and dog, or something. And then I realized maybe it only looked like a cheap alias to that sleuth, who had "bull" written all over him as plain as print, and that he had probably already recognized my face. In that case it might be he was simply registering interest in a famous artist—and yet, no, that didn't hold water, because if his reason was innocent curiosity why would he try to escape my notice the way he had? He had me guessing, all right; and when, after I had paid for my stuff and walked boldly out of the shop and he had ducked again, I thought, well, I will play this bright young feller a trick, and so I instead of going into the hotel walked down the block where there was a garage with two entrances, but not the one where we had left our bus. Well, I walked into the office and when the polite young feller that run it was asking what I wanted I slipped my handkerchief under the telephone book that was laying on the desk.

"Would it be possible for me to hire a car by the week from you?" I says convincingly, not being for nothing an actress since birth.

"Why, surely!" says the poor fish, seeing a dream of a good deal. "Dream" was right.

"Well," says I, "then we won't need to send for our own car. I will come back to-morrow and make arrangements."

Well, he bowed me out, and I walked around the corner and came in the other entrance after a minute, and there was the bull, just as I had expected, asking what lady was that and did she have a gray Colby-Droit with a young Jewish chauffeur!

"Oh, you little Curlylock Holmes!" I says to myself. "Why was you wasted on the mere art of the silver sheet?"

And then old beef face went out, and the young manager spied me.

"I forgot my handkerchief," I says. "I think I laid it on the desk."

And sure enough I had—whatter you know about that? After which I run home to the Muehlebach as fast as my French heels would carry me and broke the news to Jim, who the barber had just cleaned so's you could see his face for the first time in nearly two weeks.

"The bulls are after Tom—and also probably us!" I says. "Oh, Jim, what will we do?"

My heart was nearly stopped as I said it, not alone on account of Tom, but also for what the newspapers might do to us if we were caught, because when a person's selfish interest is at stake they are apt to change their minds, and Jim is only human. But he didn't. He stopped with both brushes suspended in midair and his suspenders heaving with emotion.

"They shan't get him!" he says excitedly. "The kid's too good for 'em, and we'll put one over, that's what!"

"But how?" I says. "They will trace him easy enough."

"Just you listen in on this telephone call!" says Jim. "I may not be the sleuth you are, but in me there has been lost a great scenario writer!"

And at that he went to the telephone, and pretty soon, for their system ain't like the N. Y. one, he had Tom on the wire.

"Say, Westman," says Jim, "do you remember where the Peterkins are camping to-night? I thought you would. Well, just take our car with all the stuff in it and go this minute and camp with them. Say you want a night in the open. Sure they are. The missus just spotted one half an hour ago, and they'll pinch you sure. We will hire a bus in the morning and join you at five o'clock—the sun is up by then—at the end of the Boulevard, where it turns back into the Old Trails road. I get you! Sure I can manage the small bags! Hustle now! Good luck, and see you at sunrise!"

And to think I had pretty near come to believe Jim had outgrown his sense of romance! And after this he put in a early call, and then we hastened to put in a little early sleep.

And I'll say a little sleep is just what it felt like when the telephone bell rang at 4:30 or the middle of the night, but the clerk assured us it was what the doctor'd ordered. We simply could not get out of bed, but did, not believing or caring that we had been asleep since nine o'clock the evening before. Also, I couldn't for the first few minutes mind much if Tom was arrested or murdered or the hotel was on fire or want anything except to go to sleep again. After another five minutes that clerk, who had experienced tourists before, rang again, and so we actually did come to life this time, and our semiconscious condition gradually changed to excitement and pep, and I at last climbed into my riding clothes that I had been looking forward to for so long but hadn't up to now felt Western enough actually to do it.

Then, shivering and yawning, we stole down to the all-night lunch room as per usual for our breakfast, and twenty minutes later we was in the hired car and—the glorious fresh morning that was all lit as though with ambers—rushing down the endless, winding boulevards of the city, the lights still twinkling wanly below us, and telling each other how glorious it was, and what boobs people are to sleep late, and why don't everybody always get up at dawn, and they don't know what they're missing by not, and let's us always do it the rest of our life, even after we get back home, and actually meaning it at the time. And then before long we come to the Peterkins' camp where it lay by the schoolhouse, tucked into the elbow of a little hill, the camp fire already smoking and Tom in the act of frying the family bacon. Alma was laying the table on the running board, and at the sound of our arrival ma stuck first her head and then the rest of her out of the tent.

"My sakes!" she says, evidently real glad to see us. "You folks have come just in time to eat!"

"We already have," I says. "And we got to be on our way soon."

Jim had meanwhile paid off the hired car and took out the bags.

"I think it was real generous of you to let Tom camp out with us last night," says ma in her innocent way. "I know how boys do love it. And he's been that useful! Wouldn't let me or Alma touch the supper dishes! And such pleasant company too! We're real sorry to let him go."

"Well," I thought, "I hope you would feel the same if you knew all ——"

And then, Tom having taken from Alma a quick cup of coffee and a slow good-by, we caught Welcome and got in

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PACKARD

THE Packard Truck is not the lowest-priced truck on the market, but it is the lowest-cost truck you can buy.

Whether you measure your hauling profit in the tons the truck carries, the miles it runs, the time it saves, or the years it lasts, the result is always the same: a Packard Truck does better hauling at lower cost.

The simple and strong Packard design furnishes unfailing power to move the load; selected and tested materials resist both wear and time; painstaking workmanship produces a thoroughly dependable, economical machine. The full measure of this earning power and complete economy is placed at the service of the Packard owner by the Packard method of rating the truck to its work.

What these factors for efficiency mean in trouble-free performance is shown in the typical record of a Packard owned by A. L. Reid, of Dayton, Washington. In one siege of night and day running with capacity loads, this truck covered 13,604 miles. At the end of that duty, not a working part needed replacement. Everything about the truck was in first-class working order.

It is such ability to master the emergency, or to stand up to the routine haul, that makes the Packard Truck the lowest-cost truck on the job.

All Packard Trucks have the advantage of nationwide service facilities established to keep them in working trim through year after year of profitable hauling at the lowest cost.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Selling Methods

By Floyd W. Parsons

A RECENT visit to the leading cities of our Pacific Northwest afforded me an opportunity to examine the methods and practices employed by some of the successful business men in that region. Though it is true that our commercial activities are becoming more and more standardized as time passes, it is still true that originality is a marked virtue of most managers who have proved their ability to excel in manufacturing and merchandising. The greatest factor in our commercial progress to-day is the wide and rapid exchange of ideas. Here are thoughts some of which will doubtless be of use and value to business executives in many parts of the country who are interested in selling everyday commodities either at retail or wholesale.

One large concern employing more than fifty salesmen, who are on the road for at least a month at a time, saves a considerable sum of money by supplying the members of its selling force with funds for expenses in the form of checks rather than cash. Before a salesman leaves the main office on a new trip the accounting department carefully estimates what he will need, and checks for the proper amounts are written and dated ahead. These checks represent money in the local banks which is drawing interest up to the time the salesman cashes the check. By using this plan no money is drawn for traveling expenses until the day it is needed.

This same concern recognizes a simple truth that is entirely overlooked by a majority of the big business corporations here in America. It has arrived at the conclusion that it is both foolish and inconsistent to practice a policy of keeping the salesmen of other firms at arm's length in its own offices, and at the same time expecting that the men who represent it in the field will be received by all prospects and customers with promptness and cordiality. The company's telephone girls and office boys have been carefully selected and trained. Salesmen who call at the main office of the concern to sell the company raw materials or other supplies are not required to give their whole pedigree, as if they were escaped convicts.

Early in the game the management traced a number of lost orders to the indifference and rudeness of office boys and other workers to the visiting salesmen of outside firms. In one case where a salesman came to sell the company a quantity of raw material and met with a cold reception the supply of much-needed material was immediately offered to a competitor, who, by purchasing it, was able to keep his factory going at full speed, while the offending company had to slow down to part-time work simply because its office force had lacked in tact and courtesy. Now the company has the right point of view and accords the salesmen who call the same attention that it expects its customers to give its own representatives.

All the company's salesmen are supplied with proofs of every advertisement, as well as all circular matter, the concern issues. This is done so that the salesmen will not only be able to advertise the company's advertising but will always be thoroughly informed about the plans that are being carried forward. Each member of the selling force, after being taught all that he should know about the company's products, is sent into the field largely on his own hook, without being hampered by fixed rules. It has been the experience of the management that ironclad rules will not make a poor seller efficient, while on the other hand they frequently prove the ruination of that type of salesman who works best when he is not only trusted to proceed in the right way but is allowed to use his own judgment in making important decisions. In other words, the men are educated rather than bossed.

In one way or another the sellers are kept in a perpetual contest, one with another, and those who make the best showings are rewarded. Competition not only makes good salesmen work better but it eliminates those who are incompetent. All the members of the selling force are expected to standardize their sales talks. It is emphasized, however, that this standardization should not be carried to the point of memorizing a regular speech, but should consist in simply keeping in mind a certain number of important points, each of which must be covered before the salesman ends his canvass. When a seller does not follow this plan he is always likely to overlook some special thought which may be of vital importance in clinching the order. In the case of a doubtful prospect the salesman may fail through omitting only one argument out of, say, eight or nine that might properly be included in his talk.

The principal causes of failure to effect a sale are lack of care in arranging a proper hour for the sales interview—many orders are lost through inopportune interruptions; neglect to study a prospect and discover the right angle of approach; timidity and a loss of confidence in the face of the customer's coldness and lack of interest; failure to uncover the principal objections of the prospect, so that such objections can be attacked and overcome; and last, but no less important, an untidy appearance and an excuse-me-for-living manner which indicate a lack of prosperity and success.

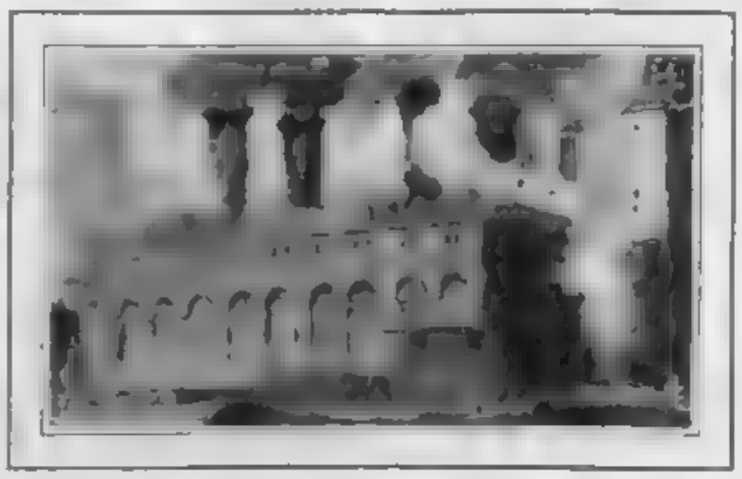
The work of the sales force in the field should be strongly backed up by letters, circulars and publication advertising. One of the chief weaknesses of most business letters is their forceless endings. Many of these letters have all their vigor and punch in the first paragraphs, while the last sentences, which contain the thoughts most likely to remain with the reader, lack in power and conviction. A second fault in the writing of business letters is the practice of putting all the good arguments in the initial letter and saving nothing worth while for a follow-up. The first letter, no matter how well written, seldom turns the trick. When the letters that follow contain only weak arguments, the value of the initial talk is completely lost.

When a number of products are handled by the same company it is a good idea to use an illustrated letterhead showing an appropriate and striking picture in colors depicting in practical use the article which is the subject of the letter. These illustrated letterheads are a fairly new idea that is proving successful. At any rate, the plan is quite an improvement on the old scheme of using a somber, stereotyped letterhead in an energetic campaign to get the attention of prospective customers. The best kind of sales letter is one that actually tells true stories of what the particular product has really done. The most progressive companies now devote much time and labor to the work of accumulating data with reference to the performance of the products sold.

Advertising is an art that always seems to be new. Years ago a company felt that it had said a plenty when its advertisement announced that the concern was the largest of its kind in the world. If the biggest company followed this plan to-day it would soon descend from its proud position at the top of the ladder. The up-to-the-minute ad writer follows the plan of having his talk on paper carry the same thoughts that actually would be stated verbally if the customer was met on the street and engaged in conversation. Intensive advertising, or the exploitation of a single article rather than a number, is proving more effective than advertising which covers a whole line of diversified products.

Every general campaign of advertising should be preceded by a scout investigation which provides the company with an early and complete analysis of the whole situation. Window displays should be shown in all the towns of a certain district at the same time that advertisements run in the local papers. All the merchants who handle the particular article in question should be previously advised and afforded every possible coöperation. The ads go best when they are reënforced by letters and circulars.

One splendid form of advertisement is that which has a headline asking a question. The psychology of this is that when the reader sees such an ad it is ten to one that he will first answer the question automatically, and then read down into the body of the advertisement to find and compare his own answer with that of the other fellow. One successful campaign of advertising was unique in that the company confined the text of its talks to calling attention to a number of local happenings entirely unrelated to the company or its goods. Examples of unusual courtesy on the part of public employes or similar incidents of general community interest were played up in the advertisements, with the result that the public took notice of the ads from day to day, and the company received many compliments from appreciative and approving citizens. This type of advertisement draws attention which can later be capitalized. Many companies have found it a good plan to prepare a campaign in which the first advertisements carry human and interesting information concerning the company's plants and methods; then come ads telling of the corporation's ideals; after which appear talks which directly exploit the articles the concern produces.



Retail selling has quite as varied problems as wholesale distribution. Few things are more important in the conduct of a retail establishment than the dressing of the show windows. Merchants on the Pacific Coast are proving themselves adept in this art. The primary fundamental is to dress the windows with bright colors. One concern follows the plan of making one window an eye catcher. Something out of the ordinary is always placed in this particular window. A second window is changed each day, and contains a display of that day's bargains. The management's experience has proved the wisdom of showing only one line of goods at a time in any window. It has also been determined that the best window displays contain a moving object which attracts the eye.

Experiments have shown that it is a good idea to place any special article the store wishes to push in the window at the left of the main store door. The customer hesitates and generally looks to the left as he opens the door with his right hand. If equal care is employed in placing the article at strategic points with reference to the elevators, the wrapping counter and other locations in the store where the customer is likely to go in the course of making his purchases, there is little doubt that full attention will be obtained for the article that is being used as a leader that particular day. Properly placed placards further enhance the effectiveness of this scheme. One placard should face the customer as he is ready to leave the store. Many of the Western stores now use color lighting in their show windows. The color screen consists of a slide containing colored gelatin. Generally four screens are available—red, amber, blue and green. The color is changed according to the kind and style of articles displayed.

One progressive retailer has established a rule that no clerk shall say "Is that all?" after a customer has made a purchase. His idea is that such a remark provides the purchaser with a direct suggestion to stop buying. In this particular establishment each sales person who has a clear record, with no demerits, over a period of two weeks is given a half-day vacation. This plan has materially decreased the number of errors of the sales people. If the clerk prefers, the half-day vacations will be allowed to accumulate, and may be added to the summer vacation.

The store has a salesmanship course for all clerks, and pupils from every department are enrolled. One room in the store has been transformed into a miniature sales department, and here the students act as sales people, while the executives of the store play the rôles of customers. Those clerks who excel are awarded prizes. The one kind of clerk that this store will not countenance is the seller who is a natural snob. Such a clerk is defined as one who gives every possible attention to the rich lady, and then is sadly lacking in courtesy when the customer of limited means appears. No store can depend only on those who are wealthy, and sales people can seriously damage a business by following the plan of giving their best attention only to the big purchasers. The small purchaser to-day may be the one who has the large account to-morrow.

One successful idea is that of advertising to out-of-town purchasers that Mary Jones or Susan Smith or some other employe is engaged to do nothing but attend to the orders of the people who cannot come to the store and make their selections in person. One big establishment now has four young ladies, all answering to the name Mary Jones, doing nothing else but making purchases for out-of-town customers. This same store has dressing tables supplied with all kinds of toilet requisites, which are advertised as available for the use of women customers. The scheme has enlarged the sale of toilet articles.

The manager of the concern years ago organized a baby club. A careful record is kept of all births in the city, and soon after a child is born the parents are invited to register the infant in the club. If the father or mother does not wish to call at the store a postal card with the child's name answers the purpose, and this brings a pretentious-looking certificate of membership, as well as a little gold ring for the infant. The rings are of good quality, but are purchased in such large lots that they do not constitute too great a burden of expense. In September of each year the store conducts a baby contest, and prizes are given to the winners. The judges are selected from a list of prominent citizens who are in no way connected with the management of the store. This attention to the babies of the town has not only brought the company much business but has given the store a large amount of good will and publicity.

Further plans and practices of Pacific Coast merchants will be told in a later article.

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Of All Hudson's Qualities

Smoothness and Ease of Operation Come First

Hudson's beauty and distinction, though decisive factors to many, are but secondary to the qualities which account for its preference with a hundred thousand owners. Ease of driving, smooth operation, the luxury of motion it gives are the most distinct and alluring appeal of the Super-Six.

Every day you see Hudsons two and three years old which both in performance and style might well be judged of recent production.

Hudson design has never been guided by caprice. It has never resorted to dubious extremes. It has been too sure of what are the essential permanencies of beauty, dignity, and true riding comfort.

The advance ideas you will always find. But every idea has had to earn its right to belong. No mere straining after something new has ever won place for a single feature of Hudson design.

Thus has developed a mechanical quality that well nigh removes all consciousness of motor and other mechanism. Smooth, easily directed conveyance that is little affected by either road conditions, grades to be climbed, or traffic to be threaded has been made possible.

The present Super-Six expresses well developed refinements that give it a place with those who appreciate the finest. And it has accomplished this at a great saving over what comparable qualities would cost in other cars. Its price for open models is $2400.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5026)

Is Your Summer Home Sanitary?

When opening the house for the summer let in the sunlight and fresh air and thoroughly clean from top to bottom. Remember, you can clean and disinfect at the same time by adding Creolin-Pearson disinfectant to the water used for scrubbing and cleaning. Don't forget the drains, traps and cesspool.

Ask Your Druggist For—

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck
Full strength and unusually pure.

Acid Boric Merck

Get an Original Bottle of

CREOLIN-PEARSON

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

MERCK

WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 26)

our own bus and waved so long, we will see you all real soon and so forth and ectera, and started out with the law behind us but the wilds before us.

Oh, the comfort of wearing pants on this kind of a trip! Or any other place, for that matter. For the first time in my life I commenced to see Dr. Mary Walker's point, and that pants is still another thing men have that is better than women, and one of the reasons why they feel so free. You will notice if you look in history books that back in old times before even men had a vote they wore skirts, and the early English kings and Roman emperors wore negligees—no kidding, they really did! Long ones that dragged around on the floor. And I have no doubt that in those days the kings set the styles just as the motion-picture actors do now. Well, they wore not alone Mother Hubbards, or at best knee-length dresses, much like those of the modern women, but also long hair and lace guimpe and a lot of other junk which kept their minds off the serious affairs of the world, and I notice that the more free they got from clothes the more votes and ect. they got too. A mere ride in the park gives a woman no idea of breeches, but let her once wear 'em in a car and the free West for two weeks and she will have learned something it will be hard to make her forget.

Also, you can't imagine the comfort of being dressed like a bum, and Jim the same, and the car not washed, but the stuff tied on good and secure with lots of rope and let 'em think what they like! Putting on my riding pants seemed to cut me loose from civilization in the sense that I had up to now understood it, and I felt more free and natural than ever in my life, all but for the possibility of them cops getting on our trail. But presently we forgot even that, having to keep our minds first of all on getting clear of Kansas City, which is practically all boulevards that go around and meet themselves and are so beautiful, not to say complicated, that the visiting stranger can literally hardly steer themselves away. But at last we shook them, headed for Emporia and Hutchinson, and sincerely hoping to see every part of both cities except their jails.

Now it's a funny thing, but true, that a place seldom looks the way a person expects it to, and the more you have heard about it and the greater the number of details that have been stuck into the description the less it is like that when you get there.

When we struck into Kansas all I knew about it was that we had to cross it, except for Jim's descriptions which had left a very definite still in my mind of fields of jack rabbits who wouldn't wait to be looked at, and a lot of perfectly flat space growing wheat, with flour sacks between the rows to put it into by modern machinery, and grain elevators which I supposed would be like hotel elevators, only of course not gilded, at the R. R. stations to take the sacks up high enough to dump them into the trains. And outside of that nothing, for day after day.

Well, see your oculist and then see America, because you got to take a film off the eyes of the mind to see it right. The great oculist, Experience, had shown Jim and I how to look these past few weeks, I guess, for certainly Jim didn't see Kansas right when he saw it the first time from the train. It goes through the flat part of the state, probably, because that is where a sensible train would. But take it free gratis, Kansas is not flat.

All the way from Kansas City to Hutchinson, where we spent our first night in a Harvey Hotel and was so green we didn't know what that meant, we was going over hills and across washes. As for the wheat, it was all cut and taken away some place, bags and all, and nobody can tell me those were wheat fields anyways. They were counties, not fields. Nobody need tell me a field can be that big—no, not even after I've seen it with my own eyes.

But through these endless stretches of stubble, which looked like somebody was growing the world supply of hairbrushes on 'em, the roads begun to be better, giving such ease to our motorists' hearts as only another motor nut can understand; and we begun also to see another kind of field, by which I mean to say oil fields, almost as big and as generous as the wheat ones, but not so famed in song and guidebook, as the poet says. It sure does give a person a funny feeling to see miles upon miles of oil derricks against the sky line. They look like somebody had decided to build a whale of a big city, got as far as the steel construction and then quit.

Also, we saw one jack rabbit.

We slept, as I say, in Hutchinson, finding room for our bus with some trouble on account of the thousands of cars who had come in for the state fair. I didn't suppose there was as many automobiles of the fifteen hundred to three thousand dollar class in the whole United States as I seen parked in Hutchinson's main street that Saturday night. And though I would of loved to stay for the fair, still we thought we better not, on account of the law, which, although we had by now apparently given it the slip, we felt we'd better continue, so we went on our way, after our first Harvey breakfast, for which a person cannot be too early.

And anyways, I had nothing to say to Kansas. Why should I stop to talk anti-soviet in a place where they have already got for themselves all the very coöperative stuff that the soviet has to offer, and managed to get it done under our crude, cruel and miserable democratic form of government? Believe me, after I learned what their grain elevators really meant, and heard about the jointly owned modern harvesting machinery, and the direct marketing methods, I thought if only Trotzky could see this, wouldn't he feel cheap?

It was about this point that I laid off trying to reform the West and commenced frankly learning from it and enjoying it, for I realized that the translation from the Russian of workingmen's council meant nothing in the world but our old-fashioned town meeting!

Here is another thing: All through Kansas we saw no poor. Nothing or nobody upon which professional millionaires could ease their conscience, and—so far as I could tell—no blatant millionaires either. What I mean to say is, there was no mean little hovels, no slums, nothing that looked poor. Sometimes there would be a tiny shack set high on a windy brown-and-gold plateau in the middle of a big ranch, or on the edge of a great stretch of wheat stubble; but these looked striving, not poor, and that is a very different thing. In fact Kansas is populated by a vast, superior bourgeoisie—and again that is very Russian, because no matter how they may yell against the bourgeoisie over there, the net profs of their plans, if they was ever actually to be carried out, would result in a bourgeoisie. You can't have equality of distribution and get away from it. Well, anyways, that is what Kansas has.

Further, Kansas farmers have got the most sense of any farmers I seen yet, because they have pretty near solved the farm problem, and also it is a Russian method, only again they and Lenine don't know it.

What I mean to say is, they solve the farm problem by not living on their farm, but by living together in ideal little cities with good hotels, snappy—no kidding—real and genuinely snappy stores, both department and specialty, a real picture house or two, drug stores that are finer than anything we have in the East, and by commuting to their farms instead of living on the farm and commuting to the city.

It is so simple and so wise that I wonder I didn't think of it myself. I mean to say it is one of the most important things in America, what is happening on those Kansas farms, and here it goes on record that I hope a few other states will take notice the way I did, and learn. I am talking from what I seen with my own eyes, and as one town is a fair average example of the whole state I will set it down just as it unrolled itself before me like a seven-reel feature, and hope it may prove of benefit to the oncoming generation or something, as the high-class writers say. Only please kindly remember that this is all truth, and no exaggeration. I will now begin with my sample town and how we come into it.

Well, back East in Missouri, Illinois and so forth, the country had been like home a good deal, as I guess I have said—the same sort of thing like you see when you take a ride outside of Boston or New York or Philly, only richer, bigger and more fertile.

But when we struck into Kansas we begun to feel a change—subtle at first, but growing stronger and stronger rapidly, like a band of martial music swinging down the street. And a person, meaning me, began to recognize this country as part of what I had been unconsciously hurrying toward the big, rich, wide, varied and untrammeled America.

Well, we come into this town I'm telling you about over a series of rolling hills smooth, rounded hills without any trees on them, but carpeted with close-growing flowers of purple and gold, like our aster and goldenrod, only so short-stemmed that they was actually like one of these bright, old-fashioned worsted rugs my grandma used to make, only big enough to cover as far as you could see, and tempting you to walk over the world.

Then all of a sudden we would plunge down an incline, with terrifying but dramatic washouts on either side of the narrow road, and there, like a cluster of schoolgirls hiding and twittering among themselves, would be a grove of cottonwood trees nestled in between the soft bosoms of the hills. Then again there would be wide stretches of stubble where wheat had been—sometimes lying on the flat top of an immense plateau that fell suddenly to the dry bed of the Arkansas River. Then the road would twist away on a ledge of land that faintly foreshadowed the mesas we was to see later, and we could look down on the dry river bed—a mere streak of gray sand—across a narrow, crumbly looking stretch of burned prairie grass where cattle who seemed entirely out on their own wandered aimlessly about or nibbled at the bark of the drooping trees along the sandy bank far below.

Then we would travel over a desolate rolling prairie waste with more oil wells pointing to heaven—and smelling to heaven, too, decorating the sky line, where the clear sky comes down like a circular drop, well lighted. And then more intimate rolling hillets carpeted with coarse bright flowers, dry and brittle with the hot sun when you got out to pick them. Then without any warning of a town—as usual—we slid into a triple colonnade of old cottonwoods—a cool, green-and-yellow cathedral, so shady that the mud of weeks ago had not dried on the narrow double roadways, and in a few minutes we come onto Main Street, and five minutes later we found the right front spring was busted on our car. Which is how we come to be in Garden City two whole days.

Also, it is how I come to be able to realize what I now know about Kansas farms, because I stayed in the heart of several hundred of them right in that very town, which but for that spring so luckily breaking we would of dashed through without understanding.

Well, now here is the idea: On the surface Garden City didn't have some of the trimmings of the other small places we had been, but the first thing we noticed was that it had eleven garages, which for a burg of about five thousand people is going some. But do you suppose it was the tourists that pour through which supported them? Yes, you do suppose so. And so did we, and the both of us are wrong. The farmers support them, because pretty near every farmer there has two cars and a truck, whether he is a truck farmer or not.

Now some more. Pretty near every storekeeper and business man in that town is also a farmer!

There! How do you like that? Pretty good, eh? Well, one of the big troubles with farming specialties like wheat and so forth, especially on a big scale, is that it is what the fellow that told me this called seasonal work, which leaves a long quiet season on the farmers' hands. So the rest of the time, why not run a drug store, like old Doc Burns, or a picture theater or a haberdashery or a restaurant? They can run out to the farm in their car every day, and they do that as well. I know it sounds like a pipe dream, but it isn't. I seen it myself. Sometimes a farm will be run by two fellers on shares, and they spell each other staying on the farm, which gives the other a chance to see and know the folks in town. And speaking of fellers, meaning mere men, you don't know the half of it, dearie!

I went into a department store in this town to buy a pair of gloves I saw in the window—a pair of standard make of the same identical brand I would of asked for

(Continued on Page 33)

THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—TRAVEL

The fifth of a series illustrating "The Great Things of Life." Painted by Dean Cornwell. © E. L. W. of G. E. Co

The Honeymoon Trail is a trail of Light—

SOFT lights, orange blossoms, and solemn vows—

A handful of confetti, laughing goodbyes, and a porch-light smiling its happy farewell—

Bright headlights throwing their radiance over the road; and the lights of welcome in an old-fashioned inn—

So another couple sets forth on the honeymoon trail—a trail that lingers in memory as long as life lasts, indelibly etched by the magic of light.

WE speak of life as a journey; have you ever stopped to think how much Edison MAZDA Lamps contribute to the pleasure of the journey? The lamps on the front of your automobile; the tiny lamp in the flashlight that says "There it is"; the lamps in hotels of quality and in buildings where the highest standards prevail—these, as well as the lamps in your home, are Edison MAZDA Lamps.

Since lamps are so important, why not take a little care to have the best? If you ask for "lamps" or "bulbs," you can't be sure what you will get; ask for Edison MAZDA Lamps by name and you *know*.

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

No Wicks
No Smoke
No Smell

WHATEVER *the* RECIPE *Calls*
For the RED STAR *Will Do*

EXPERT cooks have practiced for years to find the exact time needed to properly bake bread, to roast meat, to bake cake, to simmer soup, etc. So the time called for by your recipes is usually right. Critical tests prove that this all-year-'round oil stove will bake, boil, roast or fry *anything* from a big rib roast to a pan of light, fluffy biscuits—in the exact time called for by the best recipes.

Even though your home is situated far beyond the gas main, you can now cook and serve as perfectly prepared dishes as any city home.

Go see the Red Star Detroit Vapor Oil Stove. Note the wonderful scientific burner—made of annealed grey iron. Weighs 8½ pounds. Makes gas from kerosene, gasoline or distillate and burns it like a city gas range. *No wicks or wick substitutes.*

If you don't know the Red Star dealer, write for his name and a copy of the Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

Sold by your local leading furniture or hardware dealer.

80

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

(Continued from Page 30)

on the Avenue at home, and I got talking with the girl which sold them to me. She was a pleasant-faced, quiet girl—not a chicken, but fresh and attractive, and with her hair done in the regulation cootie coops. I saw them cootie coops the whole ways across the country, by the way, and they give me a jolt of surprise every time. Well, anyways, I got acquainted with this girl, and what do you think she and two girl friends which was also working as clerks in that same store was doing?

They had each of them taken up a quarter section of grazing land ten miles out of town that is to say, a hundred and sixty acres apiece, adjoining ground, had put up a frame house where the three corners come together, so that they could all three live on their land as the law requires, yet live together, and they commuted to work every day. They had recently proved claim, and already one girl had been offered three thousand dollars for her property.

Now that's American womanhood, enterprise, courage and opportunity for you! Beyond them few well-chosen words I personally pass no comments or remarks upon it. Pass them for yourself, but whatever you say, remember it's a true fact! And what is more, it is not unique. There is other Western girls got property that way in other towns. I am merely giving you a sample. Yet I can't help contrasting it with a girl I know back home who was so relieved when she paid the last installment on her Liberty Bond, because now she could sell it and pay the last installment on her fur coat!

Main Street in Garden City—and a dozen others like it—is as wide and as well paved as Fifth Avenue. At one end is a park. The people own this park, and they know it and enjoy it and use it. They go out there and lie on the grass. They take a book or a paper out there to read. There are no Keep-Off-the-Grass signs in the public parks west of the Mississippi. The folks don't need 'em. But if they use their parks they are pretty fair about not abusing 'em, too—and they sure are pretty, I mean the parks are. Generally there is a courthouse in the middle. The courthouse and the schoolhouse are certain to be really fine buildings in any small town in the Southwest, no matter what else they may have forgotten to build. But I love their parks. It gives such a pleasant, easy feeling to your heart to know you can pull your bench any place you want to in it.

And the folks! When I think of Kansas folks I want to cry and laugh and my heart swells all up. Because they are so kind, so warm and friendly—so alive. And, oh, how tall! Really it's the truth, I saw more tall people there than anywheres in my life before. I won't forget in a hurry the three six-foot, chestnut-haired, deep-bosomed beauties who waited on table at that Garden City Hotel. And speaking of hotels, most of these towns need good ones, and the man who builds a chain of them from Ohio to New Mexico will make a fortune off the tourists. The town folks are home people and don't need or want hotel life, which is why the hotels are so poor, I guess.

Well, anyways, these Kansas girls were the very biggest, handsomest and quietest I seen anywheres. They would be no good in musical comedy—they are too big. But they just naturally go grab off quarter sections of land—you can tell they would by looking at them. And the men the same. I don't know does the big farms make the big people or the big people the big farms, but I know that they are, if you get me at all. And their hearts are big as the rest of them. Oh, I love Kansas—I love it! I'll always want to go back there!

Well, on the second day of our breakdown I was sitting in the park at noontime with the thermometer ninety in the shade and the temperature of the book I was reading something over a hundred and twenty, because it was the bedroom scene in Juliet and Romeo, which I was taking this opportunity to read some of it, and also to study up a little in my grammar and dictionary, because I am very imitative and I was already talking like Kansas folks, and I realized my Newyorkese was pretty well nicked, and in self-defense I had better learn a little standard stuff.

Well, anyways, I was sitting there reading and dreaming, and Jim was over across the street looking to be sure the bus wasn't ready yet, which of course it wasn't, when who would drive up in a big car but old Doc Burns, who had helped me get hep to the town such a lot when we got acquainted in his drug store which he ran on the side of a few hundred across of wheat in his idle moments. And whatter you know if he didn't have a bag of golf clubs in that car when he stopped it at the curb!

"Hello, Mrs. Smith!" he says. "You and your husband care to run out to the country club and go around once? I generally put in my noon hour like this."

Can you beat it? Here was my wild and woolly West—my uncivilized, wide prairie town that I had left N. Y. to inform about things in general! To see the doc beaming over the edge of his big bus, a black ribbon hanging from his eye glasses, you would of thought he was the editor of a highbrow magazine out for a little recreation. Mentally I threw up my hands. This was the last thing I had expected.

But of course I said yes, and went across to get Jim, who was standing watching Tom help the blacksmith with the spring, and wearing a cow-puncher's hat he had bought that morning with a collar on it that would do for Welcome when Jim got tired of the hat. Well, I told Jim of the invitation we had and he nearly dropped dead.

"Have they got a country club here?" he says, thanking the doc.

"Well, we've got no clubhouse yet, but we got a nine-hole course," says the doc, "and the clubhouse will come along soon."

Well, in the meanwhile we came along, digging our clubs out from under everything in our car, because by now we never took anything out of the car at night that we didn't actually need, but left it in the garage, hoping the darn stuff would all be stolen by morning, but it never was—not even when we left it on a street and went in to eat.

Well, we put ourselves and clubs into the doc's car, and then, believe me, he showed his Western blood, because he drove that bus like it was a mean hoss, and off we went into the flower-carpeted hills, turning abruptly from the road into a prairie—and there we was, on the golf course!

At least so the doc said, and gradually we seen it was, although there wasn't much to distinguish it from the surrounding hills except the greens, which was made of white sand. Otherwise it was—prairie!

Well, I and Jim had learned the motions of golf in order to do a society country-life fillum, but the doc played it because he liked it, and what he did to us was a crime. He beat us eight down—or up, whichever is correct. Of the actual game the less said the better, but of the course—the score was about like this:

First hole: Two prairie dogs beat us down it.

Second hole: Jack rabbit crossed in haste.

Fourth hole: Jim and the doc killed a rattlesnake right by the pin.

Sixth hole: Doc pointed out dead rattler he had killed there yesterday noon.

Seventh hole: Gopher started to watch the putting but changed its mind and beat it before we really got started.

Eighth hole: Two lizards went down it hurriedly.

Ninth Green: Completely destroyed by prairie dogs overnight.

Now this is a true story, or as near true as a mere woman can get, and if anybody thinks I am telling it to make fun of that golf course they got another guess coming. I tell it because of how it shows what these Westerners will do in the face of the wilderness.

The doc knew what the place lacked as good as we did—he was no fool. But he also knew that great things could be accomplished, and we believed him. And he is, after all, only a good sample of many another such spirit in many another such town in this broad land. I only cite him because I knew him.

We talked of the future and saw visions of it through his eyes as we walked back toward his car—hoping for no more rattlers and grateful for high boots. And as we walked and talked a second car drove in and parked, and from it got a tall, lean man—a man with a flannel shirt, wide-brimmed hat, high boots and a gun on his hip—the real Western figure at last! He came directly toward us—a handsome man with a clean-cut Yankee face—but at the doc's words my heart froze. I seemed to know what they would be almost before he spoke them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith," says the doc, "this is our sheriff, Mr. Bird—the best six-gun man in the county!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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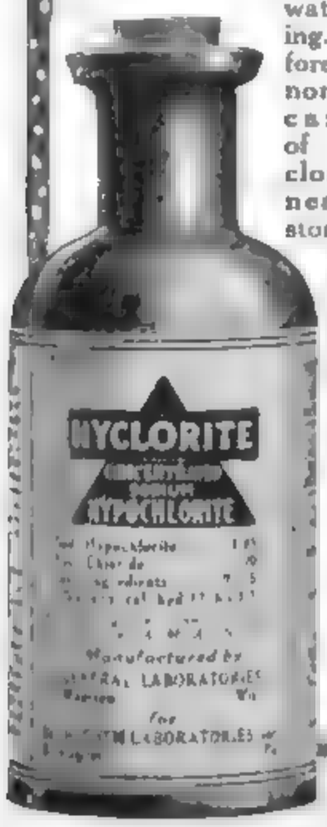

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MILE HIGH

(Continued from Page 7)

calmly. "I suppose there's nothing to do but sit on the stile and continue to smile. It was all my fault. I shouldn't have advised trying to hurry."

Adventurers as they were, though criminal ones, they accepted the catastrophe with stoical philosophy.

"Get out the tea basket, Stephan," said Léontine. "We might regale ourselves with a little tea and biscuits and dirt."

Stephan complied with a grimace. Patricia surveyed the others with a curious smile which whipped up one corner of her wide mouth while there was a lifting of her beautifully arched left eyebrow. Her face, which was of a strange elfin beauty, showed no particular concern at their dilemma. Then as they were munching the biscuits, which gritted between their teeth, and sipping the cold tea, she sprang up suddenly from her seat on the tool box.

"Somebody's coming!" she announced.

Her acute senses were correct. The gusts of wind brought down the hum of a motor, and a moment later there loomed from the murk a powerful open touring car with a single occupant. It was coming fast, but on discovering them the driver turned off to the side of the ill-defined road and came to a stop.

"In trouble, folks?" said a pleasing resonant voice.

"Worse than that," Townley answered. "We are scrapped. The inside of this wagon is a mangled mass."

The newcomer stepped down to the road and they saw him to be a man of about forty, of medium height, but very broad, with a powerful frame and a square face, the lower half of which seemed to hold a certain grimness in its strength of jaw and the firm straight line of his mouth. He wore a large soft hat, from under the rim of which a pair of intent and very dark blue eyes shone at them from under straight black heavy eyebrows.

"What's the damage?" he asked.

Townley explained what had happened. The newcomer slipped off his coat and rolled the sleeve of his flannel shirt back over a forearm of which the big muscles bulged like those of a Vulcan. He made a brief examination, then turned to them with a nod, wiping off the dripping lubricant with a handful of waste. As he did so he appeared suddenly to be caught by some expression in Patricia's face; or perhaps it was the peculiar quality of beauty in the face itself. Speech and action seemed temporarily checked in him, as if he had received a sort of shock, and he stared at the girl with a look of wonder and disbelief.

But this was only for a second and passed unnoticed. The eyes of both women were fastened on the big silver star pinned to his broad chest and bearing the inscription "Sheriff." Though they had nothing to fear from the sheriff of a county in Eastern Colorado the mere fact of his representing the law inspired in their criminal natures the same emotions which a plains wolf crouched in the sagebrush might feel at sight of a passing dog. Then Townley handed the sheriff a pair of broken pliers.

"That's what did for us," said he. "Some blighter in a garage took a dislike to us, no doubt because we're French and English."

"I thought we were through with that stuff," said the sheriff, "but I guess you're right. The skunk counted on your getting some distance off before striking a bit of bad road to mess things up. Well, folks, it ain't so bad as it might be. My place is only about three miles from here, straight out across the prairie, on that trail you passed a few hundred yards back. I reckon there's only one thing for you to do. I can take you in tow and put you up until we can get a new box shipped from Denver."

"But that's asking far too much of you," Léontine protested.

"Don't you believe it, ma'am," the sheriff answered. And again his burning blue eyes fastened with a sort of eagerness on Patricia's face. "I'm a bachelor and I'd be mighty glad of a little pleasant company. My house is the best in these parts, if I do say it myself. I can make you a lot more comfortable than you could be in a hotel, and it's getting late."

"It's awfully good of you," murmured Patricia, who had not missed the effect she had produced on this stalwart Samaritan resolving out of the dust haze.

"Not a bit of it, ma'am." He seemed unable to take his eyes from her face. "Visitors like you-all, that care enough for this country of ours to ride out across it, have got to be looked after a little. I'll send one of my hands right off to telegraph for a new box, and we ought to get it day after to-morrow, this being one of the big brands of car. I've got something of a machine shop and it won't take long to start her going again."

"Well, I must say," said Townley, "it's no end good of you. The main thing now is to get the ladies in out of this dust storm."

"That's what, sir. She's sure rough on those not used to it. I could tow you on to town but it would be a long slow haul, and besides, the ladies will be a lot more comfortable at my place. My name's Hartwell, and I own most of the country hereabouts. Let's go."

Stephan, always polished, made a brief introduction—Léontine, as his sister, the Countess de Vaux; Patricia as her niece, Miss Melton; Howard as Sir Harold Trimble; and himself, the Comte de Valignac. The sheriff's blazing blue eyes glowed as he acknowledged this distinguished acquaintanceship but he did not appear to be in any way abashed. Stepping to his own big car, the back of which was filled with stores and various supplies, he procured a piece of rope and attached the crippled vehicle, and as he worked he glanced from time to time at Patricia as if under the spell of some irresistible fascination. They took their places and, the trail being wide, turned with no difficulty and moved off at a fair rate of speed through the enshrouding murk.

III

HIS six months' sojourn at the sanatorium had, so far as clinical symptoms could discover, effected a cure in the case of Chris, but the doctor advised his staying on to clinch the nail of recovery.

Heming's process was still active though his general condition showed infinite improvement. Most encouraging symptoms were his gain in weight and appetite and his absence of night sweats, while the hacking cough and hæmoptysis had disappeared.

To be near her brother Nita had taken one of the small bungalows of the newly married colony on the plateau, where she lived simply but most comfortably, attended by three servants—an elderly maid, a French butler and his wife the cook, which pair she had brought with her from France. As soon as Jerry was allowed she came frequently to take him and Chris and often a pair of fellow patients for drives about the region, these short at first but longer as permission was accorded, the sanatorium being by no means the mere country club which it resembled.

Chris, of course, had fallen hopelessly in love with her immediately, but kept it sternly to himself. For one thing there was the taint of his disease, about the absolute cure of which he felt he could not feel sure for many months and after testing in a trying climate. For another obstacle, as he saw it, Nita and her brother were very rich. Chris learned that Jerry had been left a new oil field by a man of his company who had been killed in France, and that he had given his sister, outright, a half interest in this.

It was not until Chris had become very well acquainted with Nita that she told him the circumstances of this inheritance and then it came about by accident. He was riding with her alone one day through Denver when, on slowing at a crossing, Nita leaned suddenly forward with a gasp and stared for a moment at a tall broad-shouldered youngish man, who was waiting for the car to pass. She fell back against the seat and Chris glancing at her saw that her face was ghastly, while there was a lurid light in her amber-colored eyes.

"Good Lord, Nita!" said he. "Have you seen a ghost?"

She looked at him with the flicker of a smile.

"I thought for a moment it was rather worse than that, Chris."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, a man who would make a ghost of me if he ever got the chance."

"Good Lord! Tell me who he is and quick."

"His name is Howard Townley, but he would scarcely be using it now. His outward and visible signs, build, face, speech and manners are those of a well-born Englishman, and the inside of him is pure unadulterated devil. Jerry has told you how he was left a fourth interest in a piece of an apparently good-for-nothing Oklahoma ranch which proved to be the lid of a honeycomb of oil. One of the other legatees was a girl who had been doing Salvation Army work in the war. This man Townley learned the facts of the case and got himself engaged to her, and then deliberately murdered this boy who had made her one of his heirs when on the firing line. He stabbed him in a drunken sleep. Jerry was suspected. I got to work on the case and laid a trap for Townley and proved him to be the murderer, but he got away and no trace has been found of him since. He tried to kill me when the trap was sprung, but missed it. This was in Paris. One thing is perfectly sure and that is if he ever gets a chance he will certainly do me in."

Chris listened to this astonishing statement with a face which hardened as Nita described the affair more in detail.

From time to time he glanced at her with a sort of wonder. It seemed incredible to him that this soft and tender lady, who had impressed him for all of her vivid personality as a last cry in a girl *de luxe*, could have passed through such a terrific adventure. Nita noticed his expression and laughed.

"You see, I'm not entirely the downy-winged butterfly you take me for, Chris. Before Jerry came into this fortune and quadrupled it by subsequent operations I was living pretty much by my wits. During the war I was in London most of the time and attached to the secret service as a sort of parlor spy. Just now I am trying to forget all that, but sometimes when I catch sight of a man who looks like Townley I feel the prick of the sword of Damocles. The man is by no means the ordinary adventurer. He is absolutely ruthless and I think that in such a diabolic nature as his revenge would be a primary consideration. He was struck not only in his avarice but in his pride and self-respect. He thought that he had made a conquest of me. So far no man has ever done that; and perhaps it is better not, as there's no telling what day I may have to pay the price."

Chris had turned a little paler and Nita now glancing at him felt that the revelation was not entirely on her side. Up to this time she had found him a light-hearted, happy-go-lucky pal who never seemed to take life seriously and reminded her of a big, irresponsible, rather mischievous boy. They laughed a good deal when together, avoiding flirtation as if by mutual consent, yet growing daily nearer in sympathy.

But Chris' face at this moment was anything but boyish. It wore the grimness of battlefields and his gray eyes gleamed at her with a sort of hungry yearning look. "Lord!" he muttered. "I wish it were my right to be your bodyguard. You really ought to have one, you know."

"That's what Jerry says. But I don't think it would help much. I've got to depend on my sixth sense and ability to see him first if ever he crops up."

They drove on for some distance in silence, presently to stop loiteringly at the side of the road; then Chris asked: "Have you taken any steps for your self-protection?"

"Only my five senses—and this." Nita drew from her pocket a small automatic. "I have practiced and practiced and practiced till I can drive nails with this toy."

Chris shook his head. "That's not enough, Nita. Now listen, and don't think me a presumptuous ass. I've loved you nearly to death from the moment I laid eyes on you. That's no great distinction, of course, as a lot of better men must have done the same. But if my cure should prove a certainty, don't you think that you might take me on, as a constant protector, if nothing else? It's too awful to think of this danger hanging over you, and scarcely any line of defense."

Nita patted the back of his hand. "I think you are a dear, Chris," said she, "and it wouldn't be very hard to grow intensely fond of you, but I'm not quite ready for a husband just yet."

"I don't blame you, Nita. Somehow I can't quite see any mere man annexing you, though there are plenty of real ones out in this country. But your capture ought to be achieved by some sort of

(Continued on Page 36)

USG

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The use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and before retiring, by stimulating the flow of saliva, will help to preserve the beauty and strength of the teeth.

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CHICLE

(Continued from Page 34)

Olympian or Martian or superman—a he-creature as glorious as yourself and one hundred per cent clean in soul and body."

Nita laughed and gave him an indulgent look that was not without a tinge of affection.

"I don't think you're so terribly far from that standard yourself, Chris. I've always had the faculty of weighing men and it has been backed by a lot of personal experience. The doctor says he will stake his professional reputation on your complete cure—and there are certainly no spots in your soul."

"Thanks, Nita. I've tried to keep straight for just such a girl as you, and I must say I don't feel much like a lunger. But all the same it wouldn't be a fair exchange. I'm just a poor engineer and you're a sort of Miss Croesus."

"That part of it is all rubbish. Jerry's company has brought in fifteen wells in the last eighteen months, and if I were to wait until I found a Prince Charming with all the graces and a fortune anywhere approaching mine I'd be pretty apt to die an old maid. The trouble is, Chris dear, I'm not yet quite sure of myself. I was pretty hard hit, but in the heart instead of the lungs, and I've got to be certain that the wound is healed before I offer that afflicted organ in exchange for a perfectly sound one."

"Who was the fool man?" Chris asked. "Or did he happen to be already married?"

"No, he wasn't married when I met him, but he was in love and married shortly after. His name is Calvert Steele, and he was one of Jerry's coheirs and married a very beautiful girl named Isabel Orme."

"Of course. Grenfell Orme's daughter. They sent me cards. I've heard of Steele. But you don't propose to die an old maid on that account, do you?"

"Oh, no; but I don't intend to get married until thoroughly cured. It wouldn't be quite fair to the man to start him under a handicap. That's one reason I brought Jerry way out here instead of taking him to Switzerland. There are others of course. This is better air and his native atmosphere, and there was always the possibility of Townley's skulking about Paris. The police thought it probable that he had relations with the remnants of an old criminal crowd and that they were hiding him in some corner."

Chris reflected for a moment. "At any rate you ought to have some sort of bodyguard, Nita. With your great wealth you could afford a constant watch of secret-service men, disguised as some sort of supernumerary employes."

"I don't like the idea, Chris, and they'd get on my nerves. I'm depending on my bright eyes and other acute senses. Besides, I've no reason to think he's in America."

Chris sighed. "It's pretty awful for me," said he: "Here I am about ready for my discharge from the sanatorium and hopelessly in love with you, and not qualified to urge you to marry me because of a lung I'm not yet sure of and a salary that would about pay your shoe bill ——"

"You must be earning good money, Chris. But do you really think that money matters? It is not much of a compliment to a woman as I see it to be quite willing to take her but balk at her money. It places the money as something of greater worth than the woman."

Chris brightened a little. "I hadn't thought of that," said he.

"Besides," Nita went on, "I'm not entirely selfish, Chris. Jerry and I are not letting our incomes get ahead of us, and since we can't begin to spend it all we are feeding a good many hungry people. If I were to fall in love with you I don't think I'd let the money stand in the way. But you see I was built a one-man woman and I got the idea in my silly head that I'd met the one man. It's probably not true though, because I really don't believe we would have got on."

"Why not?"

"He'd never have approved of me. I've always been foot loose and can't bear restraint. Sooner or later we'd have clashed. I haven't much patience with conventionality."

"Well," said Chris, "I tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to chuck my job with the electric company and find one here in Denver, where I can stick round and keep my eye on you. I'll tell Jimmy Barclay that the altitudes of Montrose and Durango are too high for me to tackle right away."

"But I don't want you to chuck a good job on my account, Chris."

"There isn't anything I wouldn't chuck for you, Nita, and as long as there's a fighting chance I'm going to stick round."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips. "Here's where I swear fealty. You can do with me what you like or not do what I'd like, but I'm yours even if the day never comes when you shall be mine."

Nita turned her head slowly and her amber eyes looked deep into his gray ones. Chris' face was pale, but there were no hectic spots. He looked precisely what he was—a strong, honest and unaffected young man hopelessly in love. Like many highly vitalized and purposeful women of intense nature, Nita's mind had never been seduced by her own beauty or the admiration it created. She was incapable of falling in love with herself or with love, and with her this passion could have but a single objective. This had seemed long in coming. Once or twice she had thought it near, but had been deceived. Looking now at Chris she wondered if it might not have come at last. Five years before it would have been the case, but a beautiful woman who has led a life as intense as hers goes through a series of inoculations which make her each day more resistant to amorous infection.

So now she sighed and said: "You're a dear, Chris, but I don't think I could merely fall in love with anybody. There would have to be some sort of crisis—an upheaval, some sort of tremendous adventure that would rouse me out of this fat lethargy I am falling into since I haven't had to forage for my living. I should need an emotional melting pot. Do you understand, my dear, or do you think I'm merely balmy?"

"I understand, Nita," said Chris quietly. "I felt that way myself for some time after the war. We've all been living at such high tension that it's pretty impossible to start anything without some high explosive—like a log jam."

"We'd better not try until the time comes," said Nita, "but somehow I have a hunch that that's not so terribly far off Sometimes it seems to me when I've waked in the night that there was some fearful influence at work not far away. I don't think it's nerves, because I'm too healthy, and it's not cowardice, because I'm no coward. There's nothing psychic about me either, but I do believe that when people are thinking intensely of each other, whether it be love or hatred, it sets in motion some force that draws them together. Let's wait and see what happens, Chris."

IV

AS THE two cars moved away through the rush of dust-laden wind Léontine gave a low laugh.

"Fancy our being rescued by the sheriff of the county," said she. "I wonder what he'd do if he knew whom he had in tow."

"Precisely the same thing, I imagine," Patricia answered. "He'd treat us as honored guests till the time came to lock us up."

"I say." Sir Harold turned in his seat. "It gave me a bit of a jolt the way he kept those searchlights of his fastened on Patricia. I fancy it was sheer infatuation—couldn't seem to take his eyes off her long enough to get his bally rope."

Stephan nodded. "A case of love at first sight," said he. "But then, our little Patricia has that effect on a good many—and much good it does them."

"That sheriff," said Patricia, "is very much of a man. If ever I were to lose my mind and surrender to a man it would be to someone like that. He reminds me"—a wave of color passed across her face—"of Clamp, the Peddler."

"But he is so crude—a common man—a man of the soil," Stephan protested.

"I don't object to that," Patricia answered, "but I do object to the soil. This is the most terrible place I was ever in." She coughed a little and rubbed her eyes. "Can you imagine any person of intelligence staying here who might earn a living in any other place?"

Sir Harold shrugged. "One can get used to anything," he said; "but this is pretty bad, I must admit, and the worst of it is you can't even get a peg to wash down the dust."

"They are crazy, these Americans," growled Stephan. "One cannot go in a bar and get a glass of light beer or pure wine, but one can go into a pharmacy and

(Continued on Page 39)

Raisins—a "Beauty Food"

It is iron in the blood—a tiny supply of it daily—that helps to bring the bloom of youth to women's and children's cheeks.

Raisins, rich in immediately assimilable iron, therefore may be called a "beauty food." Eat raisins daily and be sure that you get all the iron you need.

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups cold water
4 tablespoons corn starch
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Cover raisins with one cup water and bring slowly to boiling point. Mix corn starch, salt and sugar with remaining cup water and add to boiling raisins, stirring constantly. Allow to boil ten minutes. Add lemon juice and rind and pour into pastry-lined pie pan Cover with pastry. Put into very hot oven, decreasing the heat after ten minutes of baking. Bake until brown.

Pie Crust

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour and salt together; add shortening, rub in very lightly with tips of fingers; add a little very cold water, just enough to hold together. The less you handle the dough the better the crust will be, and if made as the recipe tells, it will be a very dry crust.

The Luscious "Energy Dessert"

Serve to tired men at dinner

Try a raisin pie tonight—made according to the recipe at the left.

See how delighted your men folks will be. And note how it "sets them up" in spirit and in strength after a hard day's work.

They'll be surprised to feel the energy and new vigor which are almost immediately imparted through the raisins.

Raisins are nature's own confection in a pie—sweet, tender and delicious. The juice forms a luscious pie sauce. It's an epicurean dessert.

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Luscious, tender, juicy, meaty raisins, made from finest table grapes. Always ask for them *and get them*. Use in cakes, pies, cookies, puddings, salads, etc.

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Get the *real* naptha soap—*Fels-Naptha*—of your grocer today!

Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha!

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Continued from Page 36)

buy a bottle of nasty stuff full of drugs which one does not need, with twenty-five degrees of alcohol. My digestion will be ruined."

"Where the devil is the fool taking us?" growled Sir Harold, for the car ahead had turned suddenly at right angles and they began to make their way along a narrow trail which led off from the railroad into the oblivion of the dust-shrouded prairie.

"Don't be ungrateful," reproved Léontine; "and let me tell you that this sheriff is anything but a fool. Remember the fatal mistake you made in finding Clamp a fool. There is something about this man which puzzles me. But one thing is certain—he has fallen a victim to Patricia."

"That's apt to be the way with a full-powered chap who lives alone," Sir Harold answered. "You'd better mind your eye, Patricia."

The trail led on for a mile or two between barbed-wire fences. They passed presently a small herd of rough-coated wild-eyed cattle, lying back to wind with a yearling bull standing sullenly as if on picket duty. It gave a grunt and shook its horns at them as they passed and began to paw the dust, rumbling in its throat. A little later the ranch buildings bulked up ahead, treeless, unsheltered from sun or wind, with the windmill standing like a skeleton, and the corral, in which a dozen horses stood with drooping heads and their backs to the wind.

But as they drew near it was plain that the place was not without a certain air of prosperity.

The buildings were in good repair and freshly painted. The house was large and staunch, with windows neatly screened, and it had a porch with solid columns, almost a veranda.

The sheriff drew up in front of this and stopped, then leaped down and came to the side of their car.

"Well, here we are, folks," said he cheerfully. "Not much of a place for people like yourselves, but any port in a storm—especially a dust storm." He opened the door and helped out Léontine and Patricia. "Come right in," said he hospitably. "My Chinaman will get your duffel."

They entered the house and glanced about with pleased surprise. The floors were of hardwood, spread with heavy Navajo blankets and skins of antelope and elk and wolves. At the right was what appeared to be an office, and at the left a big living room, twenty by thirty feet, with heavy mission furniture and a big center table with a large reading lamp and sheaves of current magazines. One entire side of the wall had bookshelves built in to a height of five feet, and these were filled with volumes, many in sets, but the two top rows contained apparently only works of fiction and descriptive travel. On the other side was a big brick fireplace with a mirror over the mantel. There were a number of mounted heads, wapiti and mountain goats and big-horned sheep and deer and antelope, and in a corner by a window was a writing desk and on the other side of the chimney a broad divan covered with a gayly hued Indian blanket. At the end of the room double doors opened into a dining room, where there was a table and sideboard of colonial period with chairs to match. The guests, ushered into the big hall, looked about them with considerable surprise.

"Upon my word, Mr. Hartwell," said Sir Harold, "this looks like a shooting box in the old country."

The sheriff smiled. "I copied it after a hunting lodge owned by a little club several hundred miles up state," said he. "I guided for them a good many years ago before I came down here and started in dry farming. Now if the ladies will follow me I'll show them their quarters. Wonder where that Chink of mine has got to."

The Chinaman came bustling in at this moment, smiling, suave and unsurprised, like all his race. He rubbed his palms together and ducked his head. "How do! How do!" said he. "Velly nice day."

"Velly nice day indoors," said the sheriff with a grin. "Make up the two spare rooms, Charley, and get that jar of cold cream, then make plenty hot water." He turned to Léontine. "Don't try to wash off the dirt with water, ladies," said he. "Use the cold cream first and when you've got the top layers off you can take soap and water for what's left." And again his sparkling blue eyes fastened on Patricia, who had slipped off her motor coat.

He led them then through the office, which was fitted in businesslike style with a big safe in one corner, a roll-top desk, letter files and a sort of show case in which were specimens of wheat and oats and corn and dried alfalfa. There were also some large framed photographs of horses and cattle and hogs, these decorated with a blue ribbon; and on one side of the room was an etching of Lincoln and underneath a long panoramic view of the Rockies. Going through this office they entered a wing which contained two comfortable bedrooms, furnished in simple modern style, each with two white enameled beds, and a bath at the far end.

"I'll put you ladies in this first one," said the sheriff, "and the count and Sir Harold can have the other."

"But your house is really wonderful," said Léontine. "Dry farming must be very profitable for you to live in such luxury."

"Well, there ought to be some compensation," said the sheriff. "I've made out pretty well, and this year I had about a thousand acres under cultivation with considerable more in range. Make yourselves at home. Charley will look after you. He knows the ropes, as I have visitors right often."

A big Danish farm hand presently brought in their luggage and his boyish face lightened with pleasure when Léontine addressed him in his own tongue, for like most Russians she spoke fluently many European languages.

As they were getting themselves clean Léontine said to Patricia: "I was right about the sheriff. He's not a common man. I suppose that he makes thousands and thousands out of this place."

"Millions wouldn't keep me here," Patricia answered. "I can't tell you just what it does to me, Léontine. I've never dreaded prison much for the simple reason that they shall never land me there alive. But how can any human being live in such a lonely place as this?"

"I must say," said Léontine, "that it wouldn't take much of it to finish me. Perhaps he will not stop on after you go. You've thrown a sort of spell on him."

They finished their toilet presently and went back, to find the sheriff chatting with the two men. He clapped his hands and Charley appeared, carrying a big tray with tea and that last of beverages which one might have expected to find in the home of an American constable—a decanter of whisky. The eyes of Stephan and Sir Harold rested on this gloatingly.

"My word!" said Sir Harold. "I'm glad the old tank broke down."

The sheriff gave his pleasing resonant laugh. "We all don't practice what they preach to us from Washington," said he. "I've got several barrels in a burglar-proof safe deposit. Don't use it much myself but there are times. Will you serve the tea, countess?"

He had changed into a well-fitting blue serge suit and stood with his back to the chimney, a striking personality, broad of shoulder, small of waist but massive of physique, and his grim face had relaxed and wore an expression of boyish pleasure which softened its deep-cut lines and gave to it a sort of eternal youth, despite the grizzled curly hair and weather-beaten skin. There was about him no air of uncouthness but rather a sort of rugged virile manhood and soldierly bearing.

"You must be a great reader," said Stephan, who had been examining the bookshelves. "But here are some Spanish volumes—Ibáñez." He took out a handsomely bound book in the original text. "Do you know Spanish?"

"Yes," answered the sheriff. "I've got a fair working knowledge of it. You see, I never counted on spending the whole of my life here. To tell the truth I sort of figured on cleaning up and selling out and starting in to travel when I'd turned forty-five. But something's happened now that may keep me on the job a few years longer. Wait, I'll show you."

He stepped into the office, to reappear a moment later carrying a salt bag half full of some small heavy objects. These he emptied carelessly upon the center table, where they lay, a heap of grayish-green pebbles of diamond shape, rather dull and uninteresting to the casual eye. But as Sir Harold glanced at them he drew his breath quickly though noiselesaly, and such an expression came into his face as might be worn by a thief at the sight of unprotected treasure, which was in fact precisely the case.

"Lord!" he gasped. "Where did you get those? Or perhaps I shouldn't ask."

The sheriff laughed. "Oh, it's no secret," said he. "You recognize 'em, then?"

"Well, rather. I've been up to Kimberley."

"Well, sir, these have been pronounced by experts quite up to the Kimberley water, though they run small. The trouble is it costs the value of six diamonds to get five. But I aim to correct that. I've got a scheme that ought to fetch easy millions with maybe half that spent. These come from the edge of a butte on my property not five miles from here. Well, sir, since you know something of diamonds, what would you value these at, roughly?"

Sir Harold picked up several of the stones and examined them critically.

"If they run fairly flawless and of good water I should say about two hundred thousand."

"Well, that's close to my estimate. You see, they'd cut down pretty small. But there's no lack of them there. Digging and sifting is slow business. But with hydraulic power I figure we could more than compensate for the difference between American and Kafir labor. I've been offered a cold million for the little patch of dirt these come from."

His brilliant blue eyes turned to Patricia with a curious questioning expression, as if he were wondering whether this statement would be of any special interest to her. They were met by a baffling look, cool, impenetrable, absolutely negative so far as it revealed the slightest trace of the personal interest he sought. But the left eyebrow raised slightly at the outer corner and her wide mouth with its thin carmine lips whipped up into a smile, drawing them back against the double row of white even teeth which seemed to the plainsman almost too perfect to be real. They were very strong teeth, set straight across until they came to the canines, and there was about their arrangement a peculiar feline ferocity scarcely in accord with the *féerique* delicacy of her other features, the sensitive nose with its slight concavity of bridge and the light tawny eyes, very long and narrow and heavily fringed with a double set of black lashes. Her fine hair, dark in some lights and tawny in others, was profuse and bound snugly across a broad white forehead, in spite of which there escaped from it tendrils so fine and iridescent as to form an impalpable nimbus against the yellow glare from the window, where the late lurid sun was burning its way through the dusty mist without.

She had changed into a jersey dress of fine material which fitted closely, so that it seemed less of a garment than some sort of medium incasing her perfect shoulders and bosom, and portraying in these physical traits a soft and yielding fullness which made the sheriff wonder why a few moments before he had thought her to be slenderly made.

Patricia rose, when the effect of her costume was enhanced as it fell or rather clung in flawless planes over hips that were not wide but full, terminating in a skirt that seemed to follow the contour of her limbs to the upper ankle, where it merged with fine silk stockings, distended as they rose from the slender ankles in a full rotundity. A dull glow burned through the tanned swarthy cheeks of the sheriff. Patricia glanced through the window, then looked back at him over her shoulder with her eerie smile.

"And to think," said she, "that we hesitated to accept your hospitality because we thought it might be a strain upon the resources of a poor prairie farmer."

"Yes," said Stephan, "this is a country of revelations."

The sheriff looked a little puzzled. "What gave you that notion?" he asked. "Of course we don't put on much side out here, but there's no lack of money in this country and the people who work it. Why should there be? It's one of the great feeders of the world."

Sir Harold set down his glass. "Well, you see, old chap," said he, "we're all Europeans and our ideas are European ones. Russia's a great wheat country, and so is the Argentine for that matter, but in Russia cultivation is done by peasants, taxed to the ears and sometimes overhead, and in the Argentine they've got the peonage system. The landowner who gets the profits is a big mogul and overlord, and all he does is to rake in the spoof. It's a new idea to us to see a big landed proprietor running the show himself."

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Evidencing another splendid service rendered by the banks of America for the greater security and protection of their customers.

These checks are the result of Mr. C. B. Chadwick's tireless determination to achieve perfect protection. They give to banks and their customers the best form of protection against the fraudulent manipulator of bank checks.

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Sharpens itself in ten seconds

—made to strop its own blades

EVERY man who uses ordinary safety razor blades has long noticed how soon they begin to "pull" and must be thrown away.

Needless discomfort! Needless expense! All because the ordinary safety razor cannot be stropped, except with stropping devices that must be bought and used separately.

Here is the answer: a safety razor that *strops its own blades!* Ten seconds to restore the keen edge with the Valet AutoStrop Razor! Morning after morning it gives that fine, smooth shave that comes only with a fresh edge. Quick, easy, convenient! The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade. A whole year of smooth, cool shaves from the package of blades that comes with each razor.

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Razor—$5.00

Sharpens itself
—saves constant
blade expense

"Quite so," said Stephan. "You are so simple, so unaffected, so kind and frankly hospitable and with none of the—how shall I say?—the show-off—of the European overlord. We see the samples of your corn which have won blue ribbons, and the pictures of your cattle which have received the first award in the expositions. And now you show us these diamonds with no more pride in your achievements than if you had not done it all yourself. You labor your great ranch with your own hands and drive your tractors and herd your cattle with the cowboys, yet you are probably several times a millionaire. It is amazing and so contrary to our European point of view. A Russian in your position would do nothing but amuse himself in Petrograd or Paris, and leave the handling of his estates to an intendant."

"And the joke of it is," said Patricia, looking down at him with one hand on her hip, "you could buy out all four of your distinguished guests with a handful of those pebbles on the table."

The sheriff glanced up at her in surprise, then looked inquiringly at Léontine, who smiled and nodded.

"That is quite true," said she. "We are all four of us war paupers. My brother and I lost all our property in the Russian debacle, even our money in the banks being seized by the Bolsheviki. Sir Harold was interested in velvet mills in Eastern France, Lille and Roubaix, and these were plundered by the Germans. As for Patricia, she never had much of anything, poor dear. Her father, who was an American artist, married my sister when she was studying for her voice with Marchesi. He was very poor, and her estates were lost, like mine. So you see, Mr. Hartwell, you are entertaining a quartet of impoverished refugees, as one might say."

This information did not elicit the look of concern one might have expected to see upon the face of their host. On the contrary, his dark blue eyes rested on Patricia with a burning look of satisfaction.

"Well, that's mighty hard luck," said he in his deep resonant voice, "but I reckon it happened to a good many over there. What brought you to this side, if you don't mind my asking?"

"To work for our living," Léontine answered. "We have all had to come to that. Noblemen are driving busses in London, and princes are selling automobiles. We had saved a little from the wreck and we decided to pool our resources and emigrate to America. You will laugh when I tell you what we propose to attempt."

"I don't think I'll split my sides," said the sheriff. "Some people may get a sort of satisfaction in seeing highborn folks obliged to scratch for themselves, but I can't say I see anything funny about it. What are you going to tackle?"

"The motion pictures," Léontine answered. "You see, Mr. Hartwell, we are not entirely without our talents. Patricia besides being pretty is a tremendous athlete and swims like an otter. Sir Harold is also athletic and a magnificent horseman. Before the war he had his racing stables and was a famous polo player, while my brother can play admirably the rôle of foreign nobleman. They may cast him for the villain's rôle and some day you may see him on the screen luring innocent girls to destruction or swindling rich bankers or something of the sort."

The sheriff glanced with curiosity at Stephan, and despite his quality of host was forced to admit secretly that the Russian would fit admirably some such rôle.

"As for poor me," Léontine continued, "I was always considered excellent in amateur theatricals, and a motion-picture man to whom I talked in New York told me my face and general build would screen well, as I have wide Slavic features which seem to match, and that fullness which comes - *hélas!*—of approaching middle age. We have some letters to a producer, so here we are, four exiled emigrants, toiling on our way to that Mecca of ambitious actors, Los Angeles. We are going first to San Francisco, where we have friends who may be of some assistance."

The sheriff surveyed them with a look of amused admiration, then gave his boyish laugh. "Well," said he, "I must say I admire your sand, and take it from me, folks, if you don't put it across it will be because there's something wrong with the eyes of these movie people."

And again his eager gaze swept over Patricia's elfin face and exquisite figure.

She turned to the window to look out and the dull saffron glare threw her into silhouette, seeming to gild her sweeping outlines, and the feline supple grace of her movements reminded the sheriff of a puma he had once captured and caged.

The conversation turned to different topics while outside the lurid day darkened, when the sheriff got up and switched on the lights.

"I make my own electricity," he said. "It ain't so bad here after all, when you get used to it, and you folks are seeing the country under its worst condition. Six weeks earlier you'd have found it an ocean of wheat, and when the snow falls it is sort of like the Arctic regions, I reckon; but just now, with everything dried up and the air full of dust and this gale of wind blowing, I agree with you it's pretty bad. To tell the honest truth I hate the place, and with good reason. It killed my mother with privation and overwork and loneliness and monotony. There were no flivvers or mail orders or movies in those days. After she was gone and I was sixteen I fell out with my father and left home. He was a hard man and forgot I was too big to take a whipstock to. I worked my way up into Wisconsin, and there I got the idea to go to college, and I hauled down my degree, thanks to a fine old man of the faculty, Professor Parkinson. Then I drifted round from place to place, logging and taking rich Easterners hunting. It was from them that I got my ideas of how to live decently even on a ranch.

"After that I studied telegraphy and got a job of station agent on the U. P. That put ideas in my head, too, because I was at a junction, and there was an eating house famous for good grub and the big through trains used to stop, sometimes for an hour or more, and I'd talk with the tourists." He checked himself suddenly, his eyes still on Patricia. "Then father died, worn out by fighting drought and grasshoppers and mortgages. Some years the crops would look like a tree that stood beside a house burned down, and everybody would be mortgaged to the ears, and the next year everything would be green and luscious, and there'd come a flight of locusts, grasshoppers—and everything eaten to the roots, with the year's work gone to blazes. Excuse my language, folks, but let me tell you it was hell. But I'd taken courses in scientific agriculture and it wasn't long before I'd got the thing on a paying basis."

"And you never married?" asked Stephan.

"No, sir. For one thing, I hadn't the heart to put any woman through what my mother suffered—and there were other reasons." Again he checked himself. "Well, let's talk of something interesting. Tell me about Europe. I figure to see it before very long. That's always been my idea. The first half of my life for work and the second half to see the world and meet interesting people."

Léontine led the conversation into other channels. Stephan and Sir Harold, urged by their host, did not spare the excellent whisky. The talk grew animated, for despite their criminality these people had known the best and were all possessed of their individual charm. Patricia said little. She seemed to coil herself into a great chair, precisely like the puma, as the sheriff saw her, and her strange lambent eyes with their upward slant and tawny greenish tints frequently met his with a sort of alluring fascination. After the first glass with his guests he drank no more, and before long the Chinaman came to the doorway, rubbing his palms, and said with a little duck: "Supper leddy. Please all chow."

They went into the simple but attractive dining room to what was really a delicious meal: chicken gumbo and a saddle of roast lamb with hominy and sweet potatoes, and a salad of sliced tomatoes with a big pitcher of ice-cold milk for Léontine and Patricia and whisky and soda for the men. After that a rice pudding with plums and cream, and a big bowl of fruit. Léontine complimented the sheriff on his fare. He laughed.

"I told you I learned something from those rich Easterners I used to guide. My, but they know how to live! And there was never any lack of game in camp in those days. Not much left in these parts, but later on the wild geese come into the stubble. In the spring when the prairies begin to bloom it's right pretty if you can see it that way." He looked at Patricia. "You don't believe that, do you, Miss Melton?"

Patricia slowly shook her head. "I'm afraid my imagination is not up to it," said she, "but it makes me admire you all the more for having stuck at it so determinedly and made it yield up riches. What I wonder at still more is that you have kept your cheerfulness and kindness."

The meal passed pleasantly and when it was over the sheriff went to the door and looked out. The wind was going down and a huge yellow moon just above the horizon and flattened like a football was glowing through the dust haze.

"Going to be fine to-morrow, but hot," said the sheriff. "I sent a man off in the big car to telegraph to Denver for a new transmission box, which ought to come late to-morrow. Then it may take us half a day to get it set up. One of my hands is a good mechanic and he'll dismount the other so as to be all ready. I reckon you'll have to count on one more night here."

They protested a little at this abuse of his hospitality, then Léontine said: "I can assure you, Mr. Hartwell, that it will be no hardship for us. We are all pretty fagged from our long journey, and the rest will do us no end of good."

"I reckon we can pass the time somehow," answered their host. "You folks all ride, I take it, and I've got some good horses in the corral; not much to look at but good stock and easy gaited. You ladies will have to ride astride; but I see from the magazines that all the fashionable folks have come to that now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Name That Is a Signature

LONG before automotive transportation had earned its present place, the first Firestone tire was built with faith in the future of the industry and the place rubber tires were destined to have in it.

The tire was built by the man who is still the active head of the organization and whose name was given not only to the institution but to the tire.

The name Firestone on a tire is a pledge of personal responsibility for present values and a guaranty that Firestone quality will continue to function at its best.

This pledge of most miles per dollar is progressive.. Your money buys much more mileage from Firestone now than it did ten years ago.

As a standard of comparison in tire values, most miles per dollar will always be a "live issue" because it means that your money, at any time spent for Firestones, will buy the known limit of safe, comfortable riding.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

Would you ride this?
Don't you recall—how your old dad —used to fumble about—to undo his cuffs—and roll up his sleeves—and turn up his pants—and utter a prayer—then climb away up—to the high wobbly seat—of the old-fashioned bike?
And this dad of yours—wore old-fashioned links—with a stiff post between—or loose sort of chain—in old-fashioned cuffs—as stiff as a board.
Now where is the man—that ever would think—of risking his life—on this old-fashioned bike?—Yet strange as it seems—there are a few folks—who still try to wear—the old-fashioned link—in modern soft cuffs—when Kum-a-part buttons—have taken their place—with up-to-date men.
It clicks open and snaps shut without removing from the button hole. Each pattern with the unmistakable beauty of fine jewelry craftsmanship
from $2.50 to $25 pr. At Jewelers
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The Name Kum-a-part is stamped on the back of each button for your protection. Insist on seeing it.
Write for Style Book "C" with Correct Dress Chart
The Baer & Wilde Company
KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
-a snap to button

H_2O BOY!

(Continued from Page 15)

swimming and fancy diving has never been put in the books.

On opening day at Evrybody Come Inn beach he electrified the crowd with a startling succession of jackknives, hand stands, backward flips, high dives, somersaults, and all varieties of plain and fancy swimming. He knew everything from the breast stroke to the latest Australian crawl, and immediately he became a gloriously marked man. The other males admired openly, and the young ladies clamored for his favors. As for Thesaurus—she who had tolerated him as a partner of the afternoon only because Fibius was employed at the beach and no one else had asked her—Thesaurus saw the shrimpy little man in a new light. She was keenly aware of the halo which surrounded him.

There was no denying the fact that Meander was the lion of the day, and as such it was a considerable feather in the cap of Thesaurus that she was his particular choice. It was inevitable, too, that she should be his first swimming pupil.

That was on opening day. Fibius Gillum, majestically stalking the beach resplendent in his flaring bathing suit with its large inscription, its white web belt and shiny buckle, stared disapprovingly and helplessly upon Meander and Thesaurus as the thin little man held the young lady afloat and explained the intricacies of swimming.

Once when Thesaurus emerged dripping from the water and flung herself down on the beach—for the ostensible purpose of acquiring a coat of tan—Fibius flumped beside her.

"Thesaurus?" he hesitated.

"Yes, Fibius?"

"What you sees in that li'l' piece of nothin' which his name is Meander Wright?"

At that precise moment Mr. Wright executed a double somersault from the springboard.

"Look there, Fibius—that's what I sees in him! Ain't he elegant?"

"Well, anyway, that ain't no sign you is got to let him teach you to swim."

"How come 'tain't?"

"Folks don' hafter learn to swim."

"Yes, they does, Fibius. If'n you coul'n't swim you never would of got this heah job as life-saver, would you?"

"Huh," snorted Mr. Gillum, "heap you know!"

"Swimmin' is sumthin' awful good to know if'n you is drowndin'."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Gillum indignantly, "that even if you has got to learn to swim offen Meander Wright he don' have to keep holdin' you up all the time like he does."

"You is the thinkin'est man, Fibius. Why, if'n he was to leave go of me I'd drownd—right off like that!"

"I'm agin it!" He was very positive. "'Tain't decent."

She met his eyes squarely, challengingly. "I'd be awful glad if you would teach me—the same way, Fibius."

He trembled eagerly; then remembered his plight and shook his head.

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Ise heah to save lifes, not to teach no swimmin'."

"Well, then, if'n you ain't gwine teach me, how I is gwine learn, 'ceptin' fum Meander? Does both of you not teach me I never learns."

For two additional and successive Sundays supreme unhappiness was piled upon abject misery by the frequent exhibitions of aquatic dexterity by Meander and the continued terror entertained by Fibius for matters nautical—also by Cauliflower's insatiable appetite, and within that time the popularity of Evrybody Come Inn beach had expanded to the proportions of a mania.

Fibius practiced diligently on the piano stool, listening attentively to the droning voice of the conscientious and persistent Eli Rubb. Eli held high hope for Fibius, but he urged speed.

"You know next Saddy?" he queried.

"What bouten it, Eli?"

"The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise is gwine have their annual picnic an' barbecue out here on it."

Fibius groaned.

"An' I ain't on'y finished nine of them swimmin' lessons."

Eli consulted the book.

"The tenth ain't nothin' but a review, Brother Gillum. We c'n study that one to-morrow, an' then you c'n jump right overboa'd an' swim elegant."

"Huh! You says!"

"The book says."

"Well," announced Fibius positively, "the book ain't on'y half right."

"How come?"

"It's right when it says I c'n jump overboa'd, but it's plumb wrong when it says I c'n swim."

"You talks foolishment. After all this heah practice they ain't nothin' c'n keep you fum swimmin'."

"'Ceptin' water."

"You got it to do, cullud boy. Come all them Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise to git theyse'ves full of barbecue meat an' they is boun' to be someone tryin' to git drowned. Tha's where you comes in."

"You is wrong, Eli. Tha's where I goes out."

But Eli Rubb was determined, and so the following morning he sent a terrified Fibius through the tenth correspondence swimming lesson and ordered him down to the beach.

Save for the interested and inquiring Cauliflower, Evrybody Come Inn beach was deserted. The hour was ten—even the daily pilgrims had not yet put in appearance.

"They ain't nobody gwine see you practicin'," consoled Eli, and Fibius nodded lugubrious assent. Indicating that neither of them knew of a dust cloud on the road about two miles away, a dust cloud in the fore of which was a scooting flivver with the skinny form of Meander Wright at the wheel.

Meander was headed straight for Evrybody Come Inn beach, and he was traveling fast. Mr. Wright was a great believer in making hay while the sun shone, and he knew that Saturday's picnic, being the pinnacle of the season's social events, would afford him a superb opportunity to establish once and for all his natatorial superiority, and at the same time make great headway in his uphill battle for the hand of Miss Thesaurus Johnson. Wherefore Meander had determined upon daily swimming and diving practice in anticipation of his triumphs.

Meanwhile, with Meander coming dangerously closer with each turn of the flivver wheels, Eli Rubb and Fibius Gillum proceeded to the concrete beach; and there they paused, Eli persuasive, Fibius reluctant.

"G'wan, Fibius, ain't nothin' gwine hurt you."

"I ain't cravin' to git to be no nigger angel."

"Ain't you done learnt to swim?"

"Ise skeered to fin' out."

"Cain't fin' out 'thout tryin'."

"Cain't drownd less'n I try neither."

"Huh! Nolife-savernevergitsdrowned."

"You talks so optingmistic, Eli, an' you is studied all them lessons. You try fust."

"I stewards, you swim."

Fibius proceeded with agonizing slowness into the water. It reached his waist. Eli sang out encouraging advice:

"Now —swim!"

Fibius flopped gently forward into Position One, Lesson Two. Then he disappeared—completely. He rose, choked and emerged.

"Good thing the bottom be'n where it was at, Eli."

"You di'n't swim," declared Eli indignantly.

"The water is too dawg-gone loose!"

"Try ag'in."

Ten minutes later Fibius did try again, and it was during this second hopeless floundering attempt that Meander Wright parked his car in the rear of Evrybody Come Inn, started for the bathing pavilion, glimpsed with wide wondering eyes Mr. Gillum's efforts. Then Meander Wright clapped both hands to his mouth, choked back a loud guffaw, cranked his car and shot back toward Birmingham at a thirty-mile gait, barely avoiding a collision with Cauliflower on the way out.

Meander Wright was as happy in his discovery as Fibius Gillum was miserable in his. And in the brain of Meander Wright there was born a great scheme, a plan by which Mr. Gillum was to be hopelessly humbled in the eyes of Thesaurus. For Meander, understanding the basic principles of feminine psychology, knew that a man can lose caste in a woman's eyes in no manner so effectively as by becoming ridiculous. And Meander knew that it was within his power to make of the massive Fibius a figure so absurd that he would be laughed out of town certainly out of the Thesaurus Johnson front parlor.

Meanwhile Fibius and Eli returned to the inn. Fibius was morbidly mournful.

"Ise a hell of a life-saver, Eli."

"You ain't no wuss'n you was befo', Fibius."

"M m m! Mebbe so I ain't. On'y now I knows how wuss I is."

Eli was disappointed and not a trifle worried. It was vividly in his mind that his recommendation had brought Fibius to the present anomalous position.

"What we is gwine do bouten it, Fibius?"

Fibius gave the matter intensive thought.

"I might resign away fum my job."

"What you gwine do with that hawss?"

"Or we might put a sign up on the beach No Drowndin' Allowed."

"That woul'n't hahdly do." Eli gazed upon Fibius' perfect figure. "It's a plumb shame we don't need a wrastler here. You is a noble wrastler, Fibius."

Mr. Gillum sank into an easy-chair and pillowed unhappy face in big hands.

"I is sho'ly up agin it. An' with the big picnic an' barbecue comin' off Saddy!"

"One thing is shuah," insisted Eli. "You cain't quit yo' job ontil after that picnic."

"How come not?"

"With all them folks gwine in swimmin', they is jes' nachelly got to have a life-saver lookin' on."

Fibius nodded mournfully.

"Tha's all what I can do—look on."

Fibius' single hope for salvation, the hope that Saturday would dawn gray and drippy, was blasted when the sun rose fire-clear over Shades Valley. At ten o'clock the first of the supply trucks containing enormous quantities of food appeared. An hour later the picnickers hove into view, a seemingly endless serpent of motor cars winding down the dusty road toward the lake shore. They came in their best, and they came prepared for a good time. At first they were a little awkward and restrained; but gradually the sportive spirit seeped into the blood and they commenced frolicking and playing games, a revelry of social democracy.

The swimming had not yet started, and for the time being Fibius Gillum trod the lake shore in his cerise creation with undimmed glory. Cauliflower roamed in the background feeling a trifle neglected. Fibius was fairly cheerful over the day's prospects. Chances were, he told himself, that no one would be so inconsiderate as to drown. He came face to face with Thesaurus Johnson and Meander Wright. They had walked down to the beach together and were staring beatifically at the diving platform while Meander orated upon the dangers of his repertoire of dives. Meander returned Fibius' greeting with a sardonic smile and a suggestion of smirk.

"Mawnin', Fibius. How's the heavy-swimmin' life-saver an' his hawss this mawnin'?"

Fibius' eyes narrowed.

"Feelin' fair to middlin', Meander. How's you?"

"Full er pep, Fibius, terrible full er pep. Jes' nachelly achin' to pull a few fancy dives, I is. They jes' simply ain't no diff'ence betwix' me an' a fish."

"I has noticed that, Meander. I has noticed that."

Meander glared balefully upon the larger man.

"You swimmin' any to-day, Fibius?"

"Mebbe so. Mebbe not."

"Why not?"

"I cain't waste my time on sech foolishment, Meander. They's a heap of lifes out heah to-day which might have to git saved."

"Huh! Keefe Gaines, the undertaker, must of got you app'inted to this job!"

Fibius experienced a sudden sinking sensation. There seemed to be a nuance of too thorough understanding in Meander's apparently idle remark, and Mr. Gillum was afraid to question too closely. One thing he did see: That whatever Meander might know about his own lack of aquatic

(Continued on Page 45)

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Converse Tires

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dexterity, Thesaurus was thus far in ignorance. Thesaurus in fact did not seem pleased with Meander's snappishness. She was thinking that the great Fibius was exhibiting marvelous and highly commendable restraint in not reaching out one muscular paw and squashing Meander between thumb and forefinger, and in fear that Fibius might yet perform that gory operation she drew Meander away, merrily waving a good-by to Fibius and expressing the hope that he might condescend to give her a real swimming lesson.

At noon the lunch was served, a marvelous meal built around quantities of barbecue meat and Brunswick stew. At 1:30 Doctor Atcherson gave his professional permission for the bathing to commence. There was a grand rush for the boxlike dressing rooms, and within a few minutes thereafter a rainbow of new bathing suits appeared on the beach, a conglomeration of yaller-to-ebony figures bedecked in all the mad glory of the woolen weaver's art.

Fibius Gillum experienced no surge of exaltation as he gazed upon the yelling, shouting, laughing throng. In fact, he felt more than a hint of resentment. Somewhere in that crowd was a thoughtless individual who would perhaps try to get himself drowned during the afternoon. Very well then, let him try. Fibius knew he would succeed. If there was anyone with so little consideration as to ruin the picnic spirit by questing a wettish, watery grave, then that was none of Fibius' worry. Such a person should be allowed to depart this life peacefully and entirely.

Thesaurus Johnson emerged from her temporary undressing retirement. She was magnificent in a vermilion bathing suit trimmed with something which looked like gold. Fibius' eyes gleamed with adoration.

"That gal," he muttered, "she sho' mus' make ol' Venus glad she's daid."

And then Meander, Meander with a new and expensive bathing suit fitting his skinny figure like a coat of paint—rich blue trunks, white sleeveless shirt, green belt with a silver-plated buckle, and across the shirt in blue letters S. & D. I. W. A.—Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. He was hailed with cheers, to which he bowed unctuous response.

"Oh, you Meander!"

"You is the swimmin'est man!"

"Show us some of them fancy dives like you dove las' Sunday."

"No porpoise ain't got nothin' on you, Meander."

"You show 'em, cullud boy! They aches to be shew."

Meander obliged—regally, condescendingly. He exhibited a full line of plain and fancy flip-flaps and jackknives, whirling always at the precisely correct moment, cleaving the water cleanly, taking it lightly, hands above the surface almost before the feet disappeared.

Swimming ceased. The picnickers gathered on the shore and applauded each new feat more vociferously than they had the last. Meander beamed upon Thesaurus, and Miss Johnson, reveling in the spotlight of the approbation accorded him, found her heart warming to this hero of the hour.

Fibius stood in the background scowling, and finally, when he could stand it no longer, edged away, circled a clump of oaks and strode angrily down the shore—down, far down, away from the blatant enthusiasm of the crowd, away from the scene of his rival's triumph, far away from the sight of his sweetheart's delight in the glory of another's achievement. Cauliflower, seeing him depart and sensing his misery, followed at a discreet distance.

Meander, posing on the diving platform, saw Fibius leave and saw whither he was headed. Meander smiled knowingly, happily. This was Meander's hour; but he knew that there was yet another and greater hour in store for him. Meander had come to the lake that day equipped with more than a new bathing suit. His brain was weighted down with an idea, a plan, a scheme. It was fortunate indeed that Fibius Gillum, seated in royal melancholy a quarter mile down the lake shore, did not know what was in Meander's mind, else he would have plumbed depths of bitterness of which he as yet dreamed not.

By the bathing pavilion three hundred merrymakers; a quarter mile away the lone solemncholy figure of Fibius Gillum, lifesaver. Fibius sad, Fibius alone—or almost alone. His only companion the overstout Cauliflower, which emerged from behind a colony of bushes, glanced sympathetically at Fibius, moved tentatively closer and finally nuzzled the miserable life guard with instinctive friendliness. Fibius patted the nose of his equine friend.

"I an' you, ol' hawss, we ain't cravin' to mix with them fool folks up yonder, is we?"

Cauliflower whinnied softly.

"Dawg-gone!" remarked Fibius. "You ain't no good of a dray hawss, but I b'lieve you mos' on'erstan' me."

He leaped the fence, borrowed several young lettuce plants from an abutting farm and fed them to the horse. Then he reseated himself and stared moodily across the lake, while Cauliflower cropped grass contentedly, pausing now and then to cast a grateful glance upon his bright-colored friend.

Meanwhile, up at the pavilion, Meander completed his repertoire of fancy dives, and the crowd, after making much of him, went its pleasure-seeking way. Meander gave to Miss Thesaurus Johnson an intensely pleasurable lesson in swimming, then bade her wait.

There was a shout as he reappeared from around a clump of trees up the lake, for if Meander had seemed at home in the water he was an ebony epic in the stern of a canoe.

There was no gainsaying the fact that Meander knew what he was about. The little craft danced over the sparkling waters, appeared about to cleave a crowd of shrieking bathers, then stopped short under the expert backstroke of his paddle. And then it was that Meander conferred upon Miss Thesaurus Johnson the ultimate compliment.

"How 'bout takin' a little ride with me, Thesaurus?"

There was a chorus of oh's and ah's from the other members of the feminine persuasion within earshot. But Thesaurus hesitated.

"Ain't that a pow'ful small boat, Meander?"

"Sho'ly. But Ise the bes' li'l' ol' canoester what is."

Thesaurus allowed herself to be persuaded. Willing hands held the canoe near the shore while she scrambled in. Meander dipped his paddle into the water and sent the cockleshell scooting out on the lake amid the enthusiastic howls of the spectators. Thesaurus, clinging desperately to the sides of the frail craft, did not need his oft-repeated advice that she sit motionless. Thesaurus wouldn't have moved if her life had depended upon it. She was frankly petrified with terror.

Meander headed straight down the lake toward the point where he had seen Fibius park himself. Meander was happy in the certain knowledge of the greater happiness in store for him when he had exposed Fibius to the ribald laughter of the horde of picnickers. As to the scheme itself, though it involved the little matter of dumping Thesaurus into the lake, there wasn't a flaw in it.

"I takes her to where Fibius is at," mused Meander beatifically. "I dumps her over. I says I got me a cramp an' I swims out after gittin' her to hang onto the canoe. Then I asts that life-saver why he don' go save her life, an' when he don't I does. An' if Fibius c'n splain it to Thesaurus, then he's the bes' li'l' ol' esplainer which is."

Fibius saw them coming. Instinctively he started to move away, then thought better of it. Flight was beneath his dignity—a second time. He ground his teeth with rage, knowing perfectly well that Meander had canoed Thesaurus to that particular spot in order to impress upon her his own maritime greatness in the very presence of Fibius. The only thing Fibius did not know was that Meander knew he could not swim. And Cauliflower, apparently sensing Fibius' misery, came closer and shoved his cold nose affectionately against the face of the life-saver. Fibius stroked it half-heartedly.

"Hawss," he communed, "you don' know what a helluva thing it is to be jes' a black man an' not no black bass."

The canoe cut through the water at top speed, sending the ripples purling from the bow—and ejaculations which were not of delight from Thesaurus. Meander, feigning to see Fibius for the first time, shot in closer to shore and bowed with mock politeness.

"Evenin', Mistuh Gillum," he yelled.

"Huh!"

"Fine hawss you is got there."

Fibius' eyes narrowed. "He's better'n the man I bought him offen."

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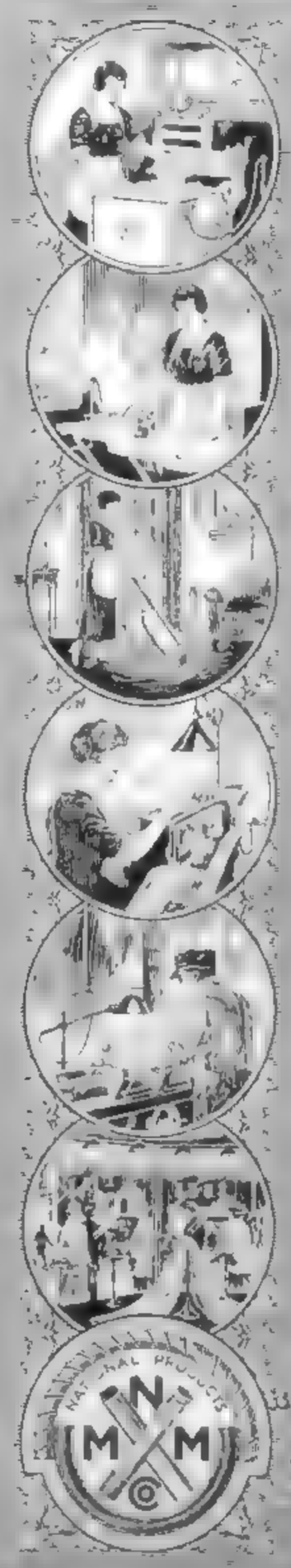

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"Looks like a good dray hawss."

"Lots of things looks like what they ain't. You looks like a human bein'."

Thesaurus raised hopeful eyes shoreward.

"Le's us lan' an' make talk with Fibius a minute, Meander."

With half-closed eyes Meander measured the distance to shore—not very far, not far at all. No real danger to Thesaurus. The location was ideal. He was sorry, of course, that there were no spectators, but his tongue could take care of that later. He knew the depth—seven or eight feet at that particular point. He started doing stunts—quick powerful strokes with the paddle, sudden sharp turnings. Thesaurus shrieked in honest misery. Fibius boiled inwardly. Meander merely grinned.

And then—a turning of the paddle, a wail from Thesaurus, a guttural roar of helpless terror from the life-saver on the beach, a long-drawn who-o-o-o-osh as Thesaurus Johnson disappeared from view, and as she reappeared an accusing howl from Meander:

"You done dumped us over, Thesaurus! You done it yo' ownse'f!"

He swam to her side with swift sure strokes. He clutched her hand and placed it on the keel of the wooden canoe; he knew nothing on earth could loosen that grip. Then he turned toward shore, affecting a grimace of agony.

"Oh, Lawsy, I is havin' me a cramp!"

Fibius was pacing up and down the beach—six steps, a turn, six steps the other way—like a mechanical toy. The friendly Cauliflower stared disapprovingly at the catastrophe. The voice of Miss Thesaurus Johnson cut through the afternoon air, and in her plight she appealed, not to Meander, but to Fibius:

"Save me, Fibius! Save me, honey!"

But Fibius Gillum, life-saver, did not respond to the frantic summons. He dashed knee-deep into the water and yelled wild instructions at Meander:

"Swim back an' save that there gal, Meander! Save her life, you heah me? If'n you don' do it you is gwine git plumb pulverized!"

Meander made quite sure that Thesaurus; clinging still to the bottom of the overturned craft, had quite absorbed Fibius' attitude in the matter—satisfied himself that she heard his words. Then he headed out into the lake again. And then Meander emitted a howl which was not play-acting. The agony of a white-hot iron gripped the right thigh. It was as though the leg were coming off. Then it dragged helplessly behind him, throbbing with pain. Meander had been seized by the cramp of which he had prattled, and within the range of Thesaurus' horrified eyes he turned and headed for shore, attained the beach and dropped sobbing.

"Go git her, Fibius! You go git her! I feel's if I was kilt."

Thesaurus was still spurting wild hysterical wails. Meander was growing white with fear. And Fibius, frantic, turned to run up the beach for succor—and collided with the friendly horse which had been the companion of his solitary misery.

As Fibius struck Cauliflower an idea struck Fibius. It was more than an idea—it was an inspiration. For though Fibius may have been lacking as a natator, he knew all there was to know about horses. And he knew that horses could swim! Even Cauliflower!

He acted instantly. One leap and he was on the back of the willing animal, lashing him into the lake. Cauliflower appeared to understand; certainly he obeyed. And Meander, watching pop-eyed, scarcely was conscious that the agony had departed from his leg and that he felt normal again.

Thesaurus closed her eyes in grateful prayer as she saw Fibius Gillum coming swiftly toward her. In the word inscribed on his bosom—"life-saver"—there was a message of hope fulfilled. Yet even in her fear she felt the agony of resentment against Meander Wright. Fibius waved a reassuring hand.

"Jes' hang onto that boat, honey! Yo' Fibius is comin', an' comin' fas'. Ain't got nothin' to be skeered of now."

He presented a glorious figure as he cleft the water astride his broad-beamed and gallant steed, a chocolate viking superb on the deck of his sturdy craft. And Thesaurus questioned neither the whys nor the wherefores. She only knew that Fibius was making good where Meander had failed ignobly.

They came closer—closer. Fibius ported his helm, one powerful arm went out and clasped the girl's waist. And then, a cerise-clad Lochinvar, he swung her into position in front of him on the horse.

On the beach Meander was frothing at the mouth. His magnificent scheme had gone flooie, had boomeranged. The utterly impossible had happened. Meander alone could give testimony. A life-saver riding a horse! Absurd! Ridiculous! The beach authorities should know about it. The worst of it was that it was the very steed with which Meander had attempted to undo Fibius, and it was there that Meander gave birth to another idea. There was still chance to snatch victory from disaster. There remained one single solitary opportunity to make Fibius Gillum a laughingstock. Meander took the plunge—literally.

He swam straight toward the splashing, swimming horse. Cauliflower saw him coming and glanced inquiringly over his shoulder at Fibius. Meander didn't deviate. He knew that a horse would not knowingly swim over any article in his watery path. Instinct!

Grim-jawed, forgetful in his rage of the recent cramp, Meander trod water immediately in front of Cauliflower and caused that worthy animal to change its course. Meander maneuvered again, deriding Fibius' efforts to head Cauliflower into the shore, and finally Meander caused the horse and his two passengers to hit a due course up the lake toward the beach, where three hundred bathers could witness the ignominious spectacle!

Fibius raved. He commented loudly and unfavorably upon Meander's immediate ancestry. Meander merely grinned and saw to it that the horse kept his course, he swimming alongside. There was nothing Fibius could do. He did it. Grimly he faced the inevitable ribaldry of the crowd ahead. Unconsciously his arms tightened around the pliant figure of Thesaurus. Her voice came to his ears:

"My darlin' Fibius!"

Mr. Gillum looked down in surprise. His eyes met hers, and he was astonished to see a worshipful light in her gaze.

"Honey!"

"Sweetness, I owes you my life."

Fibius took a fresh grip on himself.

"I—I—I is a bum life-saver, Thesaurus."

"You is the bes' life-saver what is, Fibius"—she hung her head—"an' I loves you a heap!"

It was then that Fibius showed his courage, for risking a plunge into the treacherous waters of the lake, he removed his supporting hand from Cauliflower's mane, placed it with the other around the waist of the girl and clutched her to him, and as he kissed her his eyes grinned into the distorted face of the swimmer beside them.

"Hot dam, Meander!" he called cheerfully a minute later. "Ain't you gwine cumgratulate I an' Thesaurus on us bein' engage' to git ma'ied? On the ve'y hawss which you sol' me?"

Meander did not congratulate them, but he closed his eyes as Fibius kissed the girl.

There remained but a faint spark of triumph for Meander. At least he should not be robbed of the glory of humbling Fibius before the entire membership of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. He drove the horse steadily up the lake.

The bathers saw the strange procession and scampered from the water to stand wonderingly on the beach, and then Meander emerged, and behind him the proud horse and his strange damp burden. Meander harangued the crowd:

"Folks, Ise tellin' you heah an' now, yo' life-saver ain't no good. He cain't swim a lick—not a lick!"

There was an instant's pause, a pause of horror and unbelief.

"Ast him c'n he!" shrieked Meander. "Ast him!"

And Fibius, from his proud perch on the back of the patient Cauliflower—Fibius, content in the knowledge that Thesaurus was his for better or worse, poor or poorer, gave answer to the yet unasked question.

"Course I cain't swim," he explained indifferently. "I never said I could. All I aimed to do was save lifes!"

"An' he done that," seconded Miss Thesaurus Johnson proudly, stroking the neck of the justified Cauliflower while she spoke. "He sho'ly done that, folks! An' Ise sayin' this right now, any man which swims c'n be a life-saver an' it don't mean nothin'. But my idea of the bravest man in the world is a life-saver which cain't swim! An' Mr. Fibius Gillum is him!"

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THE COST OF BEING CAVEMEN

(Continued from Page 19)

and not the simple, average man who endures, who are behind all this movement for ever-increasing armaments. If you doubt this just go out in your own neighborhood and ask the men who were actually in the war, who saw service in the line, whether they want any more of it. Or ask Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, who has been in Congress since 1899 and who is now the majority leader in the House, where the pressure for war expenditures comes from:

"About the time when the military and naval bills are to be reported and considered, a veritable anvil chorus is started throughout the country to bolster up enormous appropriations. The only difference between the chorus at this time and in the years past is that in addition to all of the old and more or less discredited alleged arguments, war scares and bugaboos that have been utilized in the past, there is a new appeal to the spirit of purse pride and national aggressiveness, which, latent in every growing nation and among every active and prosperous people, is the material on which ambitious militarists depend for the support of their programs.

"The anvil chorus on behalf of an enormous naval establishment has a new note this year in the protestations of those who are utilizing their support of an international agreement for a reduction of armaments as an argument against further reductions in expenditures on our part at this time. These same people, if they had their way in an international council, would, I fear, demand terms and conditions which would make any international agreement impossible. . . .

"Let me remind those who are clamoring for relief from obnoxious, vexatious and at times almost confiscatory burdens of Federal taxation, that relief can come only through a reduction of Federal expenditure and that the only place where Federal expenditure can be largely reduced is in the war establishments.

"We cannot greatly reduce the expenditures for other purposes. We must in certain lines of development and construction increase them, and he who seeks an appreciable reduction of tax burdens must find it through a reduction of army and navy costs. Those who are complaining that the Government is not properly supporting its activities of peace and development have little ground for complaint so long as they impoverish the national treasury by the support of vast war expenditures."

Naval Expenditures

It is perfectly clear that the rulers and governors of the world whose directions we follow—and among such rulers and governors I include what is known as enlightened public opinion—have not yet come to believe in total disarmament—the entire abolition of armies and navies. We are not educated or civilized or enlightened to that point yet. Even in this common-sense country we got around to putting a stop to private armament and dueling only so recently as about 1850. This very week as I sit writing here at Washington, the peaceful and warming national capital, the chief local topic in the newspapers is how to rid the city of pistol toters.

We haven't wholly accomplished private disarmament, but we have a public opinion against it.

The present position, then, is something like this: We are not ready to take for practical and immediate consideration any action about total disarmament. There is, however, a world-wide sentiment for limitation of armament—that is, a reduction of preparedness-for-war expenditures. That sentiment is not crystallized, and as yet nobody seems ready to take the lead. The sentiment in some countries is stronger than in others, and the opponents of any reduction or limitation have skillfully created an atmosphere of cynicism, suspicion, skepticism and apprehension about what may follow any partial disarming. To this present juncture we have all been suckers enough to fall for this vague scare of what may happen if instead of carrying two guns we carry only one.

At the moment the controversy and discussion center about naval expenditures. Given a small nucleus of trained officers an army can be improvised, but a great navy has to be built in times of peace. The size of the army has been fixed at 175,000 men. Our problem is to determine whether we shall build a great navy, regardless of what other nations may be doing, or whether we shall endeavor to come to an understanding with the other chief naval powers—and this means primarily Great Britain and Japan, and secondarily France and Italy—as to the relative sizes of our respective fleets. If that can be done the next thing will be to determine the composition of our fleet—what type of ships we shall build, how best to lay out our money to get a maximum of efficiency in destruction with a minimum expenditure of money.

Here then are the two aspects of the problem that Congress must consider and decide this summer: Shall we endeavor to get an agreement with the chief naval powers on the reduction or limitation of armaments, or shall we go ahead and build incomparably the greatest navy in the world? If the latter program is decided upon what shall be the composition of the fleet? What sort of fighting machines shall we build? Shall we depend chiefly for our defense on great battleships, which many naval experts now declare to be obsolete weapons, or shall we develop submarines and air ships and have a three-plane navy—that is, defense in the air, on the surface and under the water?

Senator Borah's Proposal

That problem I purpose to set out for your consideration in a subsequent article.

At the moment I am concerned with the proposal for a reduction or limitation by agreement of naval expenditures, and not on the ground of morality or righteousness, but simply as a plan for cutting down the operating expenses of the Government.

Your interest is simply this—that whatever decision is made you will have to pay the bill. If to-day we didn't have these army and navy expenses you would have to pay in taxes less than $1,000,000,000 a year instead of about $5,000,000,000. That means we would have about $4,000,000,000 more a year to spend on our private needs and pleasures. I frankly confess that I should enjoy having four-fifths of my taxes knocked off. Wouldn't you? Secretary Weeks, of the War Department, gave public warning the other day that the Government would require of us about $17,000,000 in the next thirty months to meet current expenses and other obligations. Persons who have given close study to that possibility say that the need will be nearer $20,000,000 than $17,000,000. The great bulk of that is for past and prospective war expenditures.

The great nations, just like the Neanderthal men, have never been able to reach an agreement about a reduction or limitation of preparedness-for-war expenditures. The latest attempt was made by Senator Borah in the Senate last winter and was a failure, but it will be renewed this summer while Congress is in session. The time is peculiarly propitious. There are only three navies of any consequence left in the world. The Germans have no navy, nor have the Russians. The Austrian Navy disappeared with the Austrian Empire. The French and Italian navies are negligible; as the sailors say, "below the horizon." That leaves only Great Britain, the United States and Japan. We three have been engaged in a competition in piling up naval armaments.

Senator Borah's proposal is that we say to the two others, "Let's stop awhile and consider, and see where all this expenditure is leading." Mr. Borah made two suggestions. One was to suspend our naval building program now in progress for six months, to the end that a full investigation and a free discussion might be had as to what constitutes a modern fighting navy—a navy with the types of ships and with the air and submarine weapons that would be most effective in the strategy and tactics of future war on the sea; and also to the end that we might avail ourselves in the matter, both as to economy and efficiency, of any possible agreement between naval powers providing for the reduction of armaments.

This was referred to the Naval Committee of the Senate, and that committee replied that it was not a practical and sound policy to suspend the naval construction program of the United States now in progress, for a period of six months, nor at all. That settled the hash of that scheme.

Mr. Borah's other proposal was "that the President of the United States be requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to advise the governments of Great Britain and Japan, respectively, that this Government will at once take up directly with their governments and without waiting upon the action of any other nation the question of naval disarmament, with a view of promptly entering into a treaty by which the naval building programs of each of said governments, to wit, that of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, shall be substantially reduced annually during the next five years to such an extent and upon such terms as may be agreed upon.

"That this proposition is suggested by the Congress of the United States to accomplish immediately a substantial reduction of the naval armaments of the world."

This suggestion was tacked on the naval appropriation bill which failed of passage when the old Congress came to an end on March fourth. It will come up for discussion and action at the extra session this summer. Here is where you come in. Congress will follow popular opinion if we make it clear enough and strong enough. You can have anything you are willing to pay for. A lot of people get rich supplying the demand for armament. It is a profitable business. You can boost their game or you can spend your own money, just as you like, but don't say you weren't told.

The three chief military figures we had abroad during the World War were General Pershing, who commanded the land forces; Admiral Sims, who commanded the naval forces; and General Bliss, who represented the United States in the Supreme War Council. They are all professional fighting men. It is their sole occupation. They have been engaged on that one job since they were boys. None of them is a pacifist. Their business is fighting in time of war and preparing for war in time of peace. That is all they have to do. They were educated and are maintained at the public expense to do just that one job. I have told you what General Pershing thinks about the curtailment of war expenses. Now let us see what Admiral Sims and General Bliss have to say.

Admiral Sims' Views

First I quote Admiral Sims as to the feeling abroad about a reduction of naval armament:

"My opportunity for coming into contact with the people on the other side was due to the fact that I was in command of the American naval forces, both on land and on sea, that were operating on the other side. These forces were distributed all the way from the Adriatic Sea to the White Sea, and it was a part of my duty to meet the leaders of the various navies concerned—that is to say, the chiefs of staff of the British, the French and Italian navies, and the representatives of the Japanese Navy—in continual conferences, sometimes in Rome, sometimes in Paris and sometimes in London; and I was frequently in communication with the governing authorities of those countries, principally the ministers of marine or the secretaries of navies of those countries. On other less formal occasions I was in contact with the prime ministers.

"One of the commonest remarks made was that when we should get done with this war we would all be pretty faulty if we could not find some means by which we could get along peaceably in the world and safely without the enormous expenditures of a country like France, which needed a great army to protect itself from invasion from the east, and countries like Great Britain, needing protection on the sea. Of course everybody recognizes that Great Britain's building program was dependent entirely upon the building program of a possible enemy, which was Germany. Germany, as you know, upon one occasion, refused to enter upon a naval holiday, because they insisted that they wanted a place in the sun, and they would not stop. From my intercourse with those people I do not hesitate to say that the sentiment is very strong in favor of doing something to get rid of this enormous expense. I think that is true to-day with France if any arrangement could be made by which they would not be obliged to keep up great armaments; and it is the same way with Great Britain. Everybody knows what their financial condition is and how much money they owe us and other people. They do not want to go into a building program again if they can help it."

"If this Government makes a request for a convention of the powers having great armaments, for the purpose of discussing a limitation of those armaments, would that invitation be accepted?"

"In my opinion the invitation would be accepted at once because, I think, they all recognize that the danger of the German Navy and of German militarism has been put down. There is no longer any necessity, of course, for Great Britain to have the kind of fleet she has now, and if her fleet were cut in half and ours were cut in half and Japan's were cut in half the relative power would be just the same. The same result would be achieved if they slowed down on building, and I think that those countries on the other side would welcome an invitation to discuss the whole matter."

"In the event such a meeting should be held, do you believe that we should be justified in hoping that it would succeed?"

"I think something in the way of an agreement would come out of it; something in the way of a limitation of armaments."

Guardians of the Ages

And now General Bliss:

"No sane man can dispute that the recent World War imposed a menacing strain upon civilization. It was a menace to civilization because, being a war of the great civilized powers against each other, it was a war of civilization against itself. It has set one great nation backward in the path toward an atheistic anarchy. It has weakened others in their powers of resistance to the seeping poison of that anarchy. It has destroyed, for a time at least, one great barrier between Oriental civilization and the narrow strip of Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilization clinging to the western coast of Europe. Uncivilized races took part in it, only to learn our arts of war, perhaps in time to be used against us. If we exclude Russia but include many peoples scarcely deserving it, our civilization in 2000 years has won less than 500,000,000 adherents. It seems a far cry, and it probably is a far cry, to a struggle between our own and an alien civilization; but in considering the problem that you have before you I think it is a duty to view it in terms of generations and to regard ourselves not as conservers of the relatively petty interests of to-day but as guardians of the ages to come.

"Now if the real problem is to minimize the chances of another world war, which will necessarily be a war between the great civilized powers, the problem can be solved only by getting these few nations together for a full and free conference. In order to determine to what extent present armaments are necessary so as to attain their respective aims, it has been my opinion that such a conference could best be held in Washington, where the representatives of other nations would better realize what confronts them if they force the United States into a real competition with them in the matter of armaments. If a fair abstract of the daily proceedings of such a conference were made—a statement of the various propositions put before it, the arguments in favor of these propositions and the objections against them, and, above all, who make these objections, so that every man in the five great powers, at the plow and at the workbench, knew what was going on in this conference day by day—I believe that the common people of the nations represented would not permit the conference to adjourn until at least one definite step toward a general limitation of armaments had been taken.

"Until such a conference is held all talk as to this or that scheme of disarmament is aimless and futile. . . .

"Without mentioning more names, I might state that more than once in conversation with Marshal Foch I have heard him express apprehension as to the future without some international agreement on this matter; and the same was the case with Gen. Sir Henry Rawlinson, of the British Army. I know I did not go one step in advance of him. While with the British Fourth Army at the beginning of their

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 48)

drive in August, 1917, the question often came up in conversation with various officers, 'How long can the world stand this sort of thing?' Everything that I heard confirmed my opinion that the general sentiment was ripe for a settlement of the matter. I would still believe it practicable if everybody else said no. . . .

"The result of such a conference would enable us, for the first time, actually to know what nation or nations, if any, we must prepare ourselves against. If in such a conference we should make a reasonable proposition tending to remove mutual fear, we should know that any nation which declines to accept it is likely to be, as far as we are concerned, the next Germany whose aggression we must be prepared to resist. You can then go to the people of the United States with a clear conscience and demand their billions for defense against such a nation."

"General, if such a conference is called, what nations should be represented?"

"The five great powers, Italy, Japan, England, France and the United States. . . . The other nations are naturally waiting to see what the United States is going to do. I have never learned positively what was done at the meeting of the military committee at the peace conference at Geneva at its last session. I think they accomplished practically nothing, because it is a matter for statesmen to settle, and it was placed largely in the hands of military men there. I might say with reference to a conference on this subject, I would not allow military men to represent their governments and have the final decision in their hands . . ."

Secrecy In Naval Construction

"As an abstract question of propriety it is the duty of any nation that has any real desire to accomplish anything to take the initiative. The reason why I think that we should take the initiative is this: The danger with us is not that we shall begin a war but that we shall be dragged into one which somebody else begins. We have therefore every interest in prevailing upon the other nations to modify their military systems in such a way as will minimize the chances of our being dragged into such a war. From that point of view it is entirely a question of our self-interest. If the other nations continue their armaments as they are doing now and have done in the past, we shall just as certainly be drawn into a future war as we were in the recent one. I do not mean to say that if the nations modify their present military systems it will do away with war, but I do say that if we can prevail upon them to modify those systems we shall minimize the chances of another war such as the one we have just gone through. So I say that it is to our interest to take the first step if no one else takes it. And as it is with us a matter of self-interest, I think that we should go as far as we can go in demanding that these systems be modified."

It is not always easy to discover what other nations are doing in naval construction, how many ships they are building or their type and characteristics. This was particularly true while Germany and Great Britain were having their race for naval supremacy in the years preceding the World War. I give an example used by Admiral Sims when he was in Washington before the Naval Affairs Committee:

"The first battle cruisers were built secretly. Nobody knew that Great Britain was building the first three battle cruisers; they kept the thing concealed. They listed them as armored cruisers, but they had to build twenty-four twelve-inch guns to put on them, and they knew the naval attachés would find out that the guns were being built. So they induced the Sultan of Turkey to sign a contract, in due form, for these guns, in order to conceal the real purpose. The German naval attaché in London paid $70,000 in bribes to various officials to get a look at the contract, only to find out that they were being built for Turkey. The consequence was that not until the ships were launched did they find out that they represented a new type, and that held Germany up, as Lord Fisher states in his memoirs, for three years, because she could not possibly dare to go to war with Great Britain without three vessels of that kind, vessels having twelve-inch guns and a speed of thirty knots."

Even now there are supposed to be building in England three great battle cruisers. Both England and Japan deny that they have any interest in them. Efforts made by officials in Washington to discover for whom they are designed have proved unavailing. The most trustworthy estimate of the relative present and prospective strength of the navies of Great Britain, Japan and the United States that I know about was submitted by Secretary Daniels to a committee of Congress last winter. Even this estimate and forecast, upon which Congress must base a decision, is full of apparent discrepancies which I cannot undertake to correct. I can only report precisely what Mr. Daniels told Congress.

It portrays the situation which must be considered this summer when an agreement for a limitation of naval power is again brought forward. Congress has been told that when the building programs of our naval competitors, as authorized and projected, are completed, the following general situation will exist:

First, in reference to the British Navy—in major ships and in great-gun power the United States will be superior; in total tonnage and effective fighting ships the United States will be approximately equal to Great Britain. The United States Navy, however, will be considerably weaker than the British Navy in light cruisers and the other ships used for protecting the main body of the fleet and in conducting blockading operations. We shall be slightly inferior in submarines and shall have no modern aircraft carriers suitable for operating with the fleet. The lack of fleet aviation forces will place us at a disadvantage in comparison with Great Britain. This means that though our battleship force will be sufficiently powerful to cope with any navy in the world in a main-fleet engagement between battleships, yet our main fleet would be open to torpedo attack by the enemy's torpedo forces. We should also be handicapped in obtaining information of the enemy's movements and maintaining the blockade of the enemy's ports. Due to this weakness in ships of this class, we should be handicapped in conducting attacks with torpedoes.

Comparative Naval Strength

Second, in comparison with the Japanese Navy—the United States Navy will be superior to the Japanese in total tonnage of effective ships in the ratio of 2.5 to 1. If Japan should build her program projected but not yet authorized the ratio would be 1.4 to 1 in favor of the United States. We shall be superior in total ships, destroyers and submarines, but inferior in battle cruisers and light cruisers.

Since the navies of Great Britain, Japan and the United States hold the leadership over all others in naval power an analysis of the naval strength of these three navies is interesting.

The total effective fighting strength of the three navies to-day is as follows:

Great Britain, 1,588,442 tons in a total of 538 ships.

United States, 779,193 tons in a total of 330 ships.

Japan, 340,596 tons in a total of 43 ships.

The tonnage and number of ships in the authorized building programs total as follows:

Great Britain, 76,890 tons in a total of 36 ships.

United States, 842,109 tons in a total of 100 ships.

Japan, 325,460 tons in a total of 41 ships.

In the case of Japan, 368,370 tons of 68 ships are projected and have been approved by the government, but so far as known no appropriations have been made for these ships. If completed, Japan would have a total tonnage of 696,830 with 109 ships.

If we complete our present program and Great Britain does not further increase her building program, and if Japan completes her projected program for completion in 1927, the ratios and tonnages will be as follows:

Great Britain, 1,665,332.

United States, 1,617,282.

Japan, 689,656. To this must be added 368,270 tons projected for completion for 1927 but not yet authorized, making a grand total of 1,057,926 tons.

From studies made on the subject, the following ratios will exist in 1925 between the United States and Great Britain:

In total ships, the United States superior in ratio of 1.35 to 1 by tonnage: approximately equal in numbers.

(Continued on Page 55)

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Eat Fleischmann's Yeast before or between meals—from one to three cakes a day. Spread it on toast or crackers—dissolve it in milk or fruit-juices—or eat it plain. (If you are troubled with gas dissolve the yeast first in boiling water.)

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For the gift to the June Bride *"Let Your Jeweler Be Your Gift Counselor"*

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(Continued from Page 52)

In destroyers, Great Britain superior in ratio of 1.04 to 1.

In light cruisers, Great Britain superior in ratio of 3.2 to 1.

In battle cruisers, United States superior 1.4 to 1 by tonnage; equal in numbers. The battle cruisers of the United States will be more effective fighting ships.

In submarines, Great Britain superior in ratio of 1.4 to 1. It must be noted also that the United States will be entirely lacking in aircraft carriers of the first line, destroyer leaders and cruisers of the first line.

With reference to Japan, the following ratios would exist in 1925:

Total ships, United States superior 2.9 to 1.

Destroyers, United States superior 8 to 1.

Light cruisers, approximately equal in tonnage; Japan superior in numbers.

Battle cruisers, approximately equal in tonnage; Japan superior in numbers.

Submarines, United States superior 8 to 1. Both navies will be lacking in aircraft carriers, first line; destroyer leaders and cruisers, first line.

If projected program of Japan for 1927 is completed and if the United States does not begin another program, the relation with the Japanese Navy will be materially changed and the ratio will be as follows:

In battleships, United States superior about 2 to 1, instead of 2.9 to 1, as in 1925.

In battle cruisers, Japan superior to United States 1.5 to 1.

In urging his naval program upon Congress in January of this year, Secretary Daniels contended that there are two courses, and only two, open:

"To secure an international agreement with all, or practically all, the nations, which will guarantee an end of competition in navy building, reduce the national burden, and lead in the movement to secure and buttress world peace.

"To hold aloof from agreement or association with the other nations as to the size of armament. This will require us to build a navy strong enough and powerful enough to be able on our own to protect Americans and American shipping, defend American policies in the distant possessions as well as at home, and by the presence of sea power to command the respect and fear of the world.

"Of the only two plans for consideration I am here to press the first."

Reluctance to Disarm

What is it that always stands in the way of any effective action on reduction-of-armament proposals? They have been made year after year for years, and nothing has ever come of them.

When Admiral Sims was asked if he believed there would ever be an agreement for complete disarmament he replied emphatically, "No, sir; nobody is ever going to take his hand off his gun. He will keep it in the house, at any event."

Admiral Badger, of the General Board of the Navy, put it this way:

"It is beyond question that the people of this as well as all other countries favor limitation of armaments to such an extent as will not endanger their own safety and interests.

"The problem is full of difficulty, for each nation, influenced by geographical location, commerce, national policies, racial characteristics, and so forth, differs as to the amount of military force necessary to make it safe from enemy encroachments upon its territory or interference with its just rights and policies. Putting it candidly, the nations are not willing to put implicit trust in one another and it must be acknowledged that a study of international history affords good reasons for that unwillingness."

That may be the root of the whole trouble: "The nations are not willing to put implicit trust in one another."

Any individual can go to virtually any part of the habitable civilized world unarmed and without fear of harm. It is only nations that fear one another. I wonder why that is true. Do you suppose it is due to the people who profit by this fear, who keep it alive, or is it just an old Neanderthal instinct that we have never eradicated?

Congress has recently been seeking information on the history of proposals for disarmament made in the past and has developed that while the proposition to reduce armaments both on land and sea by agreement has been generally accepted by all nations, such propositions have been officially made but a few times, the first at the Congress of Vienna, from which nothing came, showing the expectation, hope and disappointment regarding disarmament and world peace after twenty years' war.

Finally The Hague conference of 1899 was held. This was called by the initiative of the Emperor of Russia, the main question proposed for discussion being that of the possibility of an international understanding on the conventional limitations of armed forces on land and sea or of budgets relative thereto—that is to say, limiting the amount of money to be expended on military establishments. This was popularly known as the disarmament conference.

Attempts to Limit Armaments

The record of the proceedings of this conference brings out the practical difficulties in arriving at any international agreement as to limitation of armaments. The discussions are illuminating. They brought out the striking fact that no nation was willing to give up an existing naval or military superiority.

It appears sufficient to refer to the proceedings as published and to state that no understanding as to limitation of armaments could be arrived at, the conference expressing the wish that the governments themselves make a more thorough study of the question. This is what they arrived at:

"The conference expresses the wish that the governments, taking into account all the propositions made at this conference, should study the possibilities of an agreement concerning the limitation of armed force on land and sea and of war budgets."

That is as far as they got.

In 1902 Chile and the Argentine Republic agreed, owing to the initiative and good offices of the Government of Great Britain, to a five-year reduction of naval armaments, on the conclusion of which it was not renewed.

This convention between Argentina and Chile for limitation of naval armaments represents a special case. Since a land campaign was very difficult—because of the mountain range that divides the two countries, running north and south—limitation of forces on shore was apparently not considered. This was the first case where they considered only naval armaments.

In 1907, when at the second Hague conference Great Britain brought up the question of continuing the study of armament limitation, seconded by the representatives of the United States, the conference waived consideration of the subject and contented itself with renewal of the wish of 1899 in the following terms:

"The second peace conference confirms the resolution adopted by the conference of 1899 in regard to limitation of war budgets. And in view of the fact that the military budgets have considerably increased in all the countries since that aforesaid year, the conference declares that it is highly desirable that the governments again take up the serious study of this question."

In 1913 the subject of a naval holiday to apply to Great Britain and Germany was broached in Parliament by Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty. The gist of this proposition, as evidenced by Mr. Churchill's speeches, was that the *status quo* of Great Britain's marked naval superiority was to be maintained. In March, 1914, Sir Edward Grey, Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced in Parliament that no proposal to the German Government for a limitation of armaments had been made except in public speeches.

Germany declined in 1907 to go to The Hague conference on the subject of disarmament. The reason was made patent in 1914. She was preparing for the war which has brought her to her present plight. She was equally unready to consider a naval holiday, as it was called, in 1913. And she showed her hand again, if we had only been able to read it aright, shortly after Mr. Bryan became Secretary of State, when he issued a letter of invitation to the heads of all diplomatic missions to call at the State Department. They called on April 12, 1913, and Mr. Bryan stated that he had requested their presence in order that he might present to them all simultaneously a plan for the promotion of peace which he was directed by the President to submit for the consideration of their governments. He gave to each ambassador and minister a printed copy of the plan and made a statement in amplification and explanation.

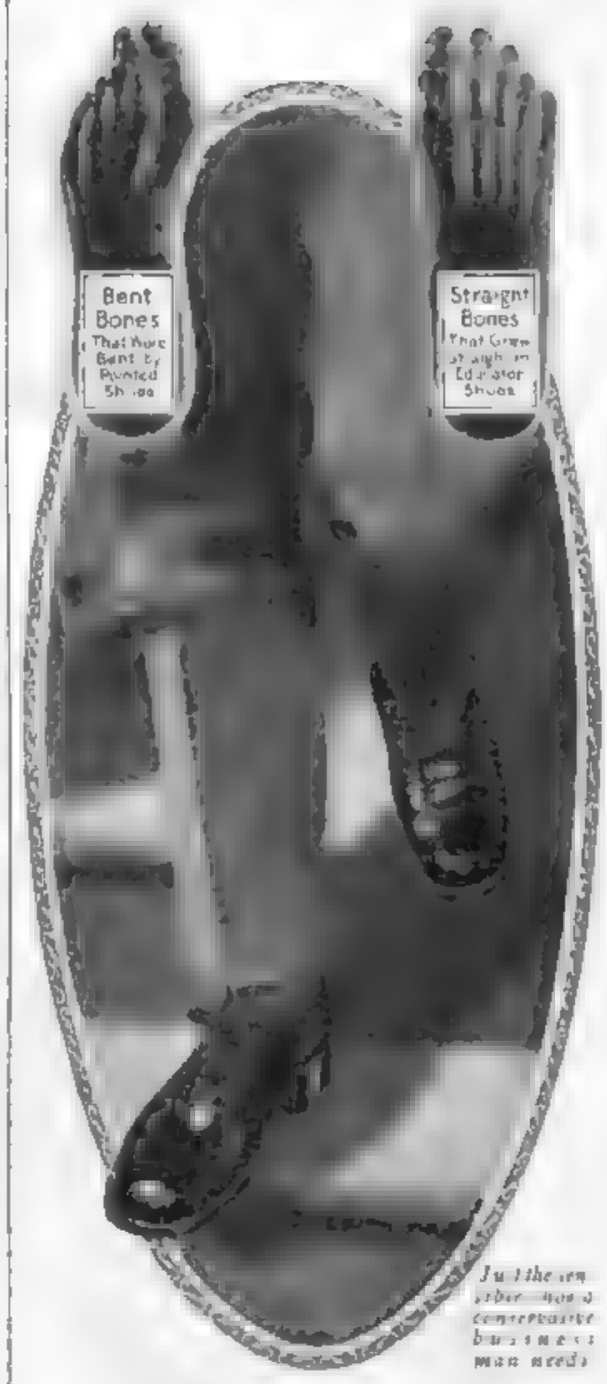
On the same day a circular instruction was issued to the diplomatic officers of the United States, inclosing the plan to them and instructing them to bring the matter to the attention of the governments to which they were respectively accredited. Treaties were signed with the following countries, ratified by both, and proclaimed by the President: Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, China, Costa Rica, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Great Britain, Greece, Guatemala, Honduras, Italy, The Netherlands, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Uruguay and Venezuela.

A Conference Authorized

Practically every nation, therefore, except Germany and Japan, ratified these treaties. With respect to the action taken by Germany and Japan it would appear that the reason which was given at the time for Germany's failure to ratify was through the fear that overtures for a similar treaty might be made to her by European governments, which she would not care to enter into with them. Subsequent events indicate that Germany wished to be free from further treaty obligations looking to discussion and delay before entering into war. With respect to Japan, the files of the State Department show only a telegram from the American ambassador at Tokio, stating that Japan was not ready to adopt the policy of such treaties.

President Harding can, if he so desires, call a disarmament conference. Congress has authorized such an act and has provided an appropriation to pay for our participation. In a very unexpected place—namely, in a naval appropriation bill passed in 1916—it was declared to be the policy of the United States to bring about a general disarmament by common agreement, and the President of the United States was requested to call a conference not later than the close of the then present war for the purpose of consulting and agreeing upon a plan for a permanent court of international justice and to consider disarmament; and he was authorized, in case such an agreement could be reached, to stop the building program provided for by that naval appropriation bill.

So there the matter rests now. We can call a conference for curtailment of naval armaments if we like. If the invitation is accepted and an agreement reached we will save a pile of money and perhaps do something for world peace. If an agreement is not reached we can go ahead with our plans to have the greatest navy in the world. Even if an agreement is reached we must consider what type of navy to build and whether to put all our trust in battleships. That consideration, by your leave, I will set forth in another article.



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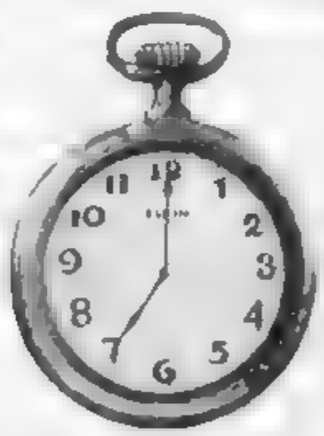

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1000 MEN

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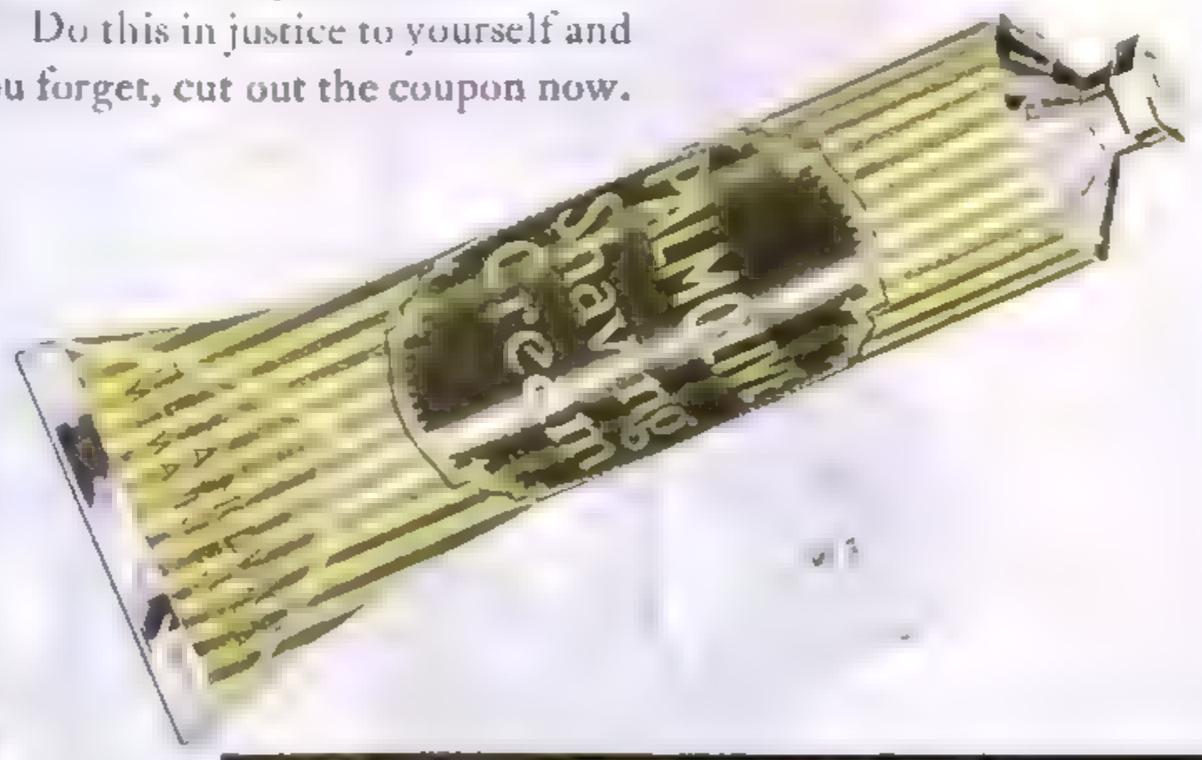

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THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 13)

pardon, I'm sure. And I have nothing more to say."

"But I have, Edwin." Eleanor Shotwell held him with eyes unnaturally bright. "I have never told another living man what I am going to say: I love Jared Coleman. I love him, and I do not care what his material resources are. I—I ——" Her voice faltered and ceased.

"Eleanor!" Coleman, trembling, gazed from one to the other. "I must go," he added at length. "From something you said, Mr. Shotwell, I gather that you are taking Eleanor to New York with you for a fortnight ——"

"I am not going, Jared."

"But I want you to go, Eleanor. I want you to return to the old life and live it to the full. And I want you to think about what the change would mean."

"Yes—the change." Shotwell raised his hand. "Do you wish to leave New York?"

"If Jared were in New York it would be ideal—part of the year. But wherever he is, that will be ideal."

"That is just what you must think about, Eleanor." Coleman's voice was solemn. "If in two weeks you return to Randolph, that will be your decision and your answer."

She regarded him long and earnestly, started to speak and then hesitated.

"Very well, Jared," she said at length.

An hour later Jared Coleman was bent over his desk in his office on the second floor of a stuffy brick building, pencil in hand, papers and bank books at his elbow. At length he rose and walked unsteadily to a window, laughing unmusically.

"Less than five thousand a year clear, and twenty years in the law," he muttered. "And I told Shotwell ——" He broke off abruptly, returned to his desk and buried his face in his hands. At length he raised his head, staring at the ceiling, muttering dramatically: "Small town! By George, small town!"

II

THE afternoon light was beginning to wane when Jared Coleman rose from his desk and stood before a shelf containing letter files bearing such labels as Northern Securities Merger, United States Steel, Transcontinental Rebates, Clearwater and West Virginia Coal Corporation vs. Blue Mountain Short Line, and the like—more than a dozen in all. He took down one of them containing law reports, newspaper clippings and typed briefs signed with Coleman's name and bore it to his desk.

Leaning back in his chair, he selected the most voluminous brief and read it carefully page by page. Gradually the troubled expression which had lined his face disappeared. His eyes brightened. Presently he laid the sheets upon his desk, tapping them with a forefinger.

"So much for you, Edwin Shotwell." He smiled out the window. "I had the right law, the proper authority and precedent, and you had not. If you had had this brief, Shotwell, Hudson Consolidated would be at par or above to-day instead of below fifty."

He walked to the shelf and took down more files, glancing particularly at his notes and briefs, which were cogent, illuminating and sturdily fortified by deft application of precedent, by copper-riveted legal construction and clear common sense which hewed straight to the line through all sorts of obstacles.

Here really, and not in the mess of trivial proceedings which characterized his professional career, was his life. Through sheer drudgery in the courts of his city and county Jared Coleman made his income, but in theory his *milieu* extended from the Federal district courts to the Supreme Bench at Washington. His instincts had reacted particularly to great proceedings—combats or mergers, among resounding corporations and to railroad law in general. He had read avidly, had studied deeply; he had, perhaps unconsciously, become a profound student.

The exploits of Hill and Harriman and Morgan were to him glorious epochs, and participation in similar undertakings would have appealed to him as ultimate triumphs of his career. In theory indeed he did participate, but actually his work lay among the paltry things that for the most part made up the legal life of a small inland city—accident cases, contested wills, business suits.

Coleman had risen from his desk and was pacing the floor. Success in life, after all, is nine-tenths opportunity; ten-tenths, granting that a man is equipped to seize it. Upon leaving Yale, twenty years before, he had studied law with his father and had inherited his practice. It was far less extensive now than when the elder Coleman was alive. The reason? Jared Coleman stared frowningly at the floor. Why, nothing other than the fact that two-thirds of his career had been spent in the domain of grandiose dreams—two-thirds at least. Why, he could be making ten thousand a year—more than that—had he taken seriously the work that had come to his hand to do. He had neither fished nor cut bait.

He had derived, as he saw it now, the scholar's pleasure in sheer theory. What he had lacked had been some dynamic impulse, some overmastering ambition which would have driven him forth into the great world to conquer and to achieve.

And now the impulse had arrived—the dire necessity, in truth. How was he to meet it? It couldn't be met. Edwin Shotwell had placed him unerringly. And he, stung to desperation, had lied about himself to Shotwell and to Shotwell's sister. In agony he hastened to his desk and, sitting down, penned a note to Eleanor, baring his very soul in a few graphic sentences. He had just blotted it when a boy entered bearing an envelope addressed to him. It was from Eleanor Shotwell.

Just a line before leaving on the afternoon train. I love you, Jared. I believe in you. Don't worry.

Coleman sat staring at the note. Ironical laughter began to tremble upon his lips. But he suppressed it. He bowed before the solemnity of the moment. When he raised his face the expression was of a man uplifted. She believed in him. This beautiful woman of a world far beyond his had penetrated deeply into him, had seen things which others had not seen, of which he himself, perhaps, was not aware. Something stirred in his soul. He held his head high. Fate might decree that in this life he would have nothing more from Eleanor Shotwell—fate, as it seemed, had already decreed that—but at least he had this note in her handwriting. As for fate—he caught up her note and pressed it to his forehead, staring.

"Fate!"

Jared Coleman had a rich, sonorous voice; he had the physique of a university athlete who has come into his middle years fit. He was forty-two. He was young.

"Fate!"

The walls of the little dusty law office rang with the sound of his voice.

He glanced up at an oar hung over the doorway, an oar with a blue blade, an oar he had swung for two years as stroke of the Yale varsity shell. That long sweep had always meant much to him. But now it meant something different. His lips moved as though in the litany of his last race.

"Now! Now we're abreast the naval station. Two miles to go. Two hard miles. Can I hold? Can I make it? Sure. Only two miles. The naval station! Now we're in the lane of yachts. Only a mile now! A hellish mile! A fighting mile! Can I hold? Sure! Got to. Now! Now! Ten rousing ones. Gee, where did I get all this strength? Nine! Ten! Ah, the finish flag. Well, they licked us; but we pulled up two and three-quarters lengths and lost by fifteen feet to a crew rated two lengths better."

Coleman went to the doorway and, reaching upward, touched the oar reverently.

"Abreast the naval station, old boy. That's where I am now. As to the finish ——"

Suddenly he threw up his head in an exclamation and walked rapidly to his desk, picking up a cutting from a New York newspaper that lay under a glass paper weight.

"Among the larger yachts," it read, "which are annually to be found among the fleet anchored on either side of the New London course is Hampton Ellis' great Spartan. Mr. Ellis in his college days rowed on the Yale varsity crew and through the years has retained his interest in the big Thames regatta."

Hampton Ellis! Coleman glanced up at his shelf of letter files, then at the clipping. He, too, had rowed for Yale; for two years he had rowed stroke to Hampton Ellis' Number Seven. Ellis had been an oarsman who needed spurring in crucial moments, and Coleman had spurred him to the limit of a rich fighting vocabulary.

Sometimes Coleman blushed when he thought of the things he had said to Hampton Ellis; for Ellis was now a great industrial captain, a leading figure among the younger group of financiers.

As it happened, the man had been frequently in Coleman's mind in the past year or two, for among other things he was chairman of the board of the Great Southwestern Railway, and there had been sporadic talk of a merger of that road and the Transcontinental. Again, Wall Street had been interested in reported plans to unite the Great Southwestern and the Apache lines.

When the merger was first proposed stocks of all three roads had risen, but instead of mergers had come quarrels and controversies involving squadrons of lawyers, until now Wall Street believed that no consolidation would take place; assuming indeed that mergers of whatever nature had ever been seriously intended. It had got so that financiers had really dropped interest in the matter; it was something reserved for dull days when the Wall Street man of some metropolitan newspaper, ambitious to stir up something, would chronicle a report that the deal was on again.

Jared Coleman's belief was that all this merger talk had not been a roorback. Southwestern was one of those properties which, though good enough, might be better, a great deal better. He had a detached viewpoint which enabled him clearly to see why Ellis might really desire affiliation with either of the two roads that had been named, while he could see also why either the Apache or the Transcontinental might find a merger desirable. As a matter of fact, he fully believed that the eagerness of these two lines to hitch up with the Southwestern had led them to cut each other's throats and to bring about the present tangle.

Coleman's eyes narrowed as his thoughts turned to a more personal side of this business. He had spent days, weeks, months on this mess of affairs with which he had no concern and which meant nothing whatever to him in a practical way. He had two letter files filled with the results of profitless study and speculation. What had all this meant in terms of income? Well, he dared not think of the cases he had sloughed over or missed—and the clients he lost in consequence. Here was the answer to his present plight. And yet ——

Suddenly his mind reverted to the original thought which had led him to pick up the clipping. Was it the answer? Or were those files the symbol of something bigger, something he had built and built well without knowing it?

He stood erect and straightened his shoulders. He clashed his hands together. Stalking to his desk he sat down, his hands clenched in front of him. Thus he remained while the daylight died in the windows.

After dinner that evening Coleman stood upon the float of the Randolph Boat Club, whose eight-oared crew he had coached for several years with unvarying success. He was in rowing garb.

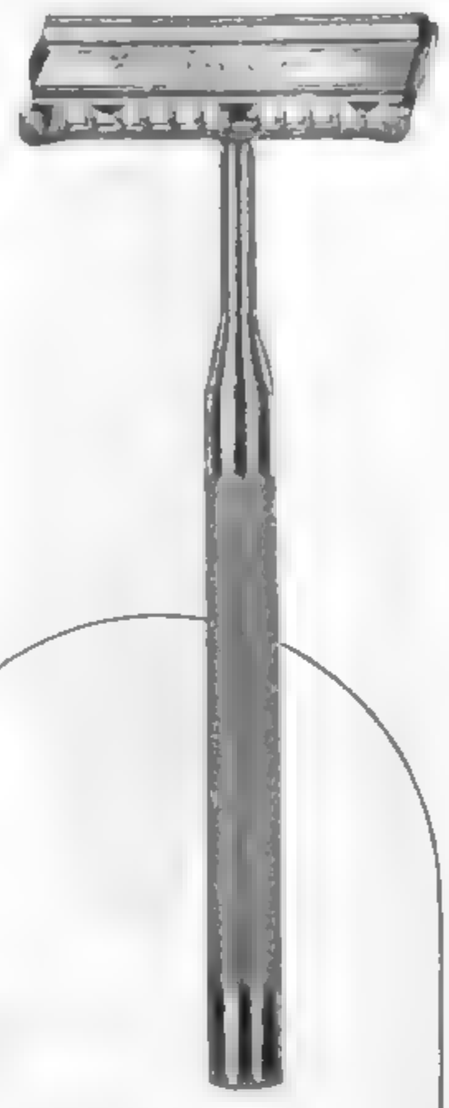
"Curtis," he said to the stroke oar, "I want you to keep on your sweater and follow the crew in the launch. I'm going to stroke this boat for two or three evenings so that by watching me you can see just what is wrong with you on your recovery. Note how I keep the slide under me at all times. It'll help you; sheer strength is not everything. As for me"—he paused, smiling—"you see I'm going to run up to New London for the boat race later in the week. Somehow or other, I've got the rowing fever."

III

JARED COLEMAN walked aboard the ferryboat shortly to cross the Thames River for the Groton shore. Ordinarily upon arrival he would have gone to a New London hotel, signed for a room and later dropped casually upriver, hanging about for a short time as an observer of the day-before-the-race events at the Yale quarters. As a matter of fact, he had not seen the regatta in ten years.

Now his bag was resting on the deck at his feet. He had telephoned the New York Yacht Club station, where he had been informed that the Spartan upon arrival always went straight up the river to Gales Ferry, where the Yale rowing camp was located. So that was where he was going.

Next!



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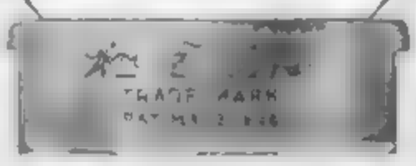

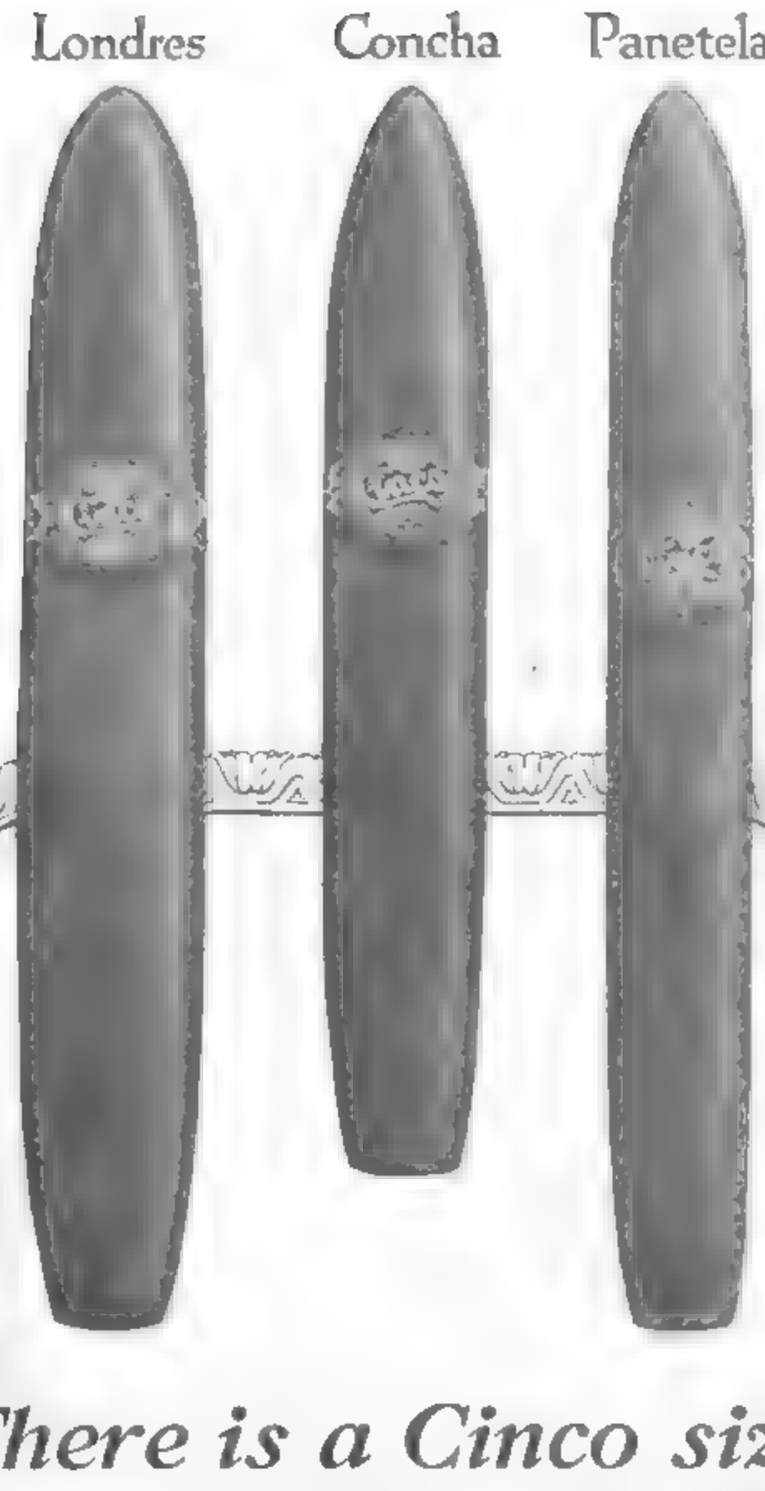

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He would blow in there, throw his bag into a room of the pleasant cottage which since his day had been built for the use of returning alumni oarsmen, and make himself at home. And then—Ellis.

Coleman threw back his head and drew in deep breaths of the enlivening air. The river lay blue as cobalt under a deep, flawless sky. The green heights of Groton with their orchards and stone walls slept in the sunlight, and upriver the silent hills rolled on and on into a domain of memory.

The years that had gone since Jared Coleman was a youth, with no problems other than the winning of a race, vanished into nothingness. He knew every building, every wave of the river, every wind that wafted over it, every nook and corner of the countryside. If only Eleanor Shotwell were now at his side, so that he could live again in story and legend the things he had done here, the things he had known! Eleanor Shotwell! His breath came short. What did he have for her save an exalted mood, a spirit that scorned actual fact and stood face to face with a high mission, the nature of which was so strange, so utterly foreign to his nature and his acquired habits as to seem almost grotesque? He shrugged and turned his eyes toward the hills.

The ferryboat had come to a stop in midstream and was now reversing its course to make way for a great white steam yacht which had passed the drawbridge, bound upstream. Coleman's brow wrinkled. He didn't have to strain his eyes to read the name; he knew it was the Spartan. A smile gradually came over his face as he made out a white-flanneled figure standing in the stern.

"Hello, Hamp Ellis," he muttered. "You may not know it, but you're going to receive a visit from an old classmate shortly—a classmate who used to have the Indian sign on you if a man ever did."

Coleman's intention had been to walk the few miles of pleasant road that led to Gales Ferry, but his bag was a bit heavy; and, besides, he had developed impatience to get up to rowing quarters in the briefest time. So he waited at the Groton station until the little train crossed the river.

Taking seat in the forward car, he was surprised to see Edwin Shotwell across the aisle. Evidently the lawyer had just arrived at New London on the train from New York. Evidently, also, there was to be a resumption of merger negotiations; for Shotwell, as he knew, was chief counsel for the Transcontinental.

At Gales Ferry, Coleman trailed the man's steps to rowing quarters and saw him descend the steps down the bluff to the boathouse. The Spartan lay out in the river, directly opposite rowing quarters.

Then Coleman forgot all about Edwin Shotwell as a hearty hand slapped him upon the shoulder.

"By George, Jerry Coleman!"

It was Allerton, a member of the Graduate Rowing Committee, who had been an oarsman some five years after Coleman's time, but well known to him as a man he had coached in early spring tubbing work on New Haven Harbor. Coleman straightened and smiled. He saw the white-clad figures of the oarsmen, seated under the old gnarled trees, reading, or lying stretched upon the turf, or lounging upon the veranda. He heard the tinkling music of a piano and a burst of laughter from somewhere within.

"Hello, Fred," he said. "Thought I'd sort of run up and look things over."

"You'll do more than that, Jerry. You're going to row a race. You're the very man we've been looking for. Look as if you'd been rowing every year since you left college."

Coleman gestured.

"Oh, I've kept fit, I guess."

"I should say you have! Well, that's fine. We needed two men to fill out the gentlemen's eight. Harvard's got a great bunch together; most of 'em last year's oarsmen. We want to make a showing at least."

"I see."

Coleman's eyes glistened. Allerton referred to an event which traditionally marked the afternoon preceding Regatta Day, a contest between crews made up of Harvard and Yale graduates in which sharp competition and good fellowship were gloriously merged.

"But," he protested, "I'm an old man, Fred; twenty years out. You don't want me."

"Yes, we do want you. It's only a mile dash—and you look fit for the whole four miles right now. Look at me, a fat man; yet I'm going to row. You solve the stroke problem. Now we want still another man astern. Stevenson and Prime, the mutts, wired they can't come until to-morrow."

"Why don't you get Hampton Ellis? He's out there on his yacht. He swung a varsity oar for three years."

"Yes." Allerton surveyed the white leviathan sourly. "He's a codger, all right. Comes up each year in his yacht; anchors out there. Doesn't invite anyone aboard and doesn't come ashore."

"Must have his rowing spirit left, though."

"Suppose he must have. But he keeps it to himself. Hear he does a lot of sculling on his private lake in Westchester too."

"Is that so?" Jared surveyed the yacht with interest. He saw Edwin Shotwell climb up to the deck and stand, evidently at parley with Ellis' secretary. "Why don't you ask him to sit in the gentlemen's race?"

Allerton laughed.

"Why don't you ask him?"

"Well ——" Coleman's eyes were still upon the yacht, where Shotwell still stood with the secretary, while way astern he could see the great man seated in a wicker chair in company with several guests. "Well, Fred," he said with sudden decision, "I'd just as lief as not—if we really need him."

"Sure we need him. We need him lots of ways aside from the mere matter of rowing a race. But you're joking."

"Am I? Wait and see. Come along. The launch is down there now."

Ten minutes later, Jared Coleman, bareheaded, wearing a varsity sweater picked up from a bench in the boathouse, and Allerton were bounding over the tiny waves toward the Spartan. As the craft swung around to the gangway they saw Ellis walk amidships and address Shotwell with an angry voice and many gestures. And the lawyer, flushed and angry, was turning away just as Coleman struggled to his feet. His mood was joyous. He remembered how he had badgered Hampton Ellis when the man had sat in front of him as stroke, and that was precisely his mood now.

"Oh, Hampton Ellis!" he cried.

"Hi!" Ellis started surprisedly and then peered down over the rail.

"This is Jerry Coleman." His eyes lightened as he saw Shotwell start and stare as he made his way down to the launch which had brought him to the yacht. For a moment fate hung in the balance.

Then Ellis nodded, speaking in a gruff voice.

"Hello." There was a pause. "Hello, Coleman. Come aboard!"

"Right."

Coleman clambered up to the gangway. His morale was never so high. Great as Ellis had become, Coleman had sat in the same boat with him and cursed him and ragged him—and Ellis had taken it like milk, knowing it to be for his good.

"Hello, Coleman."

The two men stood eye to eye in silence for a moment—the one, who had made good in the practical things of life, the other, who thus far had attained stature only in the domain of dreams. But in Coleman's eyes neither was a man now; they were boys, reliving the dead years.

He thrust his finger toward the man.

"Hampton Ellis, you can row. I never saw a man looking so fit."

"Who said I couldn't?"

Ellis' voice was gruff, but there was a note in it that thrilled Coleman, a faint note of the old deference.

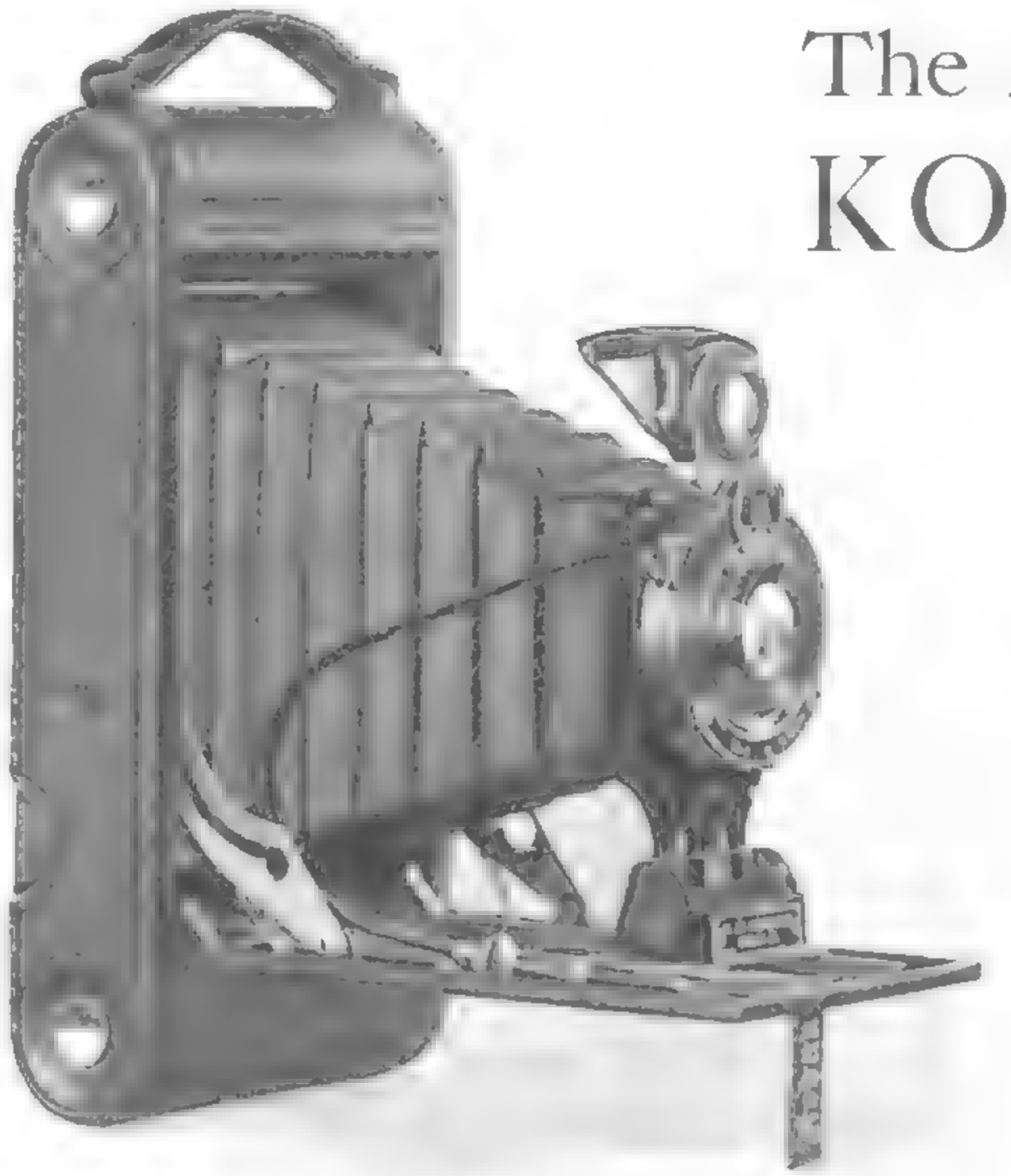
"No one said it. That's why I'm here, because I know you can pull an oar with the rest of us. We're in a deuce of a hole ashore, Ellis. Harvard has a good crew for the gentlemen's race this afternoon. We'll have a good crew, too—with you in at Number Seven."

Ellis, who had been staring curiously at the man, scowled.

"Coleman, are you crazy—a fool; or what?"

"No, I'm not crazy. You look to be in as good condition as you ever were. I am too. We can row a mile race and lick those Johnnys. Hampton Ellis, there's been something on my mind for twenty years, and it is that the last time you and I rowed against the redskins they beat us. They licked us, do you remember? Well, I don't want to die with that memory behind me. I've thought about it and dreamed about it; and now, by George, if you'll come into the boat with me in your old place, we'll fix

(Continued on Page 62)



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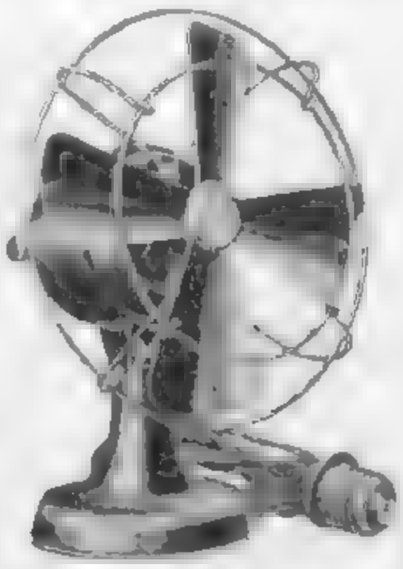

Polar Cub Electric Fan $5

(Continued from Page 60)

that little blot on our record. Besides, it will do you good; it will do me good. We've both been grinding too hard."

"Look here, Coleman ——"

"This is for Yale, Hampton Ellis. This is for memory. This is a little grudge scrap. It'll make us young again; wipe out a lot of years. And we all want to do that. Come on!" Without a thought he approached the man and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "It'll be a big thing for you. Ellis, you've got to!"

Ellis' frown disappeared; obviously he was wavering. But decision was forced when Ellis' daughter, a beautiful stripling who had come up in the course of the colloquy, slipped her hand through her father's arm.

"Dad! I think it would be wonderful!" She smiled. "It would be living over again those days we've talked about so much. Please, dad!"

Ellis gestured.

"Coleman, I guess I'm a fool. Well, if my heart cracks or anything, you're the murderer." He stretched his arms, as though involuntarily, and glanced at the river. "Jove! I wouldn't mind another go out there, after all. We can't do worse than that crowd who rowed the gentlemen's race last year. Who have we got?"

"Oh, you and me and Fred Allerton; the rest are youngsters."

"Well"—Ellis paused a moment—"wait here a minute. I think I've some jerseys and things somewhere below."

Five minutes later the two went down the gangplank to the Yale launch.

IV

EVERY man who sat in the boat with Hampton Ellis as the Yale gentlemen's eight paddled away from the float had some reason to revise opinions formed of the man on the basis of his reputation. Throughout the brief practice spin of an earlier hour he had maintained, to be sure, a sort of silent aloofness, but it was the demeanor more of a man who had forgotten his youth than of intentional haughtiness.

Fred Allerton, who was grossly overweight, had given place to an oarsman one year out of college, who had turned up at the last minute. This left Ellis and Coleman by long odds the oldest men in the crew. Four of them were from the varsity boat of the preceding year, two of the year before that, while Hampton Ellis and Coleman had seen more than twenty years go by since last they had pulled an oar for the honor of Old Eli.

This fact, as it seemed, had established a tacit bond between the two older men; a pride in the knowledge that they had kept themselves fit, whereas most of their classmates had not; and a stern determination to let the young fellows see that forty-odd by no means implies physical ineptitude. Neither had said much, but Coleman could see that Ellis was feeling all these things. And he certainly was.

The Harvard boat shot out from the float at Red Top just as the Yale shell arrived opposite the Crimson rowing quarters. Several small yachts and launches were lying in midstream, the air resounding with cheers as the rival varsity men and freshmen and coaches and enthusiastic graduates who filled them sent forth their encouragement to the grads.

Ellis glanced at Coleman with a grim smile.

"Sounds sort of like old times, Coleman. You can almost see the observation trains over there."

"Yes." Coleman nodded. "Don't forget about your slide. You rushed it like the deuce in the practice spin."

"I won't. Jove, I'd like to lick that Harvard crowd! Remember the last time? That was a great race you pulled. Wasn't your fault we lost."

"Nor yours. Never mind that now; here's our chance to get even. They're all young fellows in that Harvard shell. We ——"

The interruption came from the coxswain as with strident voice he began to jockey his men up to the line. The Harvard boat had glided into position, and Coleman watched the oarsmen out of the corner of his eye.

Harvard, eh! A rippling sensation ran down his spine; his eyes burned, his arms tingled. With difficulty he suppressed a joyous laugh. Where now were those twenty years since he had been a boy?

The referee, who on the morrow would manage the great regatta, struggled to his feet on the deck of a speed launch, holding high a revolver.

"Are you ready, Harvard? Are you ready, Yale?"

At the resounding crack of the pistol sixteen oars struck the water as one, swinging at the frenzied rate of forty to the minute. Coleman saw but vaguely through the clouds of spray, while the sharp staccato barking of the rival coxswains, the beat of the oars against the rowlocks and the flailing of the blades in the troubled waters beat upon his ears in a confusion of sound more beautiful and inspiring to him than a symphony.

"Five feet, fellows. We have them!" The voice of Wade, the Yale coxswain, was piercing in its exultation. "Five feet. Give me ten! Let her down, Mr. Coleman," he added in a quieter voice. "Thirty-two will do. Don't want to cook ourselves. That's it. One and—two and—three and —— Great stuff, fellows. We're holding. But swing together, for the love of Mike! Number Three, there, stop bucketing your oar. Nip it out. That's it. Bow, you're feathering under water. All right, going strong, boys. They're up a little, but let them bake themselves if they want."

It was no child's play. At the half mile the two crews were beam to beam. Coleman swiftly glancing over his shoulder could see the sweat running down Ellis' chest, could see the neck muscles growing red and bulging.

"All right, Hamp. You're doing splendidly. Hold some in reserve, that's all."

"Right." Ellis swung forward with beautiful precision.

And then suddenly Harvard's brazen prow began to forge to the fore. Wade's voice came through the megaphone strapped to his mouth in a scream of adjuration:

"Yale! Yale! Yale! The old men in the stern are doing all the work. What do you think of that? Come on! Come on! Less than half a mile left. A ten now. A roaring ten. Are you ready, Yale? One and—two and ——"

Coleman caught a sense of lessening power in the man ahead of him, a feeling that his stroke was not being picked up; then as though he were an automaton words uttered on a June day twenty years ago began to come from his lips:

"Ellis, are you yellow? Snap into it! Don't be a quitter! Send it through stiff!"

"Quarter of a length," wailed the Yale coxswain. "Are you going to stand for that?"

"Ellis, pick it up!" Coleman's voice was a bellow. "Send it forward."

"Eh, thirty-six!" The coxswain shrilled through his megaphone. "Going up! Going up! Five more and we're even."

"Ellis! Are you a man? Then fight!"

Coleman, swinging like a madman, heard an oath from Ellis as the man anchored his blade and pulled with all the power of his goodly body.

"One! We're even. Bingo!" Wade was swaying like a dervish. "Three more, boys. One and—two —— Hooray!"

As the Yale shell swept over the finish line a few feet in front of the Harvard shell the coxswain rose to his feet, crowing like a young gamecock, while Ellis, dropping his oar as though it were hot, turned swiftly around to glance at Coleman. Coleman was breathing hard, seated bolt upright.

"Well, Jerry, I guess we're not so old."

"You said it, Hamp."

V

"NO"—JARED COLEMAN gestured at the captain of the eight as he and Hampton Ellis emerged from the dressing room, their faces shining and glowing from grateful showers and the rubdown—"no, Tom, I don't think we'll go down to Red Top."

"Well, I don't know." Ellis looked doubtfully at his companion. "It would be sort of fun to see Old Harvard putting up for the champagne they owe us."

"No." Coleman shook his head. "We're neither of us so young as we used to be, Hamp. What I move is that we go out to the Spartan and stretch our legs in those wicker chairs. And if there happens to be any old Scotch aboard—well, of course." Coleman shrugged and smiled.

"Don't know but what you're right, Jerry. Well, then, come on."

The Spartan's launch, containing Ellis' wife and daughter, who had followed the race with vastly more enthusiasm than would mark their demeanor on the morrow, was at the float, and Ellis' reception was

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

altogether as fervent as he could have desired. His mood was buoyant, his spirits overflowing.

"Harvard, eh? Well, we settled one old score, Jerry. By Jove, I see you haven't forgotten how to rag a fellow."

"Oh—race talk."

Coleman gestured and laughed as he followed the man into the launch, where Ellis with an arm about his shoulders introduced him to his wife.

"I have been telling Hampton of late that he needed bracing," she smiled. "You appear to have accomplished this, Mr. Coleman. You'll dine with us, of course."

Ellis lifted his head and smiled.

"Well, I rather think he will! Do you know, Alice, I'd almost forgotten Jerry Coleman. Think of that!"

VI

LATER in the evening, with the light dying out over the Connecticut hills and the lamps of Gales Ferry and Red Top pricking out brilliant points amid the dusky trees, Hampton Ellis lighted another cigar, lifted a tinkling glass and sighed.

"Jove! This is comfort! I didn't think I'd ever feel like this again. Poor old Harvard! So you think I pulled a good race, Jerry?"

"Never better; never stronger; never more finished." Coleman threw the stump of his cigar away and lighted a pipe.

"H'm." Ellis glanced thoughtfully down the river. "From your conversation I have gathered you are in the legal game. Ought to get into the railroad end. I've paid salaries—and big ones too—for a raft of lawyers for the past three years."

"Oh, I've done some delving into that—a lot. You're thinking of the Southwestern merger, I suppose." Coleman laughed easily.

"Yes." Ellis' voice became gloomy.

"I've often wanted to talk to you about that merger, Hamp." A cold chill swept suddenly down Coleman's back. But he threw it off. "I've wanted to have a good straight talk with you."

There was a long silence.

Then low, reproachfully, "You, too, Brutus." Ellis suddenly sat up, gesturing with his cigar. "Hell's bells! I kicked the chief counsel for the Transcontinental off this yacht not more than six hours ago."

"Yes; Shotwell." Coleman laughed. "I'm associated with him in a sort of a case now. Strikes me there's been a lot of unnecessary trouble in the process of that merger business."

"Damned if there hasn't. I'm sick of it. Heartily sick. Don't want anything more to do with it. Jerry"—he leaned forward—"don't tell me you are mixed up in that mess."

"To tell the truth, I expect to be."

"Heavens!"

"Hamp, listen to me ——"

"Jerry, I'll listen for two minutes. I'm ——"

"You'll listen for two hours if I want them; which I don't. The whole trouble with you ——" Coleman's voice caught; he cleared his throat and went on: "The trouble is that you and your lawyers and the other fellows' lawyers had a good idea but lacked background to carry it out."

"What do you mean, background?"

"Well—vision. Big vision. You all have seen two things about this merger, and that's all. Only two. If your riffraff of legal talent had been able to see more you'd be in the way of being the greatest railroad man this country ever saw."

"Eh?"

"Hampton Ellis, have you ever thought of merging the Southwestern ——"

"Stuff, Coleman! I ——"

"Wait a minute! You've fallen down on the merger of two systems because each was jealous of the other. All right; then merge three."

"What?" Ellis had risen, staring down at the other man.

"Merge three. Count 'em—three. You control the stock of the Southwestern; I can show you a way to get control of the stock of the Transcontinental; you know it yourself if you'll think for yourself. All right; get control of these two, and then dicker with the Apache lines. See?"

"By Jove!" Ellis threw his cigar away with a jerk.

Coleman sprang to his feet and came to the other man, seizing him by the shoulder, shaking him gently.

"It would be the greatest railroad deal in history; would make Hill and Harriman look sick. Think it over. Or, don't think. Listen to me: All three roads would benefit; all three would want it. You'd have the Great Southwestern feeding not only the Transcontinental but the Apache lines. You'd have girders of steel binding an empire. You'd be tapping ——"

"Hold on!" Ellis' hand gripped the lawyer's arm like a vise. "I'd be tapping the richest agricultural and coming industrial country in the United States."

"Yes, Ellis, and you can put it over. You're the one man in this country who can, who is in a position to. Don't you catch it, Hamp? All three will want to merge; the trouble has been you've had too small an idea. Here's the big one—a tripartite merger which ——"

"Jove!"

"You catch it?"

"Catch it! Of course! What do you take me for—a muttonhead? The thing is so big—and so feasible—that all the bickerings and petty jealousies—Jerry Coleman, I want ——" He paused, his voice then coming with an eagerness which he made no attempt to conceal. "How are you—pretty well tied up? I've got to have you work with me on this; just me and you, and to hell with the rest of the riffraff."

"Well"—Coleman studied the fire in his pipe—"I'm pretty busy, but of course a big thing like this ——" Another pause. "Do you mean, Hamp, that you want to retain me?"

"Of course! Of course! What else did you think I meant? So far as that goes, I suppose your bill for legal advice to-night won't be any too small."

"We'll talk about that later, Hamp. But I'm no gouger. You see I'm an upstate lawyer."

Ellis laughed.

"If you can find a couple more like you bring them on. Now you'll stay aboard until after the race, and then we'll steam down to New York and start things going. Jove! Wall Street will sit up! And it's sure fire too. Gosh! Where are you going now, Jerry?"

"Well"—Coleman paused—"I was wondering if they'd send me ashore for my luggage and ——"

"Oh, I can send a steward ashore for that. Sit down."

"Yes, but you see"—Coleman gestured—"I've got to call up New York. I have a client there who is very much in doubt about selling an estate. I want to call her on the telephone and advise her to hold it."

"A woman!" Ellis chuckled. "Wonder if she'll take your advice?"

Coleman raised his head to the stars.

"I think she will," he said.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder Cream

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

The oldest American dentifrice continuously in use, Dr. Lyon's is also the most thoroughly up-to-date one. It has watched and worked over dental experiments and laboratory tests longer than any other.

For 54 continuous years it has kept pace with every advance in tooth science. And never once has it neglected or lost sight of its basic principle of—*safety*.

Safety was, is and always will be the Dr. Lyon's creed.

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SLIPOVA
CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

WHAT ABOUT FORESTRY?

(Continued from Page 4)

and all our forests taken together more than four times as fast as they are growing.

But how about wood substitutes? When our timber is gone, will it not be possible to use cement and aluminum and other materials instead? Therefore why worry about keeping our forest lands productive?

In the first place, a substitute is almost invariably an inferior article at a higher price. In the second place, the use of substitutes does not on the whole diminish the use of wood. Many a cement building requires as much wood in its construction as a frame building of the same size, and far more wood is used for our houses now than when every house was built of wood. Moreover, for each wood substitute developed two or three new uses for wood are brought to light. One might as well make the statement that because that good old standby, the kerosene lamp, has almost disappeared, we can get along without mineral oil. We get most of our light from electricity. Then why worry about oil wells?

The Housing Shortage

The human race never has been and never will be able to get on without wood. Substitutes are valuable, but the growth of our population and our industries and the discovery of new uses for wood more than keep pace with them.

If wood substitutes will not fill the place of our vanishing forests in America, isn't there plenty of timber in the rest of the earth that we can import whenever our own timberlands are exhausted? Unfortunately there is not. There is no country in the world, even if it were willing to devastate its own forests for our benefit, that would be able to meet our needs. If we count the brush lands as forests, only a quarter of the land surface of the globe is wooded. Europe, with a quarter of her land in really productive forests, not in devasted barrens and enfeebled second growth, is still unable to supply her own needs.

There are no longer any so-called inexhaustible forest supplies anywhere. The vast forests of the tropics contain little timber of the kind we use most. The Amazon and Congo forests, great as they are, produce for the most part cabinet hardwoods unsuitable to our needs. Lumber from Africa and the East Indies will naturally go to the countries which control them. Canada will need her timber for her own development, and will give us little. So, too, will Mexico.

There is timber in Siberia, but it is of poor quality and more accessible to markets that will take it all than it is to us. Furthermore, the cost to the consumer of lumber imported from overseas would be almost prohibitive, while it would be nothing less than folly, with the lesson of the submarines in mind, to depend deliberately on foreign supplies when we have in our own country millions of acres of idle forest lands fit only for the growth of trees, and other millions of acres of virgin timberlands, which taken together are abundantly able, if we handle them properly, to supply the needs of the nation.

Everybody understands that the amount of bread and meat and clothes the average family can get has something to do with the standard of living. Few realize that the same thing is true of wood. Yet nothing is more certain than that the cost and standard of living are hit, and hit hard, by any shortage of forest supplies. Our ways of life are adjusted to the amount of wood we use, and that amount cannot be reduced in any important degree without widespread suffering and loss. When wood is lacking everything is short.

The high prices and the scarcity of lumber during and after the war were among the principal causes of the present shortage of more than 1,000,000 homes, to say nothing of schools, factories and countless other buildings for countless other purposes. That means that something more than 1,000,000 American families are living on a lower plane of comfort and privacy, and at the same time at a higher cost, than they would be if we had practiced forestry. Scarcity of wood always has and always will cut down the standard of living.

Wood-Using Industries

But about the bread and meat and clothes. Has the forest something to do with them also? Most assuredly it has. More than one-half of our total production of wood of all kinds is used on the farm. For building, for fencing, for tools and for countless other everyday uses wood is indispensable to the farmer. Not a bushel of wheat or corn, not a pound of cotton, wool or flax is raised on the farm without the help of the forest, nor ever will be, so far as we can tell. And the cost of the wood used on the farm is reflected as a matter of course in the cost of food and clothes, which is so large a part of the cost of living.

Then again, at least 10,000,000 people in the United States depend for their livelihood upon the forest and wood-using industries. Lumbering, sawmilling, carpentering, the manufacture of veneers, vehicles, furniture, handles, agricultural implements, wood pulp, naval stores and a host of other wood-using industries keep something like 2,000,000 wage earners at work. The capital invested in these industries amounts to

(Continued on Page 68)

PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cutting Under Forestry

Wilson Bro's

ESTABLISHED 1864

AMERICA'S COMPLETE FURNISHERS OF MEN

CHICAGO BOSTON DALLAS DETROIT LOUISVILLE ST. LOUIS NEW YORK PARIS

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The Cloth is chosen for its coolness, long wear and beauty of pattern, in a soft finish that assures comfort.

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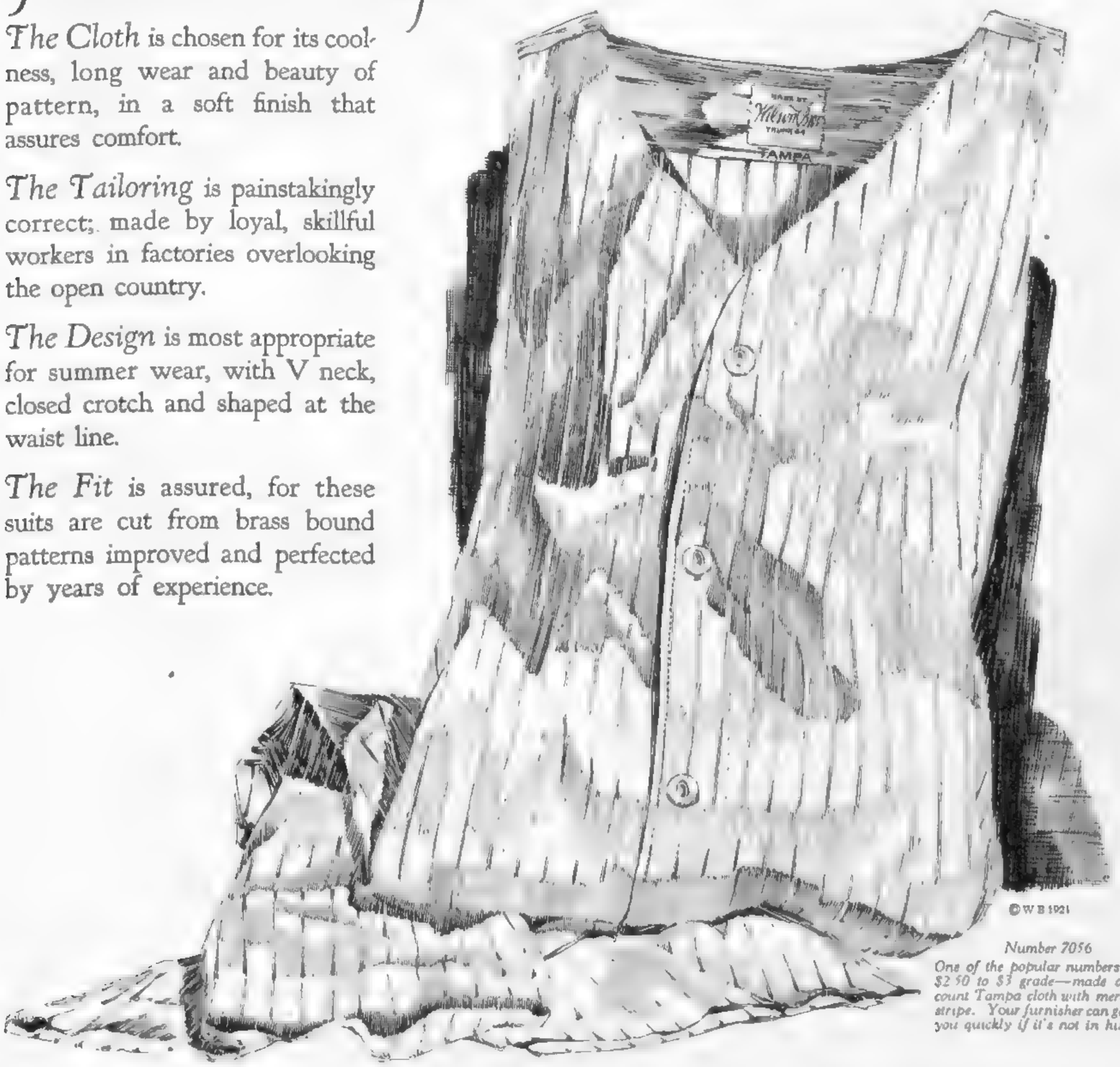
The Fit is assured, for these suits are cut from brass bound patterns improved and perfected by years of experience.



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One of the popular numbers of the $2 50 to $3 grade—made of high count Tampa cloth with mercerized stripe. Your furnisher can get it for you quickly if it's not in his stock

We commend to you the many economies and advantages enjoyed during three generations by the millions who have standardized on our Complete Line of Men's Furnishings under one "overhead"

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HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

THE Nicholas Building, Toledo, now completely equipped with six Haughton geared V-groove passenger elevators.

Selection of this equipment for the largest office building in Toledo was based on the demonstrated economy and efficiency of Haughton geared elevators for passenger installations.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO
TOLEDO, OHIO

(Continued from Page 66)

$3,000,000,000. Many of them, because of the shortage of wood and its high cost, have already curtailed their output more than 50 per cent. If forest devastation continues the raw material which is their source of supply will diminish to a point where nearly one-tenth of our population will lose their means of living and must turn to other fields, perhaps overcrowded already.

A shortage of wood is a disastrous thing, for an ample and continuous supply of it is vital to the prosperity of the nation in peace and to its safety in war. No other natural resource comes closer to everyone, for wood enters into the production, manufacture and distribution of everything we eat, wear or use. To get along without it is unthinkable.

Take forest devastation as it appears in the paper and newsprint situation. The forests of the Northeast and the Lake States, from which most of our pulp wood has come hitherto, are nearly exhausted, and there are far more mills than there are forests to supply them. Yet our consumption of newsprint is three times what it was twenty years ago. Consequently, the contract price of newsprint and the price of pulp wood have doubled since 1916.

Already something like two-thirds of our newsprint or the raw material from which it is made comes from foreign sources, the bulk of it from Canada. But the Canadian provinces have prohibited the exportation of pulp wood from crown lands, naturally preferring to have their own raw material manufactured by their own people, and realizing that their home demands and those from other parts of the British Empire will soon call for all the pulp wood they can cut.

The United States can hardly expect that Canada will for our benefit put herself in the same unfortunate situation in which forest devastation has put us. Many American makers of paper, who were once the owners of extensive virgin timberlands in the Northeast, have persisted in laying waste their lands as they harvested their forest crops. They now find themselves with expensive manufacturing plants on their hands and little or no means to keep them going. Their raw material has disappeared because they neglected to provide for a second crop.

The newsprint shortage has already caused the suspension of many papers and periodicals, which found themselves either unable to get paper at all or else unwilling to pay the price. This is a serious business, this restriction of the printed word, for if there was ever a time in the history of the world when the widest possible circulation of fact and thought was essential to the public welfare it is now.

Productive Power Destroyed

Another result of forest devastation is that our lumber is coming from points farther and farther removed from the centers of consumption. At present rates our freight bill on lumber is more than $200,000,000 each year. When the bulk of our lumber comes from the West, as in eight to ten years it will be coming, our annual freight bill will amount to something like $800,000,000.

Every rise in freight charges amounts in effect to removing the timber farther away from the consumer. For example, the increase in freight rates on lumber made in 1920 had the same result as if the source of supply had been moved away some 1500 miles. And in fact forest devastation does actually separate the wood and the man who must use it.

Except for forest devastation, the forest lands nearest to the great markets of the East would have been kept fully productive and would now be producing almost if not quite lumber enough near home to meet local needs. That would have meant low freight rates, cheaper lumber, more of everything for everybody.

In this day when the whole world is calling loudly for production, ever more production, consider for a moment the 80,000,000 acres of forest land whose power to produce wood, for the time at least, we have completely destroyed, and remember while you do so that these 80,000,000 acres are altogether unfit for farming. If this vast area had been kept producing trees, at a conservative estimate it would now be yielding 150 board feet per acre each year. That means a total of 12,000,000,000 board feet, or almost one-third of our total annual home consumption. Apply to this the excessively moderate stumpage value of five dollars a thousand feet, and we reach a yearly loss on the stump of $60,000,000. To this we may add at least twice as much more if we choose to consider the partially devastated 240,000,000 acres of cut-over and burned land. It is important to remember also that the money value of the manufactured product would be many times greater.

The mere money loss in raw material, however, is the smallest part of the story. Forest devastation is like strychnia—a tonic that turns into a poison. In the early stages of forest devastation every prospect pleases and man is at least cheerful if not altogether undefiled. Great sawmills are built, railroads penetrate new regions, camps spring up and all the industries dependent upon the forest grow and flourish. Towns develop rapidly, commerce increases, the demand for agricultural products stimulates farming and everything is on the boom. Taxation produces great revenues, schools are established, roads are constructed, business is better than good and everybody feels as if he had inherited a million dollars.

Then the effect of the tonic begins to die away. Within a few years the timber is gone. Fire and the ax have transformed productive forest lands into barren wastes, sawmills and woodworking plants must be junked or moved to undevastated regions, business slumps, banks close, stores are boarded up, railroads fall into disrepair, the local farmers find that the near-by profitable market has disappeared, schools suspend, roads are neglected. The bottom has fallen out with a vengeance. The goose that laid the golden eggs has been placed on the block. No more timber, no more large taxes, no industry, no community life.

Volunteer Crops

Take the town of Cross Fork, Pennsylvania, for an example. In 1895 Cross Fork woke up to find its fortune made. A sawmill began to cut 200,000 board feet a day, and in its wake followed a stave mill, a shingle mill, a hub factory and a kindling mill. Soon there were seven hotels, five groceries, a dry-goods shop, a millinery shop, two clothing stores, a shoe store, a hardwood store, two drug stores, and numerous others, including the inevitable number of saloons. There were three doctors, a dentist and two undertakers. There was a high school and a graded school. Cross Fork in those times had 2000 people, and the woods were swarming with lumberjacks to the number of 5000 more. In ten years the real-estate values in the town had grown to $900,000.

But by 1909 the forests were devastated. The sawmill closed down. By 1912 the branch railroad was discontinued. When I saw Cross Fork in 1919 it had twenty-seven people. Forest devastation had killed it dead.

Or take Leetonia, Pennsylvania, for another illustration. Once a flourishing lumber camp, the whole town, including a huge tannery, is now for sale for $6000. Or Norwich in the same state, whose population has dwindled till its very post office has been abolished. Whisky is not the only thing that has a hang-over.

I think you will now agree with me that the situation is serious; that something must be done about it, and the sooner the better. But how will forestry help us? What do you do when you practice forestry anyway?

The forester wants a new crop of trees to take the place of the old crop when the old crop is cut down. Nine times out of ten his purpose is to get the new crop by means of a volunteer, or self-sown, or natural growth of trees. Planting is a last resort, when more desirable methods fail.

If the farmer, for example, could get along with a volunteer crop of oats, a crop which sprang up naturally after harvesting the old crop, he would be using the ordinary method of the forester. In agriculture, of course, volunteer crops are not good enough. In forestry they are perfectly good enough, and the forester always aims to get them when he can. Wherever in the world forestry is practiced, forest lands are kept productive chiefly by securing volunteer crops when the mature timber is harvested. I repeat that the forester avoids planting whenever he can possibly do so, for the planting of trees is costly, as well as undesirable for other reasons.

(Continued on Page 71)

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT

18.7 miles to the gallon
Big car strength and stability
Light car compactness, economy, and ease of handling
The beauty of design and finish expected in a Haynes
A price which makes it the most exceptional value of the time

HAYNES 50

THE SMALLER AND LIGHTER HAYNES CAR

The season is now sufficiently advanced to afford a realization of the unprecedented success of the Haynes Fifty—America's greatest light six, which won such high praise at the automobile shows everywhere. Its acceptance by experienced dealers, who knew that the motoring public had been waiting and wishing for just such a car, was immediate.

That their judgment was well founded is shown in a marked manner by the steadily increasing volume of sales.

Haynes Fifty developed over period of years

From an engineering standpoint, the Haynes Fifty is equal to the most critical comparison. Its power plant, the famous Haynes six-cylinder motor, manufactured in the Haynes institution, has the strength and dependability of that of much larger cars; it is so well balanced that it operates with the greatest ease. The Haynes Fifty, with its 121-inch wheelbase, its scientific, mechanical construction, makes for greater economy in operation, as shown by the official test, when a strictly stock model taken right from the factory, at Kokomo, was driven over severe roads to Pittsburg—establishing a record of 18.7 miles to the gallon.

Embodies features of costlier cars

A full five-passenger car, it absolutely lacks the appearance of smallness. Mechanically it merits the enthusiastic endorsement of those who are versed in such matters. Physically, it appeals to the eye in its lines and finish. Its roomy seats are deeply and restfully upholstered in genuine leather. Starting is controlled in the simplest, most convenient manner by a finger button. Four cord tires, 33x4 in., and a spare tire carrier attached to the rear of the frame are standard equipment.

Fulfills demand of present day

In producing the Haynes Fifty many years of preliminary work were spent in making a car which would meet the desires of those who prefer one which combines quality with its lighter weight. That such a car is now available at $1985 shows the full advantage of Haynes engineering and manufacturing principles which have been proved over a period of 28 years.

Now that it has received the hearty endorsement of experienced owners and dealers, the success of this car—the Haynes Fifty—is definitely established. You are urged to see it at your Haynes dealer's showroom and to place your order as soon as possible, because of the increasing desire for this particular car.

$1985
F. O. B. KOKOMO

Haynes character cars are also manufactured in the following body styles, mounted on both the six cylinder (Model 47) and twelve cylinder (Model 48) chassis: 7-passenger Touring Car; 4-door, 4-passenger Tourister; 2-passenger Special Speedster; 7-passenger Suburban; 7-passenger Sedan; 5-passenger Brougham. All models 47 and 48 Haynes cars have a 132-inch wheelbase.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Kokomo, Ind. EXPORT OFFICE 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

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PITCAIRN Water Spar AGED VARNISH Water-Proof

"Now we'll catch it"—

but this time the tea party will not turn to tragedy, because the rich, high finish of the table is not harmed even by hot tea. It would not be injured even if boiled in water —because it is finished with Pitcairn Water Spar varnish, the same as the dealer's window-display showing a wood panel submerged in an aquarium month after month.

Use Pitcairn Water Spar on furniture, floors, woodwork, watercraft—use it everywhere.

Sold everywhere by quality dealers; used by exacting painters and decorators.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

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"Save the surface and you save all"

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

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PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE, ART AND WINDOW GLASS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

(Continued from Page 68)

Forestry, therefore, emphatically does not consist of planting two trees when you cut one down. The general impression that such is the be-all and end-all of forestry from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand is wrong. A not inconsiderable acquaintance with forestry in other lands as well as my own leaves me still to see or learn of the first case in which any forester had ever attempted to practice forestry on that basis. The simple but sufficient reason is that one old tree occupies the space of ten or a hundred or sometimes even a thousand young trees, and that to plant only two for one, if planting were necessary, would utterly fail to perpetuate the forest.

A forester plants only when he cannot get volunteer growth. But whenever destructive lumbering and fires have completely devastated forest lands and turned them into idle wastes, whenever there are no trees left from whose seed volunteer crops can be secured, then there is nothing left for the forester but to plant; for in such case it is the only way the new crop can be secured.

Right here is the nub of the whole matter: Forestry should be applied when the mature timber is cut, not after the land has been skinned and burned and laid waste. It is usually a simple and inexpensive matter to make sure of volunteer crops of trees and thereby make forest lands continuously productive, provided we tackle the job at the time when the forest crop is harvested.

The difference, then, between forestry and forest devastation is clear. Forestry keeps alive the productive capacity of the land. Forest devastation destroys it. It matters not where a forest is situated or what sort of trees compose it; throughout the whole world this distinction holds good. The forester's treatment of forests is as varied as the forests themselves, but the principles he applies and the result he aims at are everywhere the same.

Looking to the Future

In the United States destructive lumbering, resulting in complete or partial devastation, is still the rule. The lumberman regularly regards and handles his forest as though it were a mine, and charges off his original investment against the timber he removes. His object is to catch the last immediate penny. What may become of the land after he has skinned and devastated it is of small concern to him, save as it may offer chances for land speculation. The fact that his destructive methods impoverish the nation and cost the individual citizen high seldom enters his head.

First the ax, then fire, wholly without regard to the future, and then more fire and more fire and more fire, until lands once covered by valuable forests are changed into stretches of ragged scrub, blackened stumps, bleached snags and barren soils, without value to the owner, the community or the nation—that is forest devastation.

Forestry, or productive lumbering, is quite another story. Whenever a volunteer new growth is desirable and possible, and there is not yet enough young growth on the ground, a sufficient number of seed-bearing trees are reserved from the cuttings to form the centers of forest renewal. If, however, there is already seed enough or young growth enough, seed trees become unnecessary except as a precaution in case the young growth should later on be killed by fire.

When mature timber is cut under forestry all practicable care is taken not to damage the young timber under the old trees. Such young growth is not regarded as brush, but as an extremely valuable basis for a future merchantable crop. The time it has taken to grow is not to be overlooked, for the saving of time in the growth of a forest means an important saving in dollars and cents. After logging, the slashings are piled and burned or otherwise disposed of so as to reduce the danger from fire, and the cut-over lands are just as carefully patrolled and protected as the neighboring uncut timber. Nothing reasonable is left undone to keep fire out.

As the result of such treatment the logged-off lands soon show an even distribution of the larger seed-bearing trees, with groups of young sapling growth forming an irregular patchwork through the area, and often underneath this sapling growth a matting of young seedlings, the numerous offspring of the larger trees reserved from the cutting. In this way new trees are always coming on, the forest is perpetuated, the lands produce. That is forestry.

The Low Cost of Forestry

In certain minds the new is always wrong. Let the old way alone, is their cry. So the forester is patted on the back and commended for his pretty theories—"But it can't be done on my lands." But it has been done successfully in France, Germany, Russia, Norway and Sweden and India for generations.

"Ah," says the lumberman, "but conditions in this country are entirely different."

Quite so. They are different, and they call for somewhat different methods in forestry; but the very same principles apply, and the practice of them is neither difficult nor unreasonable.

Go into any of the national forests where commercial timber sales have been made in the past fifteen years and the forest supervisor will be glad to show you the actual results on the ground and how they were attained. He will tell you that these results vary in different forests; that the cut-over lands are not always fully restocked as yet; but that the lands have been kept productive and that the future forests will be of large commercial value.

"But," says the lumberman, "forestry costs money."

Yes, forestry does cost more. Given a fair chance, forestry, or productive lumbering, can be practiced at a cost of one or two per cent of the value of the manufactured product. Moreover, the consumer, not the lumberman, will pay it, and the burden will be neither heavy nor without compensation. In the first place, the consumer will never be aware of one or two or even three cents in the dollar, and in the second place, he and his children will reap the benefits along with the timberland owners and their children. When you compare this cent or two with the advance of from 200 to 300 per cent in lumber between 1913 and 1920, the bogy disappears.

(Continued on Page 73)

Land Skinned of its Timber and Burned Over After Lumbering and Later Heavily Grazed by Sheep

PROTECTION—
Ask for the genuine Beaded Tip
Be sure the label reads BEADED TIP
before removing it

Beaded Tip
Shoe Laces

Folks who use Beaded Tips will tell you there is no higher QUALITY in shoe laces. They *last* in wear and appearance and the tips *"won't come off."*

"Buy an Extra Pair"

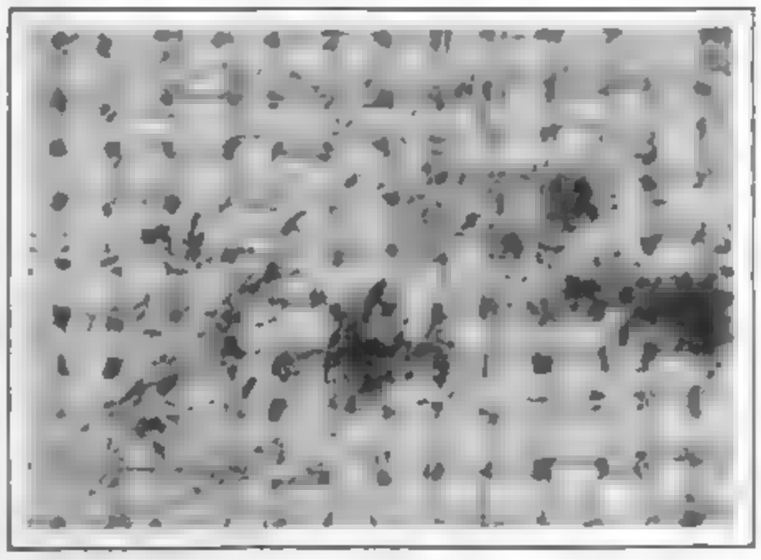
for convenience, buy several pairs of laces—the sizes and colors you need—*be prepared.* Insist on *genuine* Beaded Tips.

UNITED LACE & BRAID MFG. CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BEADED

A New Fact About Laundering

How Cleanliness Is Achieved by the Modern Laundry



This micro-photograph shows the fine particles of which dirt is composed. These particles are held fast to garments by perspiration and moisture from the body

The old idea was that this dirt had to be rubbed off, in this fashion

JUST how do soap and water work? By what methods should clothes be laundered to make them last longest?

These questions and many more are answered in the new fact—new at least to the millions—which has been learned about laundering.

It used to be thought that dirt had to be rubbed off, and that soap served simply as a lubricant to make the rubbing easier.

What happens is this—soap really dissolves the body greases and releases the clinging particles of dirt. If at this point the clothes are rubbed, however, the dirt is only pressed in again. But if, instead, water is gently forced through the pores, the foreign materials freed by the soap are carried away and the clothes become clean.

All this seems very simple—and it is simple—yet the facts took centuries to learn, and have brought in those modern laundry principles which have revolutionized washday practice.

The method used by modern laundries causes cleansing suds and pure water to work in and out of the innermost pores, back and forth between the fibres. Garments and linens are gently lifted, during which motion purifying waters are carried through the fabric, and then are as gently dropped back, permitting the clothes to work through the water.

In this process, in which there is no rubbing, as many as 600 gallons of pure, soft water are used for each family washing. Not cleanliness alone, but almost complete sterilization is thus obtained.

Of course this is but an outline of the modern laundry method. As to details, no less than twelve distinct washing formulas have been developed by The Laundryowners National Association—one, for instance, for knitted underwear; a second for cottons and linens; a third for colored shirts and dresses; a fourth for silks, etc.

You can get this clothes conserving washday help in your city if you'll phone a modern laundry. It will punctually call for your family bundle and return it again just as promptly.

Now it is known soap dissolves the perspiration, releasing the dirt particles, which then can be flushed away as in modern laundries. No rubbing is required

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 71)

I venture to say that the time is coming, and coming fast, when forestry will be practiced on all privately owned commercial timberlands in the United States, and 99 per cent of the owners will be glad of it, once the change has been made.

For more than twenty years forestry has been described and recommended to the operating lumbermen of the United States. They have had clear and complete advice from practical foresters. They have had before them numerous actual examples of forestry in successful practice on government lands, and in a few instances on private lands also. They remain indifferent. With rare exceptions they continue to devastate their holdings. Large owners of timberlands as a class are not only careless as to the common welfare but blind to their own permanent advantage. They have made no serious attempt to lift themselves out of the wasteful logging methods of pioneer days. It seems that they must be pried loose and that the whole nation must put its weight upon the lever.

The lumberman—by whom I mean the man who cuts the lumber from the land, not the wholesaler or the retail lumber merchant—has been tremendously useful in the development of this country. He has made wonderful advances in the mechanical end of his craft, and these advances have added greatly to the prosperity and comfort of the individual and the community. But progress in these lines has been made at the expense of the permanent productiveness of his forest lands. He has neglected to treat the forest as a renewable resource, and you and I and the next man are now required to pay the piper.

I am not eager to compel the lumberman to be good. Compulsion, when it is necessary, is a necessary evil, and let us hope a temporary one. Some day we shall outgrow the belief that the devil must necessarily take the hindmost; the hindmost in this and so many other cases being the public. But that growth will be slow, and in the meantime we shall need wood. Without question many progressive lumbermen are now wholly sincere in a desire to practice such simple forestry as will keep their lands producing trees. But there are many who will never change their ways until they are compelled to do so, and these are in the great majority. The progressive lumbermen will not and too often cannot adopt better methods until the industry as a whole adopts a new and productive standard for the treatment of forest crops. If there were a way out of this dilemma aside from compulsory legislation I would be the first to welcome it. Unfortunately I have found none.

An Interstate Problem

Property rights would be interfered with? No more than in many another case where all of us together have been compelled to limit individual liberty for the public good. The forest-devastating lumbermen are doing harm to all the rest of us, and the harm they do must be checked by all the rest of us in self-defense. It is an old principle of law that you must not use what is yours so as to injure others, and its application is familiar in the case of the railroads, the merchant marine, child labor, food standards, the liquor traffic and in many other matters all the way from restrictions in building and orchard management to what feathers may brighten a lady's hat. We don't happen to have applied it yet to lumbering, because we have not thought it necessary in the public interest. Beyond all doubt it has become so now.

Someone may argue that the lumbermen themselves know most about their own business, and that they are best able to regulate forest devastation without outside interference. That might be true if the purpose of the lumbermen were the same as the purpose of the public. It happens, however, that what the lumbermen want is to make money out of the forest, while what the public wants is to perpetuate the forest as a factory of wood. In practice the control of lumbermen by lumbermen would mean no control for the public good. We might as well leave it to the railroads to regulate their own rates or to saloonkeepers to regulate the liquor traffic.

In old times wood was used near where it was cut. Not so to-day. Two-thirds of the lumber cut in America is used beyond the borders of the state which produced it. Prevention of forest devastation, therefore, is an interstate problem. It is a national and not merely a state concern that forest lands in the forested states shall be kept productive. Neither the deforested East nor the treeless Middle West can leave its future security and prosperity solely to the state legislatures or state administrations in the rapidly dwindling forest regions. Only the nation can exercise effective control of a national problem like this.

When food or coal or lumber is plenty nobody thinks of saving. Just so, the states with the most timber are least interested in preventing the devastation of their forest lands. When the scarcity comes they will be the last to suffer, for they will keep what they have at home. The lumber-importing states, on the other hand, whose very life depends on wood from beyond their borders, will be the first to feel the pinch of want. Devastation in the highly forested states concerns most vitally the states that are poor in timber, for in the end they must live, so far as lumber goes, on the crumbs that fall from the rich states' table.

It is a fact of which we seldom think that the city dweller is vastly more dependent on the forest than the man who lives in the woods. The city man's food not only cannot be grown without wood, but it cannot be moved within his reach unless the forest helps. The man who never sees the forest needs it far more than the man who lives beneath its shade.

Of our city dwellers nearly nine-tenths live in the thirty-three timber-importing states. These thirty-three states contain three-fourths of our people and three-fourths of their representatives in Congress. The thirty-three yield four-fifths of our agricultural products, and nine-tenths of our manufactures are produced in them. In round numbers, they consume three-fourths of the wood used in America and produce only one-fourth. For them the stopping of forest devastation in the lumber-exporting states is a matter of life or death.

National Control of Forests

The three great lumber-exporting states, Washington, Oregon and California, contain only 5 per cent of our people. Within ten years at most they will have the only important amounts of exportable timber among all the states. To leave to them the decision as to whether the 95 per cent shall or shall not have the timber without which they cannot earn a living seems doubtful wisdom, to say the least.

If the control of forest devastation is to be national, as it must be or fail, what should the law provide? That can be answered in a sentence. Let it empower the Secretary of Agriculture, through the United States Forest Service, to enforce on privately held commercial timberlands substantially the same simple, practical, workable regulations it is now successfully enforcing on the national forests, and let it go at that. Let these regulations be different in each different lumber region, so as to meet the conditions of each yet create no inequalities as between competitors. Such a law would stop forest devastation, would be fair to all alike and would do more than any other one thing to secure for the people of the United States a continuous supply of lumber.

The national-control plan calls for no new governmental machinery, but makes use of an existing organization which has always proved its ability. The trained foresters of the United States Forest Service, with their long practical experience in the application of forestry on a commercial scale to government forest lands, are thoroughly competent to do the job. It goes without saying that regulations must everywhere be adapted to local needs, and that the forest officers must work in close coöperation with the various lumbermen's organizations.

If the principles of coöperation which have long governed the relations between the forest service and the livestock industry of the West are followed the success of national control of forest devastation is assured in advance. When national control of Western sheep and cattle ranges was suggested a tremendous outcry was raised, and it was bitterly opposed. If it should now be proposed to abandon this national control the very same cattle and sheep men would raise an equal outcry and wage as vigorous a fight against its abandonment. Ask them.

Just so it will go with the lumbermen in times to come.

One of our eight famous "Leather-trim" models — brown leather ankle patches and reinforcements. Smooth, corrugated, or suction grip soles

One of the favorite Keds for children. This little pump is light and cool. There are also oxfords, sandals and high shoes for children

A complete line with a type for every summer need

Men and women everywhere are turning to these canvas rubber-soled shoes for summer

HOT, heavy shoes for summer are a thing of the past. Everywhere men and women are waking up to the new comfort of Keds.

Sturdy, leather-trimmed sport shoes — light tennis shoes—strikingly smart Keds with welt construction soles—these are only a few of the many different styles in your dealer's showcase right now. Men, women and children—all have different needs in summer footwear, and we have built a different style of Keds for everyone.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, the oldest rubber organization in the world.

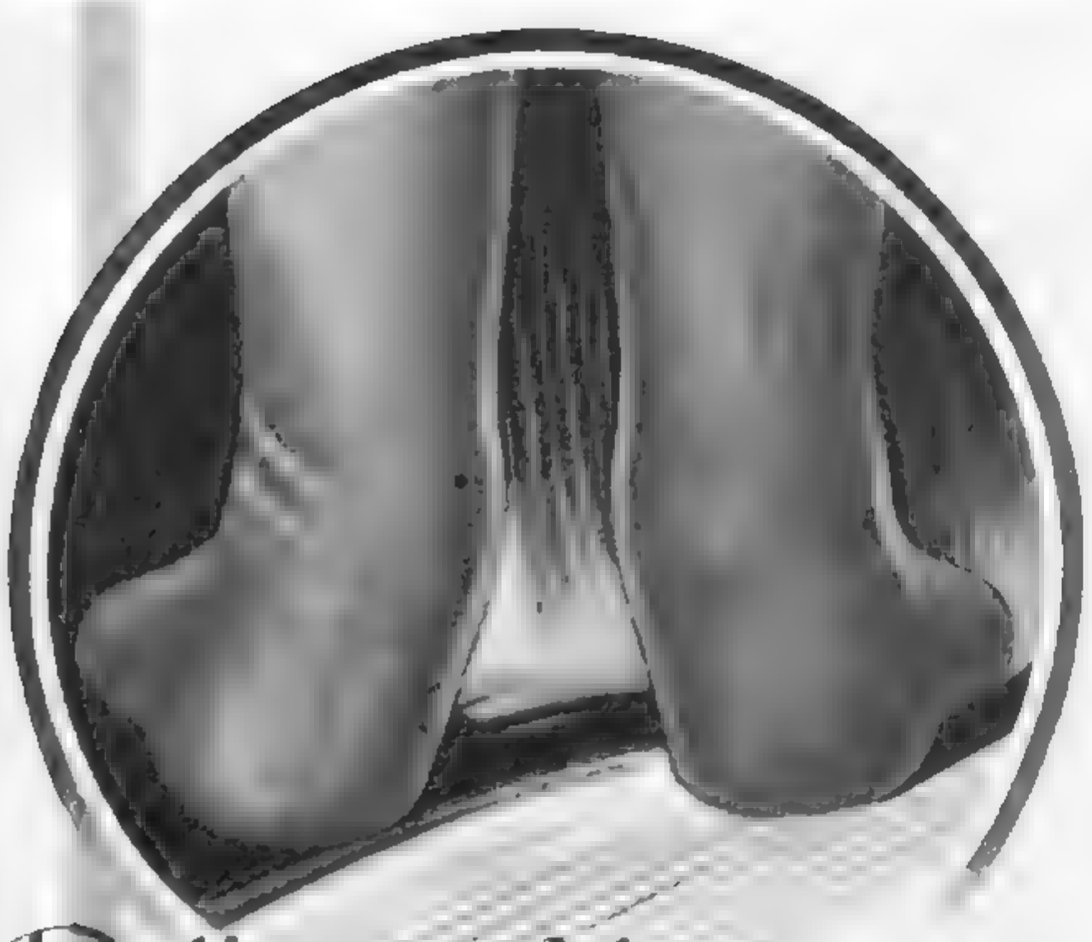
You can find Keds at every good store where shoes are sold. Try on the various models—notice how light and cool they all are. If your dealer does not have a type for your particular need, he can get it for you in a day or so. Be sure to look for the name *Keds* on the shoe—the guarantee of quality and service.

One of the largest selling shoes in the world—in high and low models, all grades and sizes for men, women and children. Smooth or corrugated rubber soles. A standard summer shoe

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoe



Relieve *this dangerous foot condition*

IF your ankles lean inward, as you walk or stand, whether pain has begun or not, it indicates *heel distortion*—a condition that requires immediate attention.

A weakened heel bone is giving down under your body weight—forcing other bones out of place as it goes. Fallen arches follow—and pain results from the unnatural pressure of the lowered bones.

Corrective relief is imperative or serious disability may result. The heel must be straightened and kept straight; the lowered bones raised to normal position—and comfortably supported there. This can be done with the

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LIGHTFOOT
ARCH BUILDERS

No metal is used in Wizard Lightfoot Heel Levelers (one of the Wizard Arch Builders). They are made of soft, pliable leather. Thus, while they provide a firm, continuous support, they permit a normal flexing of the ligaments and muscles.

And soft inserts of the proper thickness, placed in pockets on the underside of the appliance, comfortably correct and maintain the position of the misaligned bones—both heel and arch.

Wizard Lightfoot Heel Levelers are but one of the Wizard devices made to relieve sufferers from foot troubles. They are sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write us. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charges.

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Wizard Exclusive Features

All arches are different, all feet are different. Any device to effectively correct foot troubles *must* be adjustable to the conditions affecting the individual foot.

Wizard devices are made with a series of scientifically arranged overlapping pockets. These are so located that soft inserts of any desired thickness placed in them will build a comfortable support to the exact height required and in the exact location needed to restore the bones to normal

No other devices can employ the Wizard Adjustable overlapping pockets principle, which is patented.

You can get Wizard devices with any series of pockets desired to relieve callouses, fallen arches or run over heels These may be had separately or in combination.

THE SILENT HOUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Mr. Stowall will not be back from New York until this evening. But he cannot be seen here."

"I tell him so, madam; I tell him not to return back. But he say it very airgent. He says it very considerable for Mistah Stowall. He have material for him especially."

"Tell him he must not bother him here—some book agent, perhaps."

Juliana had stepped out on the marble. The air glittered with tags of languid silver fleece. A few steps away the late caller moved rather slowly, a tallish man, in a wide-rimmed hat, and prominent ears, carrying the small bag that looked like a piano tuner's, and she revised her verdict. A book agent did not so visibly advertise his wares. He bore concealed about him in remote magicianlike pockets the impedimenta of his business, which he produced on the guileless like a sudden unsuspected blackjack.

It wasn't books, she concluded, watching the slightly stooping, hesitant figure turn at the corner and glance backward. She saw a darkly somber face, with deep-set eyes and a prominent nose to match the ears—some freak errand, some inventor possibly, petitioner, salesman of crude wares. She had coped with such people hundreds of times in the days before Stowall had taken over her responsibilities. For the most part they stormed the offices, where a vigilant service fended them off. Only occasionally—more and more infrequently now—they penetrated to the domestic field.

At the corner the man disappeared. The street was occupied now by a few pedestrians, by swift motor cars filled for the most part with women in gala dress moving precipitately to some social destination. A limousine stopped opposite, disgorged a group of delicately teetering high-heeled ladies, bridgeward bent in an aura of diamonds, chinchilla and violets. One tall, white-haired imperious one in black velvet, catching sight of Juliana's figure, waved her hand in meretricious cordiality. It was Mrs. Gardener: she of the massage and the lifted face and young Julie's approval.

"I'm a sight, standing here with my market-basket style," Juliana thought.

She could visualize herself—squat, dark, square—she who, though she was the rich Mrs. MacNair, was equally in the mind of her town the plain Mrs. MacNair. She thought of the exotic garland that had blossomed on her substantial, undecorative stem: Blanche, and the vivid Julie, and the little Queenie—a daisy dipped in *crème de menthe*.

There was an immeasurable gulf between her needs and her capacities and these others, an immeasurable gulf between the youth she had known and theirs. There was no bond, saving only love—a wistful, outreaching love in her case that was thrust aside before material pressure. Not even Stowall, her son—dark, square, like herself, the only child who resembled her—paused in his abstracted progression toward the material to exchange humanities with her. She was for him a business confidante, a breathing atom who spoke intelligibly the language of the thing that absorbed him—that was all.

As for Harry, her husband, there was nothing to be expected of Harry. It suddenly occurred to her that, though she had reached the midcentury mark and had known an unusual prosperity, she had practically nothing in her life that she really wanted. The love of her children—of her own! If it existed at all it was submerged under a hundred forms and artificialities. Nothing but catastrophe itself could evoke it clearly.

The peace, the simplicity of living! It was not permitted to her. She had fancied five years ago, when Stowall had taken her place in the control of the works, that she could win to an honorary position of her own choosing. She had fancied a life of deliberate leisure, of books, of a plain sun-filled sitting room, of low, hospitable chairs, of windows vivid with potted flowers, of slow meditation, uninterrupted hours, with a great Angora sleeping at her feet, a little grandchild on her knee, perhaps, listening to a story—Red Riding Hood—the ticking of a peaceful clock.

But there was no opportunity to hear a clock tick. The social Nemesis oppressed her—there were dozens of obligations. She must maintain a youth she did not feel, pretend a zest that had passed. There were late hours and rich foods and engagement books, gowns of her children's choosing. Only occasionally—and then outlandishly and under protest—could she express herself, escape as now into an elderly, unguarded simplicity. No, there was no peace, not even auditory peace. Unconsciously her eyes noted westward, above the river bank, the low smudge of smoke against the sky that marked the Stowall Steel and Iron Works, breath of life to the little, energetic town that had climbed above it, looking on the face of low, overhanging bluffs like a sort of civic eyebrow.

It was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh in a sense—founded by her grandfather, re-created by her father, inherited by herself, and now expanding to unbelievable ramifications under her son with his new partners. To it she owed all the comforts of her life and her children's—this stately brick town house; Pleasant Mountain, a country place of wide, ordered acres and cool indoor spaces; their Adirondack camp; the cottage by the sea—a dozen opportunities for travel and advantage. But it had also, she realized, given her something else: a lifelong obbligato of industrial clangor. She could hear now plainly—up in this residential street—the thump and rhythm and pounding of the rail mill, the rattle and roar of dinky engines, with sporadic rumbles that suggested sudden eruptions of unexpected hell-born volcanoes. She had listened to these noises since she was a child, except for brief interludes. Never long escaped from them, nor from the concurrent chain of civic noises they had brought with them—an annually growing volume of bell and whistle and trolley and siren. Now she wished, being freed of active participation, that there were some quiet backwater into which she might drop; some refuge that was solitary and peaceful and freed of jangle and uproar, where one might disregard such matters as smartness of girth or footwear, the exigencies of society and business; where one might freely grow old—rest wearied nerves. But she could see no such refuge before her—certainly not in the bustle and turmoil of her house.

"I have never known a really quiet hour—not in years," thought Juliana as she moved down the street—"not absolutely quiet. I've never even had a silent house."

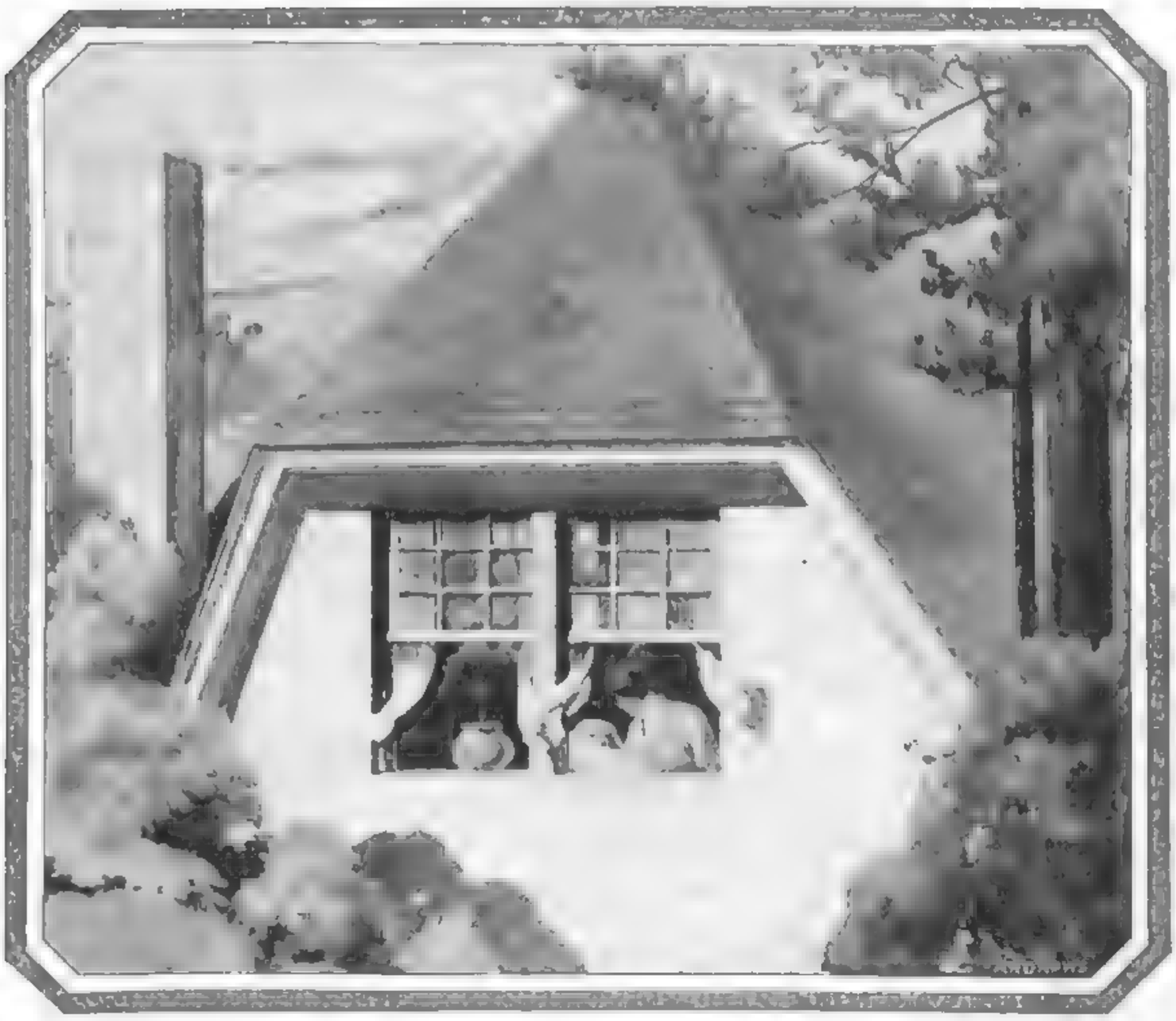
II

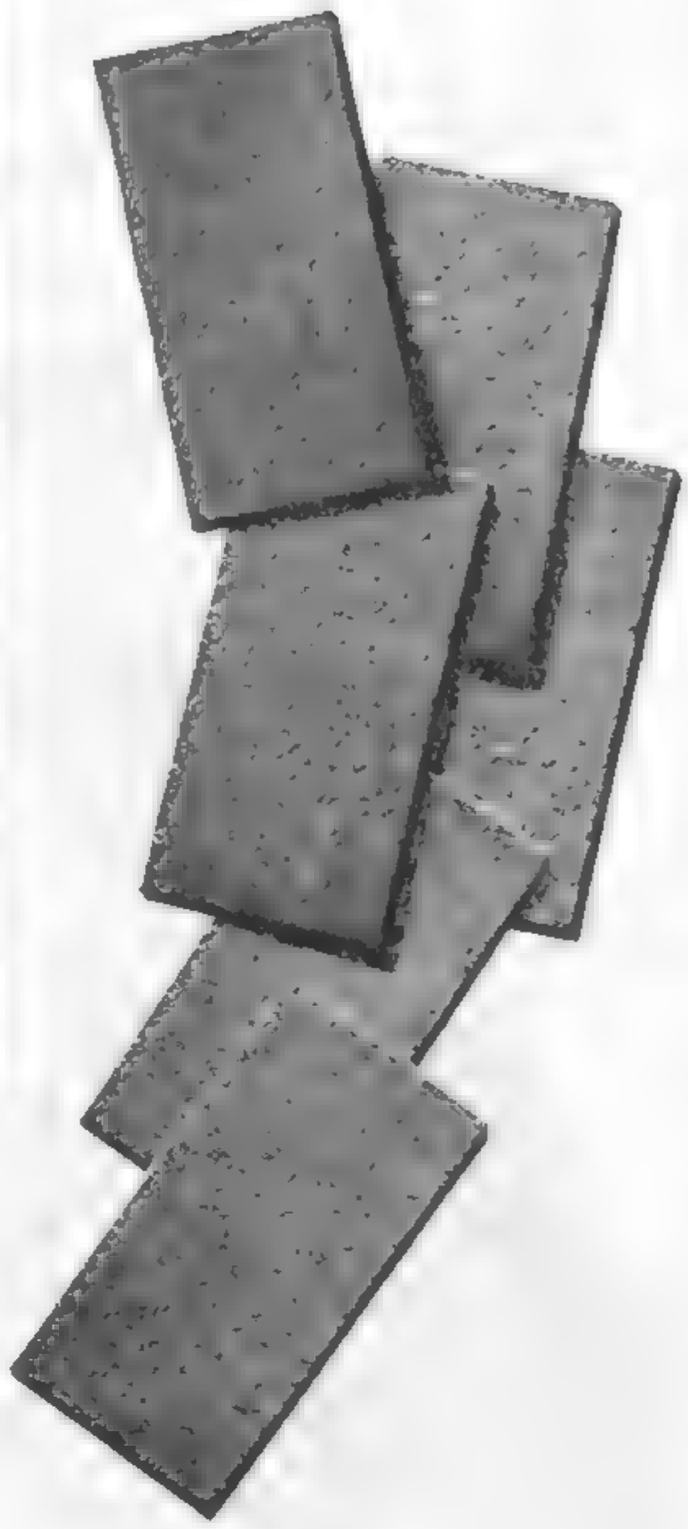
TO WESTWARD the works had laid a compelling finger on the natural contour of the river bank, creating at once a pattern and a chaos of soot and smoke, waste and clinker, netted car lines and interminable smudged and gutted-looking buildings. It presented in the clear snowy day the aspect of a dark-browed, splay-limbed, racked Titan, resting after some physical agony in a bed of clawed and yellowed snow and mud. Juliana turned squarely upon it and walked eastward.

Here the country lay serene and unspoiled as the outer boundaries of the town melted gradually into the rustic open. A road ran by the frozen river, and as she reached the last outpost of town a thin bar of wintry sunlight, wan and watery as a convalescent's smile, broke suddenly over her, arresting the languid drift of flakes. From across the river a flock of crows rose with raucous call, stretched for a moment like a splash of quarter notes against the dark bare bars of leafless trees. The solitary figure of a skater moved, bent forward, on the river. There was little traffic here. A few curtained motor cars, splashed with country mud, a truck of rattling milk cans, a wain of smoking manure drawn by plodding gray horses.

Juliana picked her way over the frozen ruts in her stout shoes and rubbers. To-morrow at this hour, correctly coifed and gowned, she would be playing cards for destitute orphans. She would be saying "Double no-trump" that a hungry little Serbian might have a requisite ration of goat's milk and rye bread—a noble task indeed. But just to-day, at this moment, she felt a savage and inordinate pleasure in crushing the rind of frozen snow and ice beneath her heel and stepping aside for country vehicles, with sprawled lads clad like onions in layer on layer of clothing behind their shaggy horses, to give her good day.

(Continued on Page 77)





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You naturally prefer a taxicab which has a meter to one which hasn't—

You naturally prefer to do your buying in stores that mark their prices in plain figures—

You would hesitate to order from a restaurant menu which gives the names of dishes but not their prices—

And you are quite right.

There's a principle there—the principle of willingness to pay a fair, known and agreed-upon price for what you buy; and of being less than satisfied when you feel that the article may have *any price which the seller decides to ask* when he's making the sale.

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And that is a very satisfactory state of mind to any buyer.

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Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

(Continued from Page 74)

She gave herself over anew to thoughts of her family; to thoughts, at this moment, of Harry—of her life with him, of the life she had known before him; her chief masculine influences; her father and Harry and her son, Stowall.

She thought of herself, a stout, thickset, dark-faced little girl, the daughter of the rich Stowalls, playing about the old house in Orange Street, tossing her shuttlecock up and down on the clipped green behind the house, watching the English gardener as he moved about among his Madame Plantiers and Baltimore Belles. She thought of her father, thick, dark, impatient—Stowall was so like him—with his peremptory commands and spade-shaped beard, receiving callers in their back parlor, where the walls were solidly hung with steel engravings and a massed phalanx of standard authors; where, in the presence of a Greek Slave in white marble, wine and cordials were offered and politics and business discussed.

Of her mother in her dangling cameo earrings, a beautiful and fashionable mother, who played and sang Ever of Thee and Ehren on the Rhine, who had languid white hands accomplished in the arts of crayon drawing and painting on glass and satin, backgammon and cassino; who disappeared on pleasure jaunts at odd times—Saratoga, Cape May, once to Europe, whence she had brought Juliana kid gloves and carved edelweiss; who attended the President's inaugural ball; of her gowns, things of plum and garnet silk that "stood alone," ball dresses that foamed with lace and crystal bugles, a sand-colored bonnet with little velvet cherries so real Juliana had secretly bitten one—had left a tiny guilty mark.

Of herself being taken to drive or to walk; of the big family barouche and the bays in their jingling silver harness; of solemn periods in church between her father and mother, and heavy midday dinners afterward; of names in the air, of books and of men—Hayes and Tilden, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher; of an unthinkable volume called Leaves of Grass.

Of being awakened one night by a political parade passing her nursery windows—red fire and torches and noise and cheering; high up on a pole a small cowed-looking chained animal—a coon, she was told. It was a Republican parade. Republicans were coons, but Democrats were roosters!

At fourteen the convent for three years, and after that travels with her mother; a constant bustle and passing to and fro. Then back to the embrace of the works, its rumble and thunder through her dreams; and her début at nineteen—and Harry MacNair.

She would never forget her first meeting with Harry, nor her dress of cream-colored satin and lace with a border of little green ivy leaves on the tightly boned bodice with its high-puffed sleeves. Harry, a golden, willowy Apollo incarnate, blond and graceful, back from two years at the Beaux Arts, the impecunious orphaned protégé of an indulgent aunt. They had danced a galop, a schottish and what was referred to as a *valse*, in succession. Strauss' music and Harry MacNair! Juliana, at the threshold of life, had ignored the implications of her plainness and her potential wealth. Harry loved her for herself—it must be so, she had felt, before the abandon and fervor of his wooing. Across the years she smiled a little bitterly at her self-deception—and Harry's. He was so thoroughly the *poseur* that he fooled even himself—magnificently. Having decided that Juliana Stowall was a matrimonial prize, he had let himself go—and had done himself very well. Harry was the light-opera lover of romance, but he had very sensibly built his lovering upon a foundation of solid prosperity. It had lasted until Stowall's birth. After that he had settled comfortably to his *métier*, a pleasant, unexacting connection with Croft and Robinson, his architect partners, and a sequence of amiable light flirtations.

She visualized Harry as he had appeared at breakfast that morning. Still slender, graceful with a touch of the debonair. His hair gone a little thin on top—gray over the blond, his mustache waxed in a delicate spike effect, a gay cravat under his chin. Julie had run after her father into the hall to exchange some light jest with him. The child adored him, and Harry spoiled her unconscionably; Blanche, too, whom he admired and abetted. It was only Stowall with whom he did not get along. Stowall called him a weak sister, was openly contemptuous. The two were as unlike as the sun and the moon. Stowall was literal, solid; and Harry was caprice itself—gossamer. To hold him was like setting one's foot on slipping sand. Juliana had long since given it up.

Yet now in her analysis she realized that Harry had brought her certain things. A sealed, faintly remembered period of brief happy illusion, and the beauty and grace with which he had dowered her girls. Now, clearly, she realized also that what was for her tragedy at this period in her life was no less a tragedy for Harry. Old age was stealing upon him, and secretly he fought it. Harry was a woman's man. He had lived and basked in their favor, and his day was nearly done.

It showed in a dozen elderly perfunctory graces, in lurking smiles she detected in the eyes of younger people, in his adornment of himself, in his desperate struggle for their attention. There had been a day when Harry MacNair's personality had exacted its full quota—he had been the courted Adonis, *per se*—but now he must go out of his way to hold his place. He continually took girls and women aside and gave them little personal tributes and made "the soft eyes" at them. He told them they were beautiful and begged them not to be offended if he told them so, quite humbly, as if their charms had dazzled him. They were never offended, especially the plainer ones. They drank avidly of Harry's homage, not realizing it was impersonal and utterly promiscuous and a straw to which his drowning fingers clung. One vulgar young person—Juliana would have been less than human if she had omitted the "person"—had even boasted of her power over Mr. MacNair; had called him her old honey pot. These things did not anger Juliana now. She saw in them merely pathos. Her husband, a man of fifty-five, offering as his wine of astonishment red neckties and audacious compliments.

She realized now that she knew very little about Harry—about what was going on deeply in him. They had been remote too long. She felt now that when she sat at table and heard him pause in telling one of the seven deadly stories that formed his repertoire, or when he laughed too loudly with picaresque gayety at some shallow joke, or when he fell suddenly idle, abstracted before the fire, with one of the smart novels he affected closed upon his finger, he was looking with half-shut, averted eye on some swiftly evoked ghost, some hooded sibyl that had laid a cold finger on his shoulder.

If at such moment she laid a hand upon his arm and said, "Harry, what is it? Is it fear? What is it you see? I see it too. We've been apart a long time, but now that the bright years are done, let's take it together."

But the thought was preposterous. They were merely two people living in polite tolerance of each other, separated and held together at once by a barrier and a bond built of a thousand bricks of convention. It was so with the others. They had gone beyond her—passed her by—Stowall into business, the girls in their social scheme. They were done with her, and now in a passion of wistfulness she longed to reach to them, to hold them together, to mean something, however briefly; at least to touch with them some fundamental primal security in the artificiality of their life.

But how? The thought of calamity reverted. By trouble, losses, sickness—people were bound together by things like that, awakened. If the Stowall works failed—but this was a premise as fantastic as a Puck's dream. Only a Bolshevist commune, a social war ——

She roused herself from her thoughts—the river road had followed a curve here—and turned on a bypath to a clump of thin woodland through which below the bank she could see some benches and a small inclosed wooden building with a foot of stovepipe. A thin curl of lavender smoke rose from the pipe.

The river widened here, and on a flat, glassy tract of smooth ice along the bank some three or four dozen young people were skating. The front of the wooden building was open for the vending of hot dogs and muddy coffee, and a wheezy barrel organ was grinding:

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles ——

With a sense of fatigue Juliana turned aside up the path and sat down on one end of a faded green bench. The silvery sunlight poured out over the river, and in its

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glow the darting figures took on a slight effulgence. They were, she saw, foreigners chiefly—young people belonging no doubt to the alien industrial families that labored at the works.

The air was full of sharp cries and shouts, the quick smack and rasp of steel skate grinding on the ice. Short thick bodies whirled by in furious momentum; long whips of swaying figures, like gliding serpents, curved sinuously in half moons or snapped in fierce spilled confusion. Couples—or threes and fours—went by, moving with rhythmic unison. There were bright caps and sweaters of cheap wool, flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, broad cheek bones, and here and there words in foreign tongues. Two squat little Hungarians like trolls sailed past, knees bent, doing some involved pistonlike movement, and a stout, fair Norwegian girl, with long, deliberate scrapes, cut implacable curves through the labyrinth of movement. They curved, they swooped, they glided, and they chewed gum and chattered a great many alien words—and English that might as well have been alien.

"I sezter, 'Whoju think's gunna stanfert?'" one pretty girl in a cerise tam was screaming to her partner; "I sezter, 'Gosh, howju like it yourself?'"

"It ought to be called ju-ju. That's what we let them learn—ju-ju and chewing gum and vulgarity," sighed Juliana as the barrel organ continued to define the various types of smile.

A tall figure came skating in to her bench, with long, careful strokes. A young man, American clearly, broad-shouldered, sapling-stiff and straight, with something held tenderly in thick-gloved paws. He plumped down on the other end of her bench, and she saw the thing in his hands, two thick slabs of grayish bread with—protruding slightly—the blushing boles of Frankfurter sausage. He lifted his burden to a tanned, wind-reddened face, dominated by two friendly, direct blue eyes, and bit deeply, spilling a trickle of crumbs on a massive, rather pugnacious chin.

"Is the skating good?" asked Juliana friendlily.

He turned toward her his eye, uncomprehending.

"I said, 'Is the skating good?' It looks nice," Juliana repeated.

"Ma'am?" he asked thickly through his bread and sausage. A tide of dark red crept up from his brown throat. He conquered his sausage. "I didn't quite catch you, ma'am. I don't hear good. I'm deef on my right side."

"Oh, my, I'm so sorry! That's too bad"—Juliana had a sense of personal fault; "it must be a great misfortune."

"Yes, ma'am, it is. I was a while getting used to it. Still, at that, I might be worse off. I know two fellows got it in both ears—stone deef—from the big guns. I was with the artillery, ma'am. The big guns played hell with you sometimes."

"Oh, you were overseas?"

"Yes, ma'am. Our company handled the big naval guns on railway trucks. Gosh, when they give the Heinies a big dose it was the lid off Halifax—like the earth came right up an' hit you—split your eardrums! Every time our squad fired it was like that—like something'd clout you over the head, an' made you dumb, kinda. But my ears held out pretty good for a while. If you opened your mouth it made the air pressure equal. But all of a sudden one night we was givin' it to 'em, shellin' 'em strong, an' quick an' right in the middle my right went blooey an' I got mine. Gee, it was like the side of my head just froze up an' stayed there! I don't mind it so much now. I can read people's faces pretty good, an' when I turn this way—it might ha' been worse. Those chaps that busted both eardrums, now—and lots of others, gassed an' disabled. I've got a friend over in the county hospital just sets in a steel frame. It might ha' been worse, at that." He bit into the sandwich again, blowing a philosophic spray of fresh crumbs.

"Yes," said Juliana, "you're strong and young, and with one good ear ——"

"Oh, sure, I get along fine. O' course, with the girls, now—they don't like a deef man. They think I'll get worse, an' that ain't pleasant. But I'm as good as anyone at it. My boss gave me a place right off, an' I can get away with it too."

"What sort of work do you do?"

"Yard watchman—over at the works. Day shift. I got eyes like a cat, an' I come in there. There's so infernal much racket you don't need your ears; but these times you've got to spot everyone acts suspicious. McGurk says—the boss—this young MacNair won't have anyone but Americans do it, an' he's right too. They need lookin' after, these Hunks an' Russians that come in on you. It ain't the labor so much, but the half-baked ones that don't want work and try to stir up trouble. So you've gotta watch if it's some one of 'em tryin' to blow you up or just someone stealin' a bucket of coal. Yesterday we hauled two Poles out from under a load o' pig iron. I'll say they had easy ridin'!"

"You work for young Mr. MacNair?"

"Oh, I never see him—except once at a distance. Oh, I guess he ain't one of the kid-glove kind. Hard as nails, McGurk says; but, o' course, we've got our own bosses. They say his ma used to run the show before him. Come down every day, a little plain-lookin' lady, in her carriage, and set in the office with the directors and managers. But it's better with MacNair—a man's the best. And all for business, too, an' no nonsense with this caboodle." He waved his remaining fraction of bread toward the alien skaters. "They're all right if you hold 'em down, but they take holdin'. Now this MacNair won't stand for any nonsense—runs 'em right out if they start anything, like he did the Malkus girl a couple months back. Makes the town too hot for 'em."

Juliana's memory stirred.

"Malkus?" she said. "I've heard of those people. They made trouble, didn't they?"

"Yes, ma'am—or some of 'em, two of 'em. First off that Steve Malkus was as decent a man as you could find. He'd been with the Stowalls for years. He was foreman on the open-hearth floor. Big pay, steady and all right, too—him an' his four boys—only Ugo wasn't right in his head, a little. An' then in came this man Ruloff and the Malkuses' cousin Lydia right from Russia. And the way they did then! Well, sir, it was like a poison, I guess. Lydia got hold of her nutty cousin Ugo and he fell for her hard—crazy mad for her. I guess she had a dozen mashed on her in no time. Pretty girl with yellow eyes, red lips, but kinda crazy and wild talkin'—short hair. Gosh, I never could stand a girl like that! Well, sir, it was Ugo first, an' then others, an' then the old man, Steve. All for shorter hours an' more pay an' down with the rich an' strike if they don't, see? This Lydia, she says she stood for free everything—free lovin', too; anyhow she promised this Ugo she'd live with him when they won out here. Well, first it was just sort of a runnin' talk, but then they got some kind o' club down on Staesel Street an' this Lydia spoke, an' Ugo, an' old Steve, an' bimeby Steve began to talk at the works, an' the open-hearth gang began talkin' it over. They was goin' to make it like back home in Russia. Well, sir, this MacNair he hears of it, an' he shuts up the club on Staesel Street an' fires all the Malkuses an' warns this Lydia out o' town. She goes, too, you bet! You can't fool with him, an' that was the end o' that," he said proudly. "You got to watch 'em, that's all. That's the youngest Malkus over there now."

Juliana saw a small alight lad in a blue-and-white sweater with lateral stripes like a convict's shirt. He was easily the most proficient skater on the ice, executing an elaborate figure that included a sudden leap into the air and a final dervishlike spinning that made one dizzy.

"I've never seen anything better—even at St. Moritz." She bit off the name to preserve her incognito.

"He looks—I think I've seen him before. At least it seems to me I have."

He was spinning elaborately now, incredibly, his arms thrust out, finishing with a long, swanlike, sprawling sweep.

"As good as any professional."

"Oh, they're smart when they want to be," her companion conceded. "Give 'em books an' American ways an' knock sense into 'em, an' they're all right. It's ignurance that ails 'em. They fetch a lot of old notions over about bein' spiteful and gettin' things that way. They been under the heel, see? It takes time an' goin' to school. But say, the ignurance! Why, even in France once, where I was billeted! The nicest little old lady you ever see—said her prayers an' went to church an' like a mother, an' all, an' what did she do? Her son Raoul got killed, shot through the stomach, an' what does she do but take candle ends and veal drippin' and make two little images like a man, see, an' she

(Continued on Page 81)

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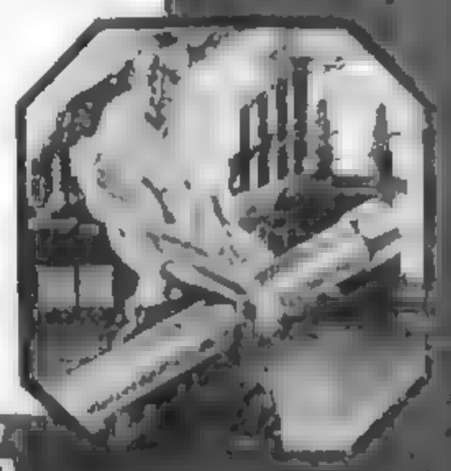

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(Continued from Page 78)

sticks a needle through each one's belly. An' they're named for Von Hindenburg and the Kaiser, and every night she prays over them; but not to God. She prays words her grandmother taught her, to the spirits of evil, and so—she tells me herself—in the end the Kaiser an' Von Hindenburg will die of a disease that eats out the stomach. She never let on to the priest—he came there regular—but she kept the images up in the thatch an' showed 'em to me herself, an' believed in it. There's a lot o' stuff like that. Ignurance! You've got to read books an' study. That's why this MacNair's had the night schools opened. I go there myself for shorthand, grammar, Spanish an' printing. Not that I use 'em, but I've always sorta wanted ——"

He got up, stamping on his skates.

"It gets cold settin' still. Could I get you a hot dog, ma'am?"

She watched his tall, straight back as he blended with the skaters—the uncompromising Americanism of him, his half-contemptuous thridding way, looming erect, conspicuous among them. He skated leisurely, close to the spinning blue-and-white dervish, accorded him a coolly reluctant glance of approval—moved on.

The dervish spun faster—whirled like a spinning top, broke suddenly into a wild graceful waltzing movement that sent skaters scampering right and left. There was a shriek, and the pretty girl in the cerise tam, with the Magyar cheek bones and ju-ju tongue, sat down untimely with a shrill soprano howl. Juliana saw the straight-backed American turn, help her up with punctilious politeness, dust her off and resume his leisured progress. There was something about him she liked immensely: his gravity and simplicity, his unmeasurable scorn of the unsporting, his utterly sporting composure in the face of his affliction—of his deaf ear.

"It is a great affliction."

Where had she heard that phrase before? She caught elusively at something, fluttering like a trapped bird that would not settle, on the edge of her memory, grasped at it, held it. It took her back again, a reversion once more to that earlier remembrance of childhood.

She saw herself being taken on a train to spend a week with Elizabeth, her faithful old nurse, in the little town down where the river ran into the bay, where the air smelt fresh and wet of salt marshes. She saw herself walking sedately, with stiff black curls about her ears, under a small pink-spotted sunshade, through a tiny village street and stopping before a low-browed little shop and watching a man at work in a small sunny window.

He was a very old man, in his shirt sleeves and a leather apron. He had a placid, kind face with twinkling blue eyes and full pink cheeks above a drift of snowy beard. His head bent forward was like a pale, pinkish, polished cannon ball, void of hair except for a thinning fringe about his ears. Where the sun struck it there was a little shining white high light. But Juliana had watched his hands, old and gnarled, yet curiously deft and sensitive as they moved among certain tools and pieces of metal. There was a pansy in a glass of water before him, and every now and then he looked at it, then beat with a tiny hammer on a small anvil under his hand. He looked at Juliana, smiling, and beckoned her inside.

"Good-day, child," he said in a curiously flattered voice. "So you watch the old man at work and wonder perhaps what he is doing?"

"Yes," said Juliana shyly. "Why do you keep tapping with that little hammer?"

He smiled and shook his head.

"I cannot hear you, child. A sea fairy carried away my ears years ago, but if you are smart at your pothooks and hangers you shall talk to me so," and he lifted a little slate hanging on a shoe string at his belt, and Juliana wrote her question.

"I make beauty," he answered. "When the sea fairy stole my ears she gave me a gift instead. It is a great affliction, having no ears; but when they are taken you get a magic in your eyes to see things. Come and see what I am doing."

He showed her then on the little forge the scrap of gold he was shaping—an exquisite tiny replica of the pansy, every delicate curve and tissue, every minute veining exactly reproduced.

"So," he said, "I make the little lovely things of Nature out of gold and silver for people in the cities. I make them because I can see them better than others. Little fishes with fine scales, and insects with wings like lace, and bees with thick wool, and little flowers. They are very beautiful; more beautiful than people with ears can ever imagine. That is what the sea fairy did for me when she stole my ears. She makes the world little in one way—and big in another. What is it I am copying?"

"A pansy," she had answered.

"And what is a pansy?"

"A flower—my mother has beds and beds of them."

"That is it. You think of a pansy in a bed, but I look at one in the hand—like a jewel. It is enough. See what I can do with it." He picked up the flower and held it so the sun poured through it. "A flower in the sun is the loveliest thing in the world, next to an innocent child. Did you ever see a purple more beautiful? It is like an amethyst, rich and lovely, or like sunlight shining into a jelly made of grapes; that is beautiful, too—the same richness and warmth. It is like purple fire. It shines on my hands so, and look now at the white velvet in the heart and these markings of black and gold, and here at the back the little green cap with the lines running this way, so and so." She had studied the pansy closely under old Conrad Casper's guidance, but he had laid it down presently.

"Come," he said, "I've worked enough, and you are out for a walk. Go with me and I will show you a rusty blackbird's nest back among the canes, and I know a place where the ants are moving out of their house to-day."

He had got up, removed his leather apron, tidied carefully his little single room with the cot and table and stove, the curtained inclosure where boots peeped out, the hooks with pots and spiders on the wall and the three shelves of books, a great Bible, an Imitation of Christ, like her mother's—others.

"A-m-i-e-l-'s J-o-u-r-n-a-l," she spelled one out.

He had his cap on, and his coat, and they went out into the blowy, sunny air. They met Elizabeth, who smiled on old Conrad, and Juliana with her hand in his, skipping along with the spotted sunshade, had gone to look at the rusty blackbird's nest, with five green eggs, and at a long procession of ants moving along the road, bag and baggage, like a marching army. And old Conrad showed her a nest of mare's-tails in the sky, and a far sail out in the bay, a gray shadow edge to her eye; but he could actually see the sort of boat it trimmed. And they stopped to watch a little garter snake challenge them with darting red tongue, and noted the shape of his head, the markings on his back, and presently the shapes of shadows lying over the dusty road cast by the bending clumps of weed. The shepherd's-purse was quite different from the wild grass. And they investigated a spider, crouching on his platform above his web with a husk of dead fly entangled, and had brought him down like a raging lion by shaking his home with a grass blade.

It had been an enchanted faërie week. She had watched the old goldsmith working away at his beauty or getting himself his simple meal of milk, eggs and potatoes, bowing his bald head as he said grace. She had examined dozens of small fine drawings he had made on his walls, little oddments of fauna and flora; looked at the plates in his Nature books; gone abroad to explore this queer world of miniature but abiding interest he lived in. He seemed a happy old man, devout, fond of children, simple. He pulled her stiff black pokered curls, and teased her, joked with her. She had dared to be familiar, flippant even.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked her once, and Juliana wrote in round fat letters on his slate, "A hundred and fifty. You are the oldest man in the world."

Sometimes—quite often—he had spoken about his affliction, yet it had seemed to Juliana he was much happier than her father, who was always busy and sharp spoken. Once when they watched a square-snouted black freighter come up the bay blowing its horn like a hideous imprecation, when Juliana winced before it, old Conrad said, "It is sad that I may not hear a little child laugh or speak, but I am spared hearing the ugliness and bad sounds of the world. Where I live there is always quiet and peace."

She had promised to think of old Conrad, to write him a letter, when she went away. But she had forgotten, even though he had given her a tiny gold bee to remember him by. And now, after a long, long

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time, she remembered him again, so clearly, so vividly, because this young artilleryman had evoked him.

She saw him now, the ex-soldier boy. He was coming in to the bank once more. But he did not approach her. He stopped in the lee of the building, removed his skates, wiped them carefully and turned to leave. She wished now she had asked his name—half wished she had told him her own. She was nothing to him but an elderly, motherly looking woman who had sat a moment beside him.

Yet something of her mood must have touched him, some sense of sympathy between two compatriots. He turned and waved in a friendly farewell gesture to her. It seemed to Juliana that as he waved to her he was at once a portent and a symbol, an exponent of the utterly sound, the promise of a coming sanity.

It was growing late. The light was fading.

"I must go back," Juliana thought.

She got up and shook herself free in her coat, a certain heaviness seizing her spirit as she remembered the things that awaited her. At the top of the bank she looked back. The skaters still skimmed about like human swallows, but there was no longer sun. They seemed darker, blackly silhouetted on the ice. Suddenly in the midst of them she saw again the Malkus boy, his long faunlike leaping, the swift, spinning, toplike movements he made.

III

THE afternoon light had faded to blindman's twilight when Juliana approached her home. A lavender shadow had crept over the snowy street, the first lights had come pricking out. There were fewer cars gliding in the street, and only one pedestrian, a man, a little indistinct and uncertain, some distance ahead of her. At the foot of her steps he paused, as though he were in some doubt as to the situation; but when Juliana reached the steps he had passed on.

Kio opened the door for her. Miss Julie, he informed her, had gone out. Mr. MacNair had telephoned from the club, and she had stated that she would stop for him. She had gone out with Miles in the blue limousine. And there had been a telephone call for madame, long distance, from New York. Mr. Stowall sent word that he would not be back on the 9:15; that he would return in the morning.

Juliana remembered something then. She had forgotten Julie's message to Peter Gamba about the avocado pears. Flighty Julie herself would never think of stopping. It was true that Peter had served them badly of late, and that a word from herself ——

She turned and went down the steps. A low car with a shrill siren note came swiftly down the street. Behind it at the corner she saw the gleaming lights of a large, dark-blue limousine turning in. Then she saw that the man who had preceded her had come back. He approached her on the pavement and she recognized him as the man she had seen earlier, who had sought Stowall; the man with the protruding ears, the big nose, the little bag like a piano tuner's. A sudden impatience seized her—at his persistence, the annoyance, the importunity he suggested. Stowall should protect himself—all of them—from such callers, if need be with someone to watch the house. She could see the limousine moving slowly nearer, and did not wait for him to speak.

"I am told that you are looking for Mr. MacNair—Mr. Stowall MacNair. You cannot see him here. I must ask you to go away and not return. If there is anything urgent the proper place to find him is at the mill."

"Mr. MacNair comes back here to-night, I am told."

He did not take off his hat. He spoke with a slight difficulty, a trace of foreign accent, and she had a disagreeable, persistent feeling of associating him with someone she knew. Over her shoulder now she saw a sparkle of glass, a blur of pale light with a bouquet of familiar faces in it—Miles, Harry, Julie coming home together.

"He will not be here to-night," she said sharply. "He is in New York. But you must not come here again. I am Mr. MacNair's mother, and I forbid it."

She saw that his eye was on the limousine—that he believed Stowall was in it. He leaned a little toward her suddenly, and she saw that his face had changed.

A queer, fainting, greenish pallor overspread it, but his voice was cool, even conversational:

"You people—you rich people think we are dogs and pigs; that you can order us about and lie to us and we must obey your will because you are tyrants. But all tyrants perish."

A glow of white light enveloped them as the searching arcs on the car reached them. She saw him lift his little piano-tuner's bag with a curious swinging movement, and in that moment she recognized him and the quality of his mission.

She thought that she was screaming a warning, and equally that her voice had died in her throat; that the earth moved under her feet, and equally that she hung suspended in an awful void; that she was running with agonized speed, yet stood bound physically as in a vise. Yet somehow, with some aloof part of herself, she was aware that she had flung herself upon this offender, clung to him, struggled for his arm, went down with him. She went down and down. The ground rocked under her. There was a detonating thunder, an unendurable impact as of a stunning blow upon her head.

Then she was on her knees watching strange phenomena—the clawing, jerking remnant of what had been a man on the ground before her, a white smoke that enveloped everything. But more than all, the curious appearance of her house. The whole façade seemed to slip and slide. The MacIntyre door crumpled crazily, marring its perfection, shooting out showers of broken glass, leaving gaping rents. It seemed to her that there were falling lights about her. She was not herself—someone else—the Malkus boy—spinning round and round in the eerie white smoke.

Then the crazed planes of her perspective settled themselves. She was on the ground, unhurt, intact before her home, and she had saved them—her well beloved.

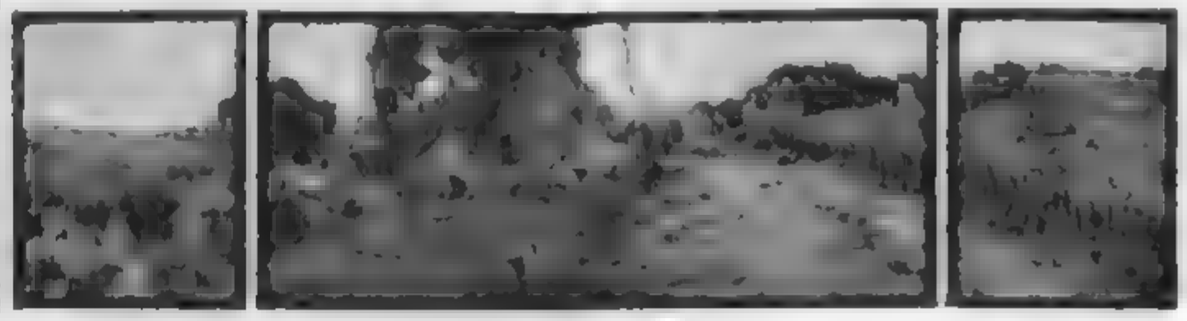
The limousine stood untouched. She saw springing figures about her—Miles the chauffeur, her husband, her daughter, others, Kio, the maids issuing from her house. They came to her, helping, supporting her. She saw Julie's face, the lines of love and anguish springing through the paint, the raw emotion of them all, human beings stirred to the elemental wellsprings of their being. Their lips, their faces moved, crying to her their agony, their solicitude. It seemed to her she could not hear their words for some impalpable black barrier that kept her from them. She suffered herself to be drawn trembling to her feet, with Harry's arms around her and Julie weeping and kissing her.

"Don't cry; I am not hurt," she said. She said it clearly, but the black wall kept them from hearing her, prevented her from hearing herself.

"I am not hurt," she said again, this time more calmly. She knew she spoke the words, for she felt her lips moving, mouthing them. She was quite cool, getting her nerves in hand. "I am not hurt at all," she repeated.

It was then that she realized the truth. She clapped her hands over her ears then, before the staggering, amazing fact of her new status—the wide door that had swung behind her, shutting her into a remote and sheltered world of new-found love and peace.

With the very pang of her first sharp agony there came strangely a sense of respite and release, and a swift flashing picture of a serene old man smiling contentedly at the jeweled coloring of a pansy.



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Saves Steps

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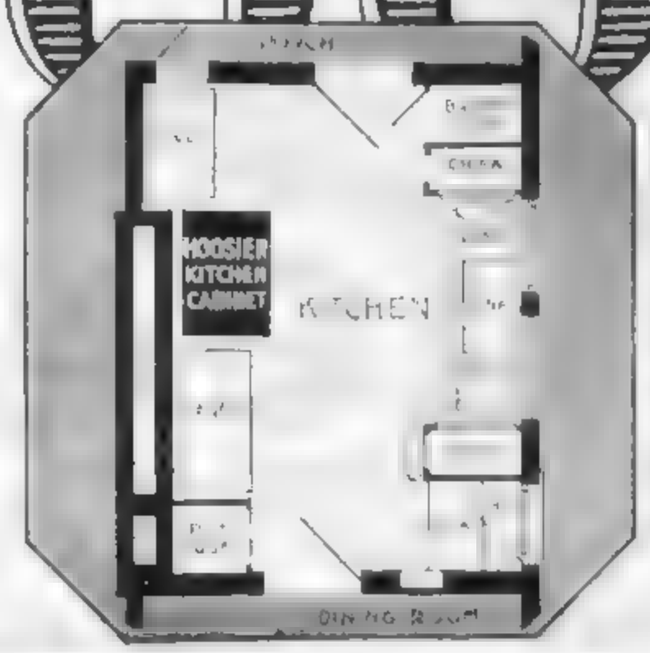

This is one of the fifty model Kitchen plans from "The Kitchen Plan Book." 343 architectural draughtsmen competed for the honor of having their plans included in this book. If you are interested in Kitchen-planning send 25c—much less than the cost of preparation—and the Plan Book will come to you, postpaid.

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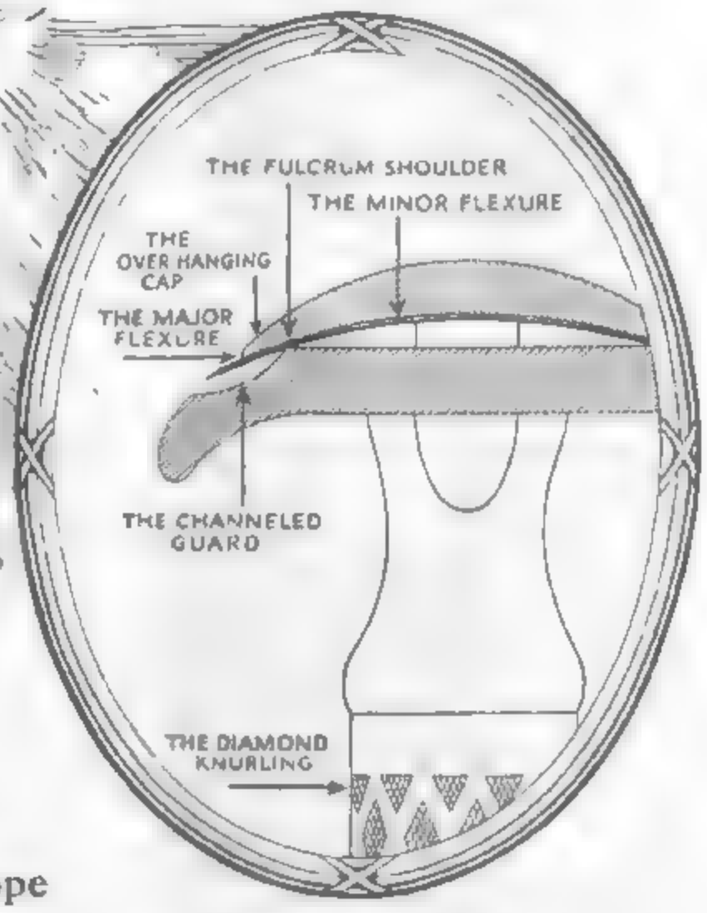

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THE CLASS

(Continued from Page 11)

confidence and worldliness about him, and the incompletely schooled cheater. This latter class is unreassuringly numerous in America. It consists of sharpers from the minor cities acquainted with the more antiquated forms of card trickery, of suburban rogues belonging to many classes, and of a great and ever-growing clan of men who have learned the rudimentary tricks of card manipulation, either from more clever men or from firms which sell so-called trick cards. Usually these fellows have a smattering of underworld culture picked up in various and devious ways. They form the class always most ready to engage in railroad games. The class knows that a large proportion of the fellows who stand itchingly on the fringe of a smoker game belong to this order. They are eager to play and try their subtleties.

Such players have no chance against more expert manipulators. Not one in a thousand of them has ever heard of the daub, and an even smaller ratio would be able to use the pencils or detect their employment. Usually, however, such men know when they have been caught. In a recent case a small-town wisenheimer declared himself into a drawing-room game and speedily lost three hundred dollars.

After the play had been concluded he approached the expert and said, "Well, I'll have to hand it to you. I don't know how you did it, but you did. I'm not hollering, but I'd like to know how you worked it."

This is precisely what the class looks for. In his efforts to avert the eyes of the railway detectives the expert finds it an advantage to cast suspicion on others. Accordingly, when one of these half-informed victims appears, the expert tells him where to buy a breast-holdout machine, strippers, marked cards, all the older paraphernalia of the game. He usually pretends that he himself has been using something of the sort, or he declines to reveal his own methods and palms off his information on the dupe as something quite as good. As a result the minor cheater supplies himself with absurd implements and sets out as a train card player. He is promptly caught by the detectives, his tools are seized and his methods discovered. And the officers blissfully believe that they have caught one of the real culprits.

Double-Crossed

Other finished gamblers use these wise guys in another manner. Approached by them after a game, the clever man says, "Well, I can show you how to make just as much money as I do—if you'll go in with me."

The dupe is always eager, and the gambler at once suggests that a good haul might be made if the dupe were to take him to his home town and there introduce him to acquaintances with money and gaming proclivities. The local cheater usually falls in with this suggestion, takes the real sharper to his town and lets his own friends be victimized for a share of the profits. More often than otherwise the gambler in the end turns about and mulcts the traitor as well.

A story is told of such a local fraud and a train gambler. They happened to meet when both were short of money. The gambler was taken into the cheater's town and introduced to the bartender in a saloon. The bartender was drawn in by the local cheater by the pretense that the game was fixed against the stranger. In half an hour the man of the white apron had lost his own money and the contents of his employer's cash register. He saw through the scheme and complained and threatened. The gambler at once offered to return all the winnings and save the bartender on condition that he be introduced to the keeper of the saloon on his return. The bartender agreed to trick his employer. Later in the day that worthy appeared, was taken aside by the local cheater and lured into the game. He was promptly and neatly divested of all the cash in his register and his safe. He had known the local sharper for years, and never suspected that he had been double-crossed.

But the bartender, suffering a pang of conscience, told his employer what had happened. The saloon man went at once to his victorious false friend and offered to introduce the pair to bigger game if his losses were restored. A fresh bargain was made, and that evening a collector for the local brewery was lured into the game and stripped of two thousand dollars, of which a third went to the local crook.

But the game was not yet played out. The following day the gambler showed up with a man met by accident in the hotel. He drew the local sharper aside and proposed a slightly altered game in which the town fraud was to play against the stranger and win his money. The unexpected happened. The wisenheimer lost all he had won on the preceding day, and something in excess. A man in his position could make no complaint. He was as guilty as his masters, and moreover could not expose them without signifying his own incompetence to his townsmen, whose confidence was his bread and butter. The gambler and his partner left with their spoils and went back to riding the trains.

Black and White in Action

A gambling pair have lately been working this type of game in one of its most complicated and perfected forms. Let us call the two men Black and White, for want of truer nomenclature. White remains always in the background. Black is the active member of the firm. He dupes wise guys only, and specializes in the professional cheater to be found in every city. Go where you will, in any place of fifteen thousand inhabitants or more, and you will find the local character who knows or believes he knows all about cards and other fixed games. He always has the confidence of certain local cliques, politicians and business men with a little larceny in their hearts, to use the graphic words of the gambler. He makes the acquaintance of such men on trains or by going to towns which he has previously scanned, putting up at the best hotel, pretending to be there on business and cultivating the sporting fringe.

Some months ago Black lured into a drawing-room game a cheater resident in a city to be called Blanksburg. Let us call the local sharper Green. Green promptly lost a few hundred dollars to Black, who had his daub working in excellent style. Green withdrew from the table when he saw that he had met his master and waited until play closed. Then he approached Black and made the usual plea. He was a gambler himself, but Black was too much for him. How did he manage such things? Black immediately grew confidential and made Green a proposition. When they reached Blanksburg both left the train, and the foreign gambler went to a good hotel.

"This fellow White I'm telling you about," he said to Green in the privacy of his own room, "is a guy I've known for ten years. He isn't wise to me, but he's suspicious. I don't dare to trim him myself. He'd get next in a minute. But he's ripe, and somebody ought to get him. I think I see a way to do it. What can you do with the cards?"

"Oh, I do anything!" said Green boastfully. "I can run-up, stack, deal tops and bottoms and seconds, or hold out—anything you like."

"Anything but hold out!" Black cried warningly. "Whatever you do don't hold out on this guy. He was stung that way once and he's looking for it every minute. Anything but that and the paper. He's wise to the marked cards too. But everything else goes, including murder."

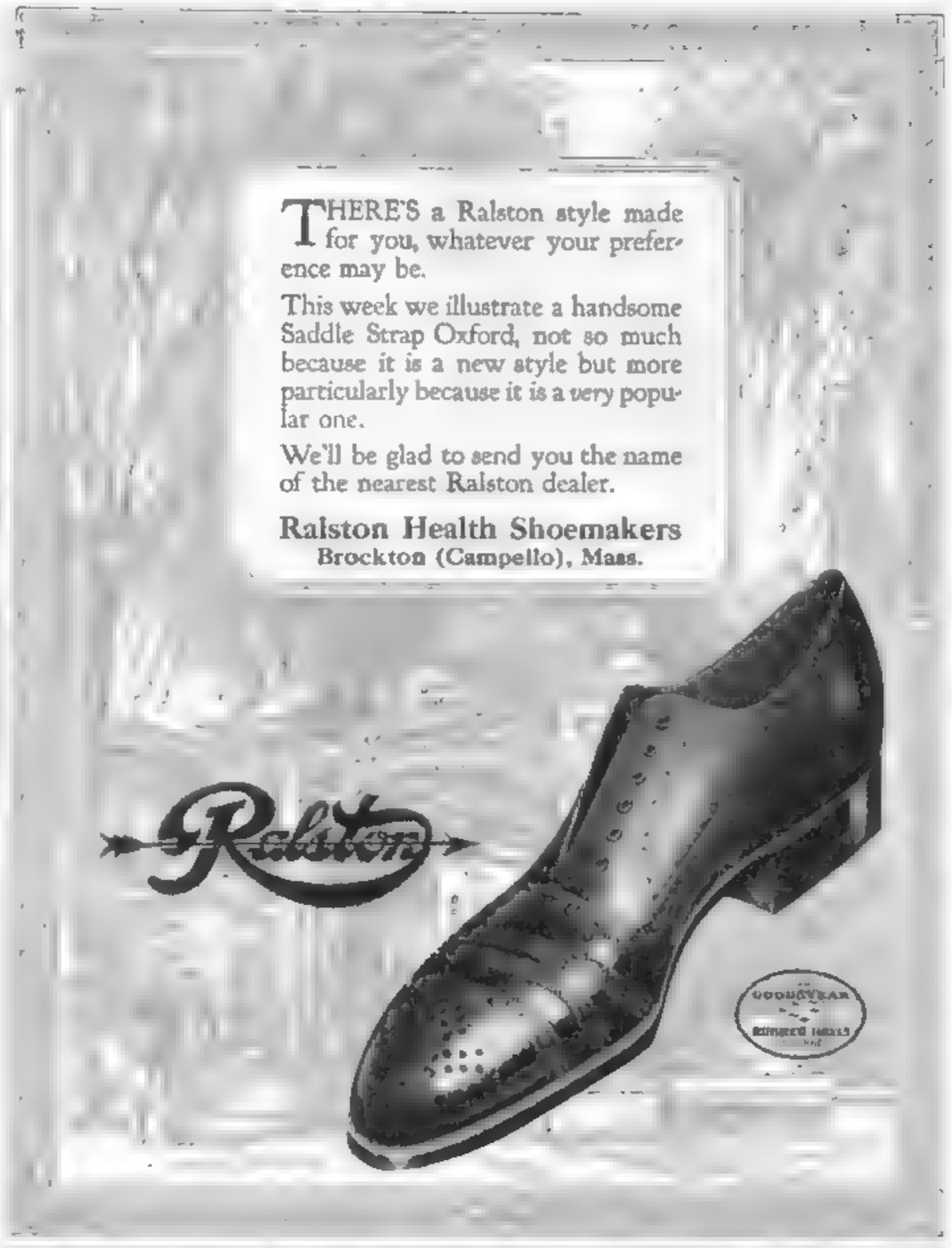
"That ought to be easy," said Green.

"Here's the way we'll do it," Black beamed. "I'll supply the money. You don't need any cash. All you have to do is to play them. I'll wire him that I've got a man here who thinks he can play poker. This fellow White thinks he knows the game. He'll come on for a good game if I wire him, see if he don't. When we get him here I'll fix the game in this room. He trusts me, and I'll sit behind him and flash you what he's got in his hand. Is that clear?"

Without waiting for answer Black dug into his wallet and passed over fifty dollars to Green.

"Buy your first stack with that," he said.

Green crammed the money into his pocket and speculated. There must be something wrong about all this. And yet, how could there be? Wasn't he to play with Black's money? Well, he'd see it through.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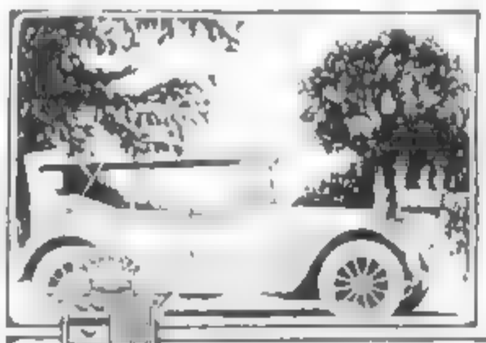

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

A telegram was sent to Mr. White in Chicago, and the same day came a response. White would arrive on the following day. Please reserve a room for him.

When the opulent-looking White arrived at the hotel there were two telegraphic night letters waiting in his key box. He greeted Black genially but with reserve, shook hands cordially with Green and was absorbed in his telegrams as they rode in the elevator. Come to his room, he laid the messages on his dresser and excused himself to wash off the grime of travel. The moment the lavatory door was closed behind White the inquisitive Black stepped over and read through the telegrams. Green could not restrain his own curiosity, and did likewise. They were from White's firm, asking immediate instructions in two deals involving large amounts of money. Black winked at Green and Green at Black.

"If you had this guy's coin you wouldn't be dealing the paper," said Black.

Green did not suspect that these telegrams were part of the build-up, as confidence men say.

The play began after White had several times demurred at the smallness of the game and finally insisted that he would play for table stakes only. Black sat behind White as a spectator and banker, watching closely and signaling to Green as White dealt or was dealt his successive hands. Black signaled with one finger for a pair, two fingers for two pairs, three fingers for threes, four fingers for a straight, the open hand for a flush, the closed fist for a full house, and so on. He had a special signal indicating that he was unable to see White's hand. All these had been agreed upon and practiced in advance.

This Mr. White was a singularly simple and agreeable man. Every time Green beat a hand for him he smiled resignedly, spread out his cards on the table and shrugged.

"That beats me. All I've got is these two small pairs," he would say, and pick up the cards for a fresh deal.

Green supposed that all this was mere geniality and the custom of a man used to a gentleman's game. It never occurred to him that White might be exposing his hands so consistently as part of a game with Black. That, however, was the case. Each time White drew a hand Black signaled to Green. If he signaled three of a kind the genial White laid down threes. If Black signaled a flush White had a flush and showed it. All this was done to still any suspicions in Green's mind. The crooked pair wanted to convince him that Black was signaling the truth in every instance.

After an hour of play, during which White lost slowly but persistently, he began to shed some of his urbanity and to show temper. After he had been caught bluffing several times he refused to show his hands further and threw them into the deck with a glow of anger. About the same time Black several times signaled that he could not see White's hand, and on each of these occasions White won the pot, thereby partly recouping his losses. As soon as he saw his luck turning White grew cocksure and demanded that the ante be raised from one dollar to two. Green pretended to object, but consented. A bit later he caught White bluffing. A few hands further along White began betting pretty high, and Black signaled that he could not see the hand. Green called after a few raises and White won the pot.

The Play Warms Up

White now became more jubilant than ever. He pulled out a large roll of bills, laid it on the table and said, "I'm playing a thousand behind my checks."

Green immediately objected and said he had no such sum with him. White sat back in mock astonishment and asked if he had been brought hundreds of miles to play in a penny-ante game. What sort of deal was this, anyhow? Black stepped in and reassured his friend. Green was well known in the town and had excellent credit, he said. He could certainly get any amount if it came to making large bets. Meantime, why not let the game go on? White acquiesced irritably and play was resumed.

Fifteen or twenty minutes passed. It came White's deal. Green gathered in his hand and saw that he had three aces. He glanced at Black, who signaled plainly that White had one pair. Green opened the pot casually. White fairly took the local cheater's breath by backing a double handful of chips into the center of the table. Green glanced again at Black, who nodded, whereupon Green raised White with all the chips at his command. White immediately came back with his thousand-dollar roll. Green hesitated. He considered. Black had plainly signaled one pair and then confirmed the signal. He had not made a mistake all day. It was clear White was trying to bluff him out. Green rose and said this was the time for him to go for his money. White made no objection. Black, as stakeholder, got two envelopes from the desk, put White's hand into one and Green's into the other, writing the name of the holder on each in the presence of both. He then counted the chips and the money, left all in place on the table and went out with Green, promising to return in a few minutes.

"The softest sucker ever!" he exulted as he went down the hall with the local cheater. "It's like robbing a blind man."

Green led him up through the main part of the town toward the square. They approached the city hall. Black looked at the gloomy building with misgiving.

"Where are you taking me?" he demanded.

"To the chief of police," said Green.

"What's that?" spat Black, eying his companion.

"Sure! He and I are good friends. Been in with me on lots of little deals like this. Always has the cash on hand for anything."

Black felt an inward surge of relief.

"I'll wait for you outside," he said.

Green was closeted with the police lord less than ten minutes. He came out grinning and pressed a roll of bills into Black's hands. They hurried back to the hotel and up toward the room where White was waiting.

"I hope there won't be any slip-up now," said Black as they hurried along the corridor.

He rapped on the door of the room, and just as White laid hold of the knob from within Black whispered to Green, "He's playing them kinda close up to his vest now. I can't get as good a look as I did at first. But I can't be mistaken. I saw only one pair."

Green Begins to Wonder

With that he pushed into the room and threw Green's thousand dollars on the table. It was done in a twinkling, before Green had a chance to draw back. The local gamester felt a sinking, a sense of possible disaster, but Black winked at him reassuringly as he opened the envelopes.

Green drew two cards, White only one. The draw gave Green fresh confidence. He wanted to laugh in the supposed business man's face. Bluffing, eh? Coming a one-card draw with one pair, eh? Little good that would do him! Green picked up his draw. He had not bettered his three aces. He glanced across the table and at Black. The latter had his eyes glued on White as that worthy slowly fanned out his cards close to his eyes. Black, staring into White's hand, gave a sudden start and sat back in his chair. A look of disgust and consternation spread over his face. He stared again at White's hand and tremblingly gave the signal for four of a kind. He looked pale, and gazed dumbly at Green, repeating his signal and his signs of distress.

White reached into his wallet and pulled out a five-hundred-dollar bill, which he tossed into the center with an air of triumphant confidence badly concealed.

"These look worth that much to me," said he.

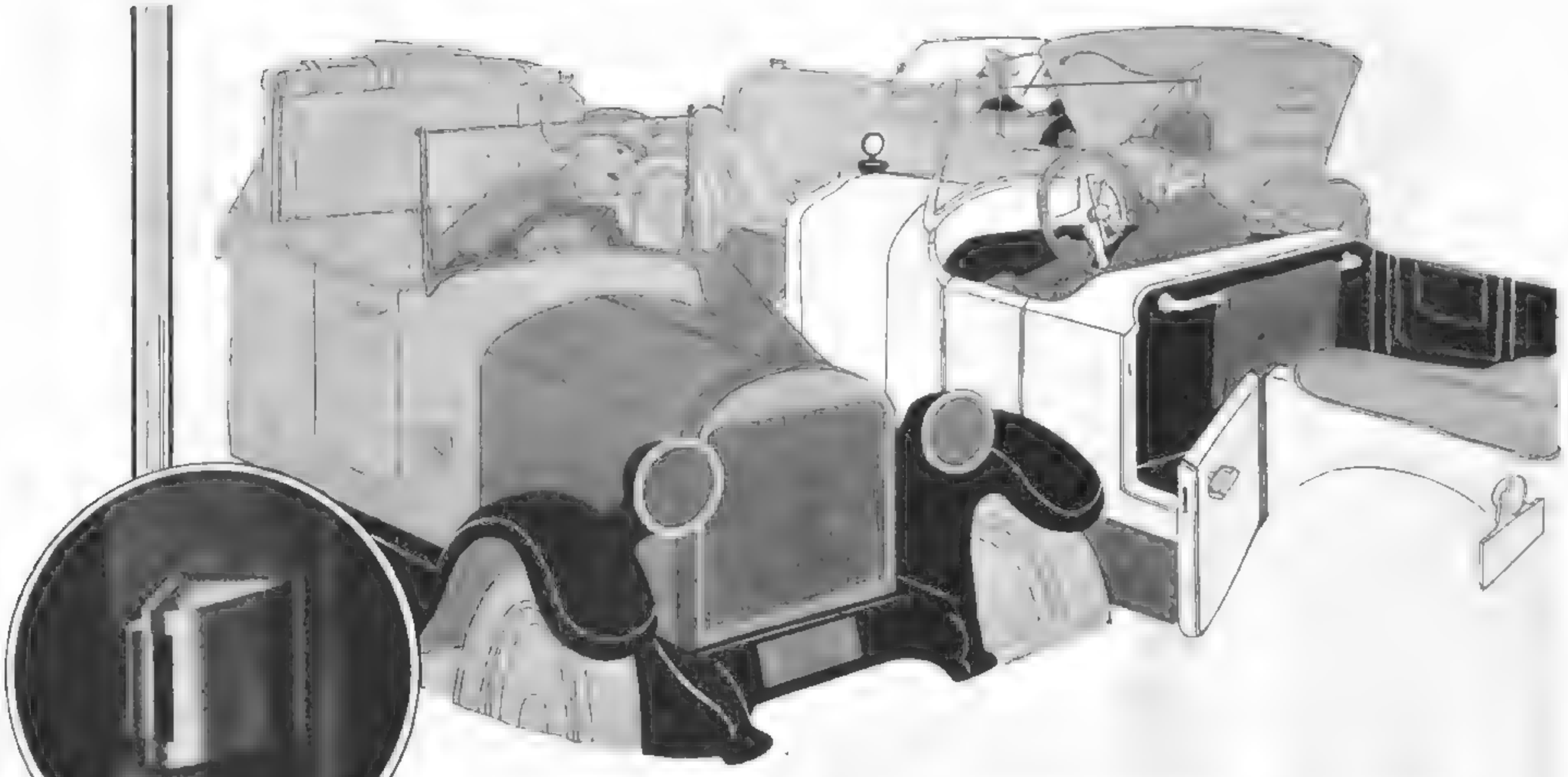
Green took one more quick glance at his hand and threw the cards down. White tossed his hand into the stack, raked in the pot and began to stick the money away in high good humor.

"Come on!" he chuckled. "I'd thought that luck of mine would turn. Didn't have anything but fours that time."

Green got up from the table without further ado. Either he was the victim of one of those unbelievable drop-ins which disconcert the best gamblers ever and again, or this pair had done him. He could not make up his mind which. He didn't wait to recriminate. Neither did Black and White. That very night they were smiling at each other on an east-bound through train.

"What did you have—that last hand when I signaled fours?" asked Black happily.

(Continued on Page 89)



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DID you ever have that thought before you put your foot on the starter—"Is that door closed tight"? Did you ever think, if it was not, of the danger of a side swipe or of loss of rugs or packages?

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The National Seal Company are specializing in taking the worry out of automobile doors.

They specialize in the manufacture of all kinds of good automobile door locks. They specialize on a door lock that locks *absolutely*, and that takes the rattle out of car doors.

With a Sears-Cross Expanding Latch, you can shut your car door with a one finger push. The latch expands behind the striker with an outward pressure which takes up any looseness the door may develop.

The Expanding Latch is a big step forward in eliminating motor car worries.

Forty-five car and body makers have already adopted the Sears-Cross Lock. The rest will come to it. It's just a matter of waking up.

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With these exceptions—
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(Continued from Page 86)

"What did I have?" echoed White. "A bobtail straight open in the middle."

The patois of the gamblers is always a thing of wonderment to outsiders. I have already used some of the terms. Others are even stranger. An old-fashioned gambler is called a percentage man. The preparation of a deck by means of a run-up, or stack, is called the make-up. To distract the victim's attention while another gambler makes up is to tie him up. A specially verdant and well-moneyed dupe is made to order. To trim a profiteer, a hotel keeper or innkeeper or merchant, any kind of man with whom the gambler does business and considers guilty of overcharging him, is called the coco, evidently from the older slang, soak him on the coco. To be in debt for the money needed to start operations is to be on the nut. To raise the ante in a game, apparently unconsciously, when the sucker has what he considers an unbeatable hand and believes the forbidden ante-hoisting to be to his advantage, is termed the shuffle, or coming the shuffle on him. Unexpected cards, bettering the hand of the sucker or the gamester, are referred to as drop-ins or good morning. The deck is called the lumber yard, and drawing cards is going to the lumber yard. Amateur tricksters such as the wise guys before referred to are called led-astrays. When the sucker becomes suspicious the gambler says he has got a flash or he is coming to life. Any extremely crude and daring trick practiced on a sucker is termed murder in the first degree. A poor prospect wears the familiar title of lemon and a good one is spoken of as fair and beautiful. A good gambler, loyal to the gang, is a regular fellow. He is on the level if he keeps his agreements with other gamesters and a dirty crook if he does anything for the innocent and against the gang.

As in all the nether world, this slang is originated mainly for purposes of secret communication among the initiate. Two gamblers are trying out a prospect in the smoking car. One wishes to tell the other his opinion of the intended dupe.

"I think we are going to have beautiful weather," he says unctuously, and his confrere understands that the dupe is worth trying.

If it is desirable to convey the opposite impression the gambler is likely to say, "I think I'll see if I can get a lemonade on this train."

When Candy Men Meet

Gamblers on trains are always referred to as candy men, from the fact that they formerly did business with the news and candy butchers. One gambler, seeing another on a train and wishing to introduce himself, is almost certain to say, "My name is Blue. I travel for the Jones Candy Company, of Akron."

If the reader will remember that to hold out high cards or aces is now always called by the familiar term "going south" he will understand one of the recent poker yarns.

A gambler leaving St. Louis for New Orleans had got up a game in the smoking car and was doing a profitable business. His three opponents were moneyed but verdant, and the kind of thing he was doing would have been referred to by the class as murder or sinking the ship. He was dealing from all positions and holding out aces to boot.

Men from the sleeper came in and went out as the game progressed, stood watching the proceedings, commenting on the hands, making themselves as disagreeable as poker audiences always are. Among the gallery was a big rawboned Southerner with great paws of hands, a bad blue eye and a honeyed drawl. When he reached up to get a towel from the rack the gambling gentleman saw to his slight perturbation that the Southerner was armed. It wasn't reassuring, but it was none of the gambler's affair. He went ahead with his compensating game. The Southerner got his hands washed and stood just behind the gambler.

It came time for this worthy to deal, and he promptly went south with an ace. In that instant the Southerner pressed his lips together and began to whistle softly the air of My Old Kentucky Home. A look of surprise and vexation passed over the trickster's features, but he went nimbly on with the deal, caught the eye of the big fellow through a mirror and nodded slightly.

The gambler kept his poker face in working order, but his thoughts were disturbing.

"You'd never size that guy for a candy man," he considered. "Some funny-looking boobs in this game. He must be the goods though. He saw me go south with that ace and he's declared himself in."

This is, of course, a custom among the cruder followers of the cards.

Presently the train reached a station and one of the players left the game, having lost heavily. The Southerner took his place and immediately began to lose. The gambler wondered. Another station stopped the train. A stranger entered the car, watched the game a few minutes and then flashed the gambler the sign of recognition and brotherhood. The next moment he also signaled that he was in for his share. The first gambler laid down his cards in disgust and quit the game. He was seven hundred dollars ahead. The big Southerner was one hundred ninety dollars behind. The players scattered. The first and second gamblers sat down together.

"I couldn't go on with you, Bill," said the first. "That big guy on my right had already declared himself in. He saw me go south with an ace and whistled the Old-Kentucky tune at me. He must be wise, but I can't figure him out at that. He sat into that boob game and dropped one hundred ninety dollars."

"Why split with him?" asked the second.

"Got to! A guy that knows the signals is too wise to bilk. Besides, I got a flash at his gun."

"Better pay up then," said the other gamester.

The first man went back where the big stranger was sitting and exploded.

"You say you lost one hundred ninety dollars? Well, I won seven hundred. That leaves us five hundred ten to the good. Here's your two fifty-five. But where did you get the nerve to declare yourself in on my game? Who ever told you you could play cards?"

Some Easy Money

The big man took the money automatically and stuffed it into his pocket.

"I don't know what it's all about, stranger," said he, "but I'm certainly much obliged to you."

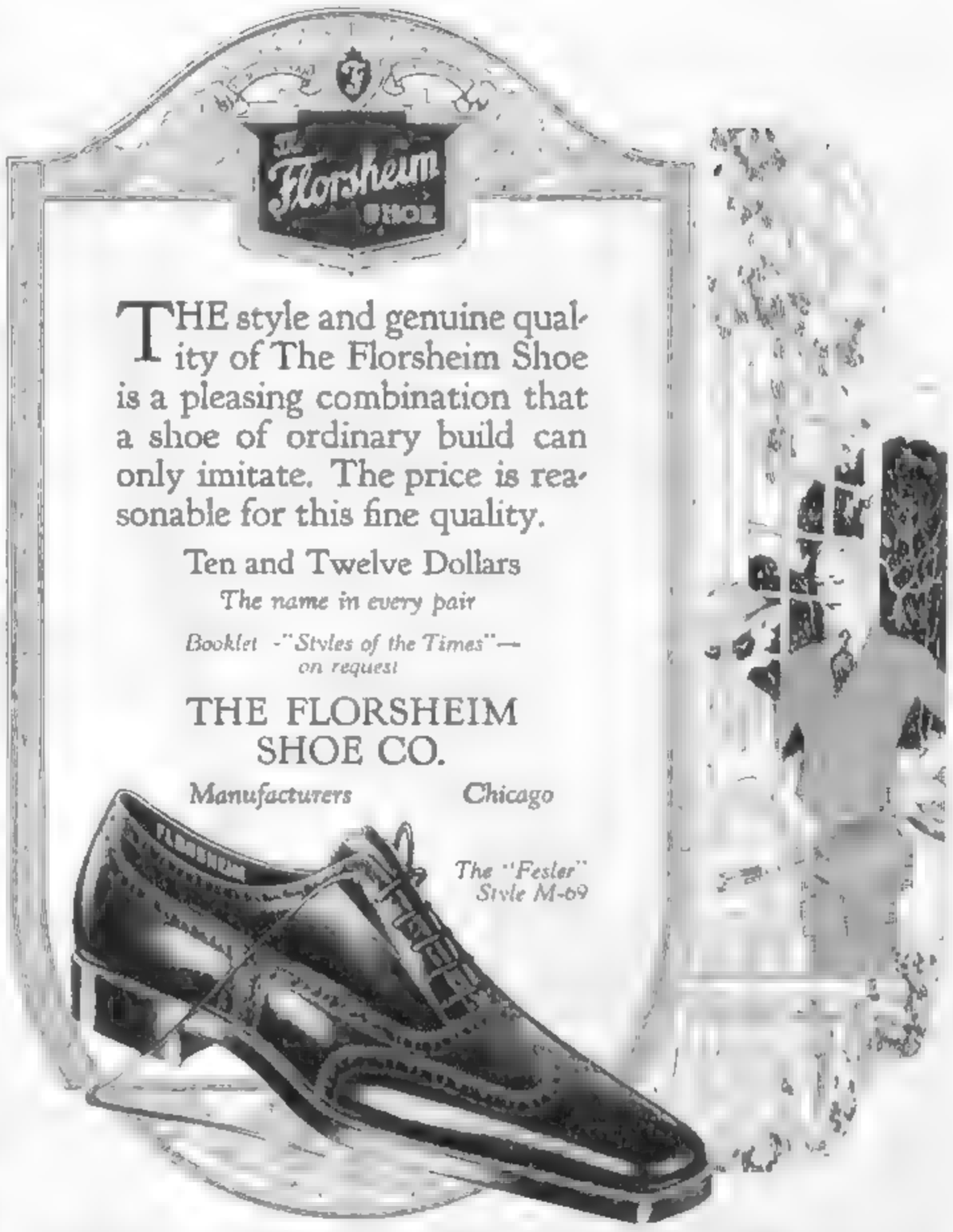
The gambler stared at him in apoplectic rage. That big hulking Tennessee yokel had casually whistled My Old Kentucky Home and the gambler had mistaken it for the signal of partnership—and so it is among the class.

Often enough the upper ranks among gamblers contain a sprinkling of unusual characters. There was one who died not long ago, a tall man, half ruffian and half beau. He hated women as passionately as he loved children. He could recite whole acts of Shakspere with all the mournful inflections of the tank-touring tragedian, and he was one of the cleverest and most resourceful card men who ever rode a train, yet he had a most unsavory reputation even among gamblers, and no man was his friend.

On a train a year or two ago this gambler began playing with a little girl of five who was traveling West with her father, a country-dressed merchant on his way to the Dakotas to put his savings into wheat land. The child made up with the gambler, as all children did everywhere. Often enough he used the little travelers as approaches to their parents, but this was not the root of the matter. He had a genuine weakness for boys and girls.

This child's father was shortly in a stud game with the gambler and two others, one of them the gambler's partner. They had been playing for half an hour with little benefit to the merchant when the gambler stacked a hand against the sucker.

The merchant got aces back to back. The partner got a jack up, or something of the sort. The gambler dealt himself kings. The fourth man dropped out. The merchant bet and the gambler at once came the shuffle on him, apparently unconsciously exceeding the limit. The simpleton looked at his two aces and saw at a glance that the gambler could not have better than kings. He stood for the raise and raised back. For a third card the gambler dealt the merchant a third ace, his partner a second jack and himself a third king. He began to bet 'em up, and the merchant, still aware that his hand was unquestionably the best on the table, hiked the gambler's partner out of the game and forced the gambler to no more than see his raise. For the fourth card the gambler then dealt the merchant a nine and himself a seven. The sucker indulged in still further betting. There was seven or eight hundred dollars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on the table when the dupe finally called for the last card.

Any man who knows cards must realize what was about to happen. The gambler had the deck made up so that the next card off was a deuce or a tray and the second, falling to his own hand, the fatal fourth king.

The veteran card shark picked up the deck with all his ancient calm. The merchant glanced out of the window and said that the fat farms flying by were as nothing to the land he had his eye on in Dakota. At that moment the little daughter opened the door of the stateroom and bounced in. She edged shyly against her father's knee, kissed his rough hand and smiled insinuatingly at the gambler.

The gambler dealt the country merchant a four. He slipped the victorious king half off the pack. Then he hesitated a second. With a flash of his wonderful fingers he suddenly changed and dealt himself a second—the six of clubs. He watched the countryman rake in the pot and quit the game.

A few minutes later the gambler paid his partner what that astonished gamester had lost in the early bets.

"What the devil happened to you?" croaked the partner.

The gambler only glared at him and went back to play with the child. That afternoon he took the father aside, explained to him what he knew about card crookedness and warned him against the game.

The most spectacular trick now generally employed by the train sharpers is called the big mitt. It has been worked a hundred times in all parts of the country, and because it is as much a con game as a card trick, and aimed, as all effective fraud devices should be, at the sure-thing player who is himself content to cheat someone else, its effectiveness survives. It was played with dramatic effect last month on a California-bound train, and the yarn was brought back to me by one of the gamblers.

The gang was traveling in full state, two players and two women passing as the wives of the gamblers. The women were used to cultivate the acquaintance of other wives on the long trip from Chicago, and shortly picked up a couple out of Ohio who had sold out their prosperous trucking business and were going to the coast to live on their money. An ideal dupe, this man, if he could be caught.

The gamblers worked on him for all of one day by playing pitch against each other for high stakes and getting the truckman excited over the apocryphal winnings of the one. But when it came to luring the Ohio man into the game he was obstinate. He did not play cards well. He liked to watch games. Yes, they were sure excitin', but he never gambled. No, sir-ree!

The Voice of the Tempter

The gamesters estimated him correctly as a sure-thing player, and that night the man who had won broached a proposition to the Ohioan.

The two were sitting late in the smoking compartment, the other gambler having purposely retired early. His partner was still toying over the table with a deck, performing various card tricks for the amusement of the sucker, who evinced great interest.

"Guess you kin do purt' near anything with cards, eh?" said the truckman.

"Just about," said the other, running out a magnificent-looking royal flush.

The sucker's eyes glowed as he looked on that unbeatable hand and thought of the other man's skill.

"That the way you won so much today?" asked the simpleton.

"Well, use your own judgment on that," said the other. He mused a moment, and went on, "If I had any real money with me I could make a killing off that fellow. I could get ten thousand away from him as easy as shooting fish."

The truckman was interested, and soon entered into a deal. His new friend was to engage the second stranger in a poker game the following day, with other players if any could be found. The truckman was to sit behind his friend and watch the hands. As soon as the royal flush—the big mitt—appeared in his man's hand he was to slip five thousand dollars in bills to the gambler under the table, and that conspirator was to bet it, or as much as the opposing player would cover.

The gamblers sought in vain the next day for other players wanting a game as steep as theirs. In the middle of the afternoon they got down to a two-handed game in their drawing-room, with the truckman from Ohio as the solitary witness. The gamblers had calculated carefully that their coup must not be made until the train was pulling into a station, where they could get off in case of a row. The chosen city would not be reached until ten o'clock at night. So all afternoon they played along on fairly even terms, save that the first gambler occasionally dealt himself a hand to keep the truckman convinced of his powers.

"We have to go slow on this," he whispered to his backer when they had halted the game at seven and were on their way to the diner. "I don't want to pull the big hand till we've played a while longer. Makes things look more regular."

Play was resumed before eight, and the opposing player won consistently. The watching truckman said nothing, believing this to be another bit of his friend's subtlety.

Then the engine whistled for the approach to the city, and in that moment up came the royal flush.

The man from Ohio sat behind his champion with bulging eyes, his roll of bills clutched in a sweaty hand. As the player opened out the hand the truckman went over the cards, his lips almost forming their names in his excitement—"Ace, king, queen, jack, ten of spades!"

He passed the bills to his player much too awkwardly ever to have escaped the notice of careful players. There was a catch in his heartbeat as he let go his money.

The Dead Hand

The opposing gambler opened, met a raise before the draw and hiked again. The truckman's champion came back with a boost of a thousand dollars and the enemy raised it two thousand. The man with the royal flush in his hand met the last raise and was left with just a thousand dollars for the final betting. In the draw both men stood pat, and stared at each other with questioning eyes, assumed for the stranger's benefit. The opposing gambler checked the bet like a cautious man, and his rival promptly backed his last thousand into the ring.

The other player considered dubiously for a moment, glanced through his hand and finally met the bet.

"I'll have to see you," he said. "I've got too much money in there to back down."

The truckman's player laughed triumphantly and tossed his hand to the table.

"Just a little royal flush," he said, and spread out his arms and hands to rake in cash and chips.

Instantly his opponent reached out and put his hands on the cards thrown down by the triumphant player.

"Just a moment! Just a moment, please!" he warned. "I think you've got six cards there."

He spread out the royal flush with his fingers and ran through the cards.

"I thought so!" he crowed. "Ace, king, queen, jack, ten and nine of spades!"

There was a scene of consternation. Names flew, threats were made. One or two outsiders were drawn into the room by the commotion. The players appealed to them and they promptly decided that six cards constituted a dead hand, giving the big pot to the opponent of the Ohio man and his player.

The latter remembered that he had a Hoyle in his grip and produced the book. The authority decided in favor of the opponent, and that smiling rascal quickly gathered up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

The train was pulling into the depot just as the gamblers had planned it. They were still arguing when the wife of the winning trickster poked her head into the drawing-room and said, "This is our station, Fred. Hurry!"

"Is this Noville?" asked the gambler in feigned surprise. "By the gods, it is! Sorry, gentlemen; have to leave you."

And without another word he was up and gone into the night. He had simply held out the nine of spades earlier in the game, and when his partner laid down the royal flush of the spade suit he slipped the nine into place by a simple trick of prestidigitation.

By this simple device another sure-thing man had been big-mitted out of five thousand dollars.

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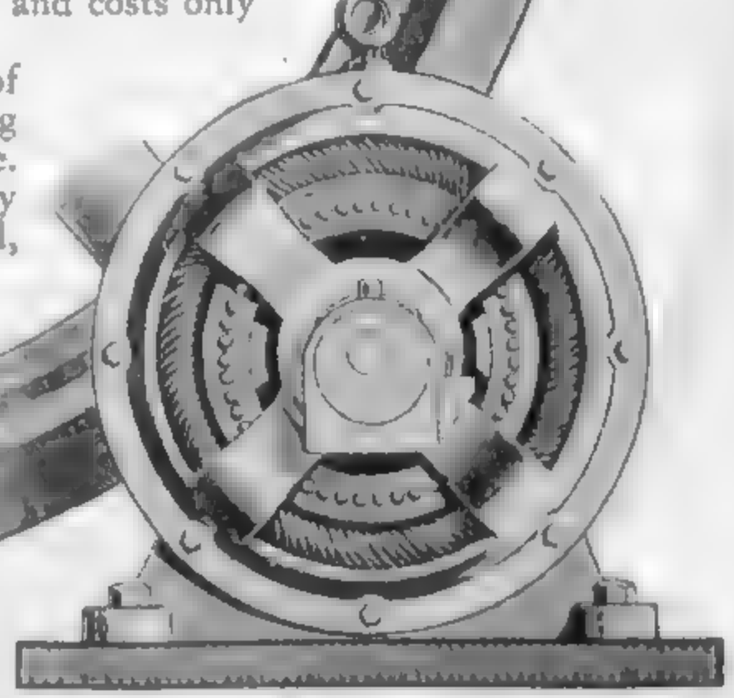

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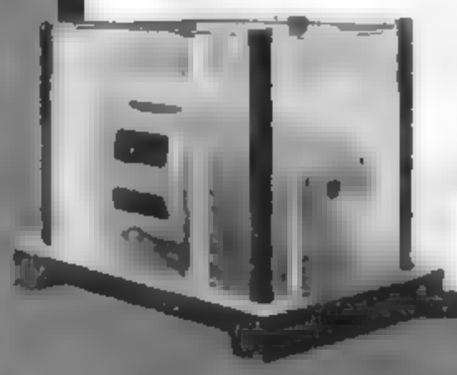

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Look now at your car of today, and see what ten short years have wrought. The horn, the lights and the starting mechanism are all electrified, each made reliable and economical and safe. All the unwieldiness, the uncertainty, the inconvenience taken out of motoring, and instead, a simplicity and a satisfaction that require but the pressure of a button for their realization. To say nothing of a perfect ignition system thrown in for good measure.

In 1921, for the first time, every manufacturer of passenger automobiles in this country makes at least one model with in-built electrical equipment. Nothing that has happened in the automotive industry speaks more truly of progress than this.

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Always Demand Genuine Parts;
Beware of Pirate Parasites.

Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

HIGHBROW HAND-ME-DOWNS

(Continued from Page 21)

That he should appreciate the full horror of his failure is at the present time improbable; for no one yet knows the unrealized possibilities of the motion picture, or how far it will ultimately differ from the written story and the spoken drama. But this we do know: The author, or word-writer, gets his effect by an arrangement of words; the picture-writer gets his by an arrangement of pictures. We have all seen children play the game of taking ten words and fitting them into a sentence. That is authorship. The difference between the ordinary writer and the extraordinary one is a matter of the choice and arrangement of words. Give Bernard Shaw ten words, or a hundred, or a whole language, and he will produce an arrangement unlike anything John Jones' mind is likely to conceive. Anybody can find plots—a man died the other day who had invented four hundred of them!—but it is given to very few to place one word in relation to another in such a way as to produce character, suspense, feeling.

If, as we have seen, the chief difference as a writer between the unknown author of four hundred novels and a really great writer is in the physical arrangement of his words, how can the writer's high gifts—which are certainly those of language—find expression in a medium where language should be neither seen nor heard? The answer is that unless the writer has the twin gift of telling stories in pictures as well as words they cannot and should not. Not one book in a thousand can be dramatized, even when adapted to the stage by a skilled playwright. Otherwise we should have each year a hundred successful adaptations instead of two or three. Every playgoer knows that all truly great dramas must be written for the stage. As for the same person being able to write books and plays—to do even two kinds of writing in words—the phenomenon is very, very rare.

Talent Misapplied

Just as the same fingers seldom express genius on the piano and the violin, and the same hands seldom create Madonnas and façades, and the same voices seldom achieve opera and oratory, the kindred gifts of the written and the spoken word have seldom found expression in one mind. And so—although it may seem logical that a man who can tell stories in one medium is the ideal man to tell them in another—the history of literature itself tells us that it is not done. It tells us, as clearly as though it foresaw the invention of the motion picture, that the last place to look for masters of a new technic is in the ranks of those habituated to the old. It tells us that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the man who handles paper and ink with the touch of the master will find the celluloid of the films exploding in his hands!

The case against the author is so strong and so utterly obvious that no one but the old-time movie man could have fallen into such expensive folly. The type of man who happened to be present at the birth of the new industry was not given to fine distinctions. The fact that pianists and dancers, word-writers and picture-writers, called themselves artists was enough to prove to him the interchangeability of fingers and toes and words and pictures. This man, groping in darkness thicker than that of his own auditorium, blindly turned for help to fiction and the drama. Needing men to tell stories in pictures, he hired men who told stories in words. He might have hired poets and composers. The same man might have hired Tetrazzini to build the Grand Central Station. He was that kind of man.

It is easy to forgive the old-time movie man his ignorance, and hard to forgive the author his guilty knowledge, but the important thing for the reader and the movie fan is to see how best this ill-assorted pair can straightway be divorced—and something better substituted. Frankly, the movie man is giving considerable thought to this problem himself. He may not be distressed by the author's crimes against art, but he is infinitely pained by crimes against himself. Taking thirty or forty or fifty thousand dollars for a mediocre story that nine-tenths of the movie public does not know even by name has come to be a crime in the movie man's eyes.

Paying such sums for goods of doubtful value is certainly the kind of criminal recklessness that wrecks a bonanza or exhausts a mine. And it is just beginning to be recognized that the motion-picture business is neither of these things. Here is one of the five great industries of the world, probably near the peak of its commercial prosperity, capable of producing a profit of two hundred million dollars a year, and yet we look in vain for movie magnates' palaces on Fifth Avenue, for parterre boxes at the Metropolitan, for villas by the sea—this in spite of the recognized fact that in the movie business them that has 'em wears 'em, and wears 'em on the front! The reason for the comparative poverty of the original movie baron—padded poverty though it be—is the sense he had of his own inferiority in the presence of an unfathomable mystery. He knew less about acting than the actor, less about directing than the director, and in most cases nothing at all about the work of the writer; and in the cowardice of his ignorance he divided his fortune among them.

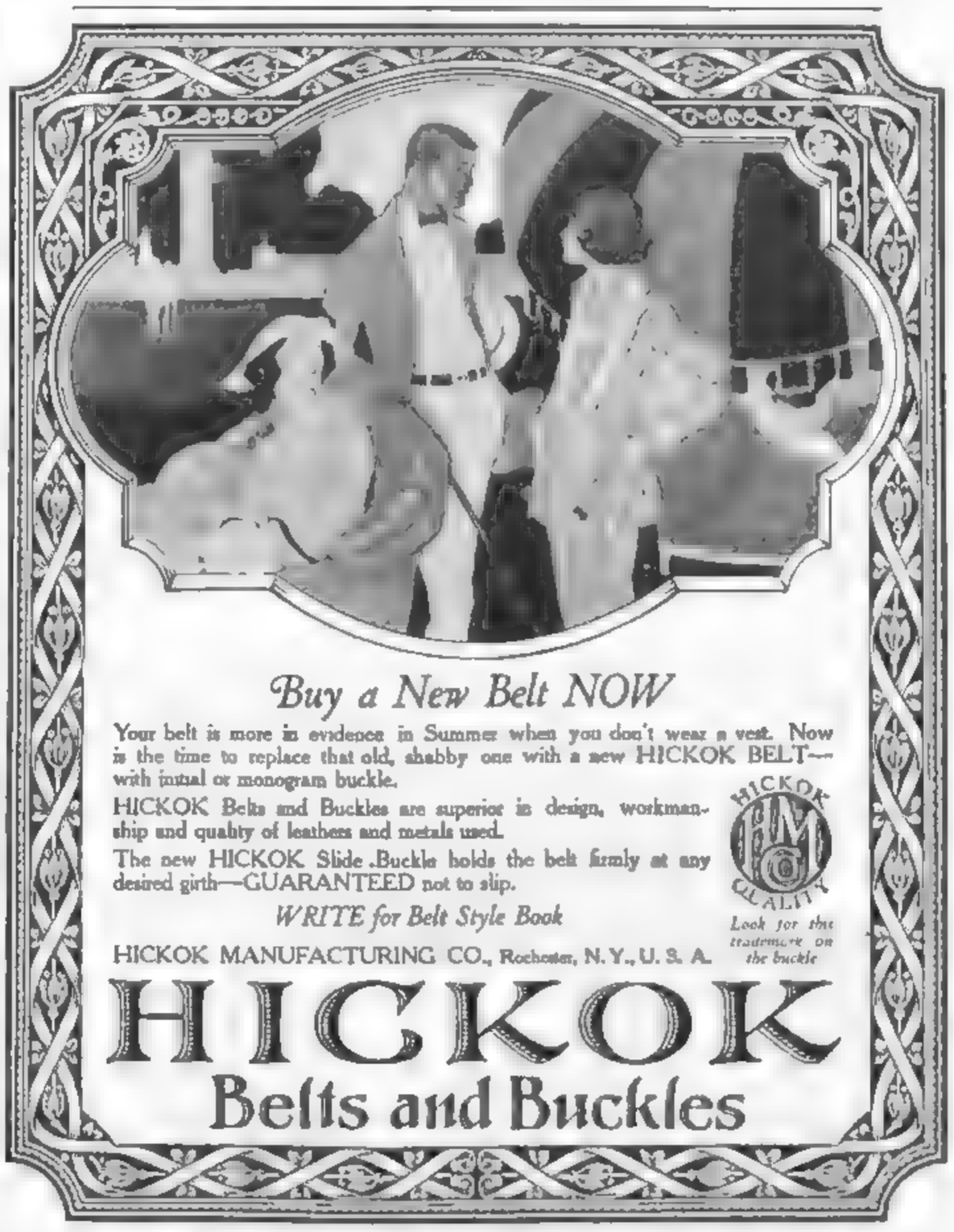
This profligacy of the old-time movie man created a condition of chaos in the industry that has at last forced reorganization and readjustment. The new type of business man, who will henceforth sign the movie checks, will analyze his product and his market; and the first thing he will discover is how little the inferior star and the borrowed author enter into the excellence of either. The facilities for this analysis are at his right hand. The man in Sedalia, Missouri, who turned his profitable haberdashery store into a picture show by taking out the counters and putting in chairs, was, and still is, a merchant. He must know what goods his public wants, and he must buy and sell those goods at the right price; or, in the language of his new trade, he must know what films draw the crowd and he must pay a rental price for their use in strict relation to their drawing power. He is therefore continually analyzing his business and reflecting the result of his analysis in the films he rents and the price he is willing to pay.

He finds that he can afford to pay fifty dollars a day, or even a hundred, for Pickford, Fairbanks or Chaplin, because they pack his house and please his people; and that he cannot afford to pay twenty-five dollars or even five dollars for an indifferent film by the eminent but to him unknown author, Mr. Gazink—if, as so often happens, only half his people come and half of them walk out. But the manufacturer of the film, who has paid Mr. Gazink a large sum of money for his story instead of paying the same money to a star of known drawing power—the manufacturer must get just as high a figure for his film or lose money. This is a business situation in which only the very fit survive.

Box-Office Criticism

In facing these drab commercial facts we have wandered far from the temples of art—but so has Mr. Gazink. He was keen to face the alluring commercial considerations that brought him into the movies; he may as well face those that may be driving him out. At least, he should know that if he hopes for continued profit from condescending to the movies he must ultimately satisfy the men who sell his pictures and sign his checks. Unfortunately for him, and fortunately for the public, they are perhaps the coldest-blooded, plainest-spoken and quickest-acting bunch that ever collided with the artistic temperament. One instance of their jovial brutality will suffice.

Some years ago, before the legitimate actor fell out of the movie heaven—the annoying analogy between author and actor will recur—a distinguished actress of great beauty and charm gave a dinner to the men who controlled the fifty largest picture theaters of the country. The dinner was a bubbling success. Wine flowed as wine could flow in those days, and the lady smiled as only she could smile. Finally the hostess, who at that time was drawing a salary equal to an author's ransom, made a neat little speech, in which she asked for suggestions and criticisms to help her in her picture work. She got them. The Seattle man's patrons did not like her walk; the Detroit public requires something a little more snappy in the wardrobe; Chicago objected to her always being photographed with her good side to camera; Boston found her cold; and finally the gentleman from Louisiana closed the meeting



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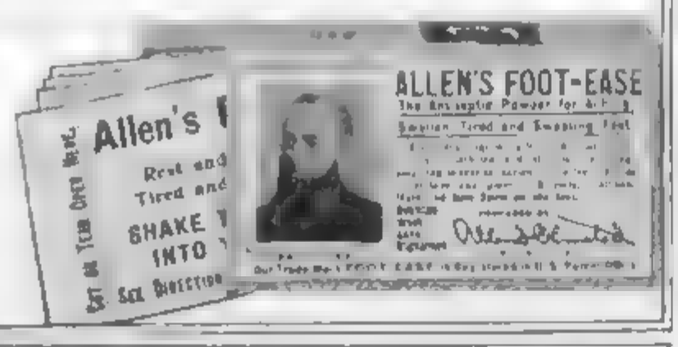

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The public itself is even more brutal than its representatives. It is axiomatic in the trade that two poor pictures in succession will kill any star; and by a test of equal acidity there is scarcely a famous author who has not qualified for slaughter. But with the author's public the chief factor against him is time. The movie mill grinds so rapidly that the new art has long since exhausted the storehouses of the old, with the result that most of the really good things have already been done, and nothing is left us but the mediocrities. All the great melodramas from The Fall of Man to The Heart of Maryland, all the great yarns from Homer's Iliad to Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee—every specimen of the written word in the vaguest way suited to the screen has passed before the eyes of the movie audiences, until they know more literature—and know it wrong—than any other class of people in the world.

Real Screen Writers

As for the current successes—the best sellers and the sure-fire hits—the cheerful movie plagiarist now beats them to the screen. Cheating Cheaters, a stage mystery play apparently born to movieize, was done a hundred times, under different names and with minor twists of plot, before the original reached the screen; Doris Keane's Romance, preceded by a thousand imitations, failed decisively in picture form. And so it goes. The choicest treasures of the library and the most ingenious plots and original ideas of the stage are no longer novelties in the movies—and the movie public must have novelty.

In the old days, before the motion picture emerged from a flickering mass of cheapness and vulgarity, the manufacturer of pictures was able to satisfy his public with films bearing his own trade-mark; but the magic names soon lost their charm and their existence. Thereafter the sheep-minded movie man plunged into the business of making stars. This was the period when he raked the stage and the halls for actors and actresses to whom he could hitch his wagon.

Confronted with the waning brilliance of all but a few of the real movie-trained stars, he began to magnify the importance of the director; but for some obscure psychological reason the popular appeal of the director began and ended with one man, Griffith. Once more the wily movie man looked about for a talking point and hit upon the author; but the name of the author, like the name of the director, has failed to fire the imagination of movie audiences. Crudely, the author has failed to sell goods to the public. And now the newest tendency of the manufacturer is once more to emphasize his own trade names—new ones of his own choosing—which means just one thing: That the name of the author and the fame of his works, having served their time as novelties, are through. Every dollar spent to popularize the trade name of the manufacturer is one more proof that the transplanted author, like the transplanted actor, has lost his value even as a decoy.

The author's exit from the screen, which is obviously not only predestined but immediate, makes room for the real screen writer—the man who has learned to express himself in pictures instead of words, the man who combines the same qualities that we immediately recognize in the work of the leading screen actors. He need not smile like Fairbanks or walk like Chaplin or weep like Gish or pout like Pickford, but he must be able to create, by the choice and arrangement of the scenes in his picture, the more fundamental illusions that these four artists so successfully create.

The Fairbanks quality is projection. When Douglas comes bounding into a peaceful movie scene he jumps right out of the picture into the audience. This would be fatal to a stage play, but it is great in the movies. The Chaplin quality is precision. Charlie is always in the picture, always doing the same things he would do on the stage, but—recognizing the far more exacting requirements of the camera—he does each thing more carefully and more precisely. Chaplin satisfies the camera; Fairbanks amazes it. The screen writer therefore who would use the full possibilities of his medium must combine the detail of a mosaic with the brilliant daubs of a poster.

The Gish quality is poetry. If you saw Broken Blossoms or Way Down East you know there is something about Lillian Gish so facile, so subtly shaded, that the expression of her face transmits emotion too delicate and elusive for the human eye, unaided by the searching lenses of the camera, to detect. The Pickford quality is personality.

There are other requisites, more or less mechanical, which the screen writer should have, but if he knows his four P's—projection, precision, poetry and personality—he knows his business. If, in addition, he is resourceful enough, since he is working in the newest of the so-called arts, to use the resources of the old—to take rhythm from the dancer and form from the sculptor, strength from the architect and beauty from the painter—he will make the motion picture what it should be, a protean symphony of all the arts.

Who will perform this miracle? There are at least four sources ready to supply men and women born with the four P's and already more or less trained in their use. The first and, as we have seen, the least promising source is the literary profession. There will always be a very few authors who have a certain flair for the screen. The next smallest but most immediately promising source is the motion-picture studio. Directors are emerging who have creative genius and the taste and education and fineness of feeling to express it. Scenario writers, too, must think in pictures or lose their jobs. This group is ready. The third source is what the baseball man calls the bushes—where the future greats with something in them are struggling to get it out. Many a youthful genius—a misfit in literature or painting—will find his medium of expression in motion pictures. The fourth and in the end the most promising source is the schools, the colleges and the movie theaters themselves.

No Happy End for Authors

Our chief concern is likely to be as to how far he has incapacitated himself for resuming his former job; and how far we are justified in receiving him. In other words, can the author come back? Some of the actors did.

Those who regarded the whole thing as a joy-ride, and stayed just long enough to fail, returned apparently unhurt to their former popularity. The more ambitious or more greedy actor, who lingered long enough to estrange his old public without gaining the affections of the new, is still wandering wearily between studio and stage. He might just as well be dead.

So it will be with the author. The worst offenders will be forgiven. The distinguished author, who did not need the money and who set a bad example to the others—he will find plenty of defenders. "After all," they will say, "his temptation was great and his knowledge small; he acted hastily and is sorry." But the lesser author, who did give sufficient thought to his new job to see that it was different from his old and yet could not resist its golden allurements is, like the disappointed actor, artistically dead. He is the man who began to write with one eye on the printing press and one on the projection machine until, between cross-eye and astigmatism, he rarely sees either.

So for the author there is for once no happy ending. Even from this brief autopsy it must be clear that the chance of his being able to stay where he is—in the movies—is exceedingly thin. The chance of his being able to come back to literature, if he stays away too long, is even thinner. And the chance for him, if he does come back, grows daily more infinitesimal. For the world has not waited for the author—especially his world, which has changed more rapidly in this decade than in any other ten years since writing began; and the mind and temper of his readers have changed—diametrically. The author chose the wrong time in the history of the world to get off the main track; his cars may be loaded with gold, but his train stands idle on the spur. The world has thundered by. You cannot spend your best years making money and keep pace with a world that has been making miracles. You cannot bury your head in the ostrich farms of California and meet, unblinking, the light of a new day. You cannot let people forget you and rely on the fatted calf. You cannot be a failure in Eldorado and a hero in the old home town.

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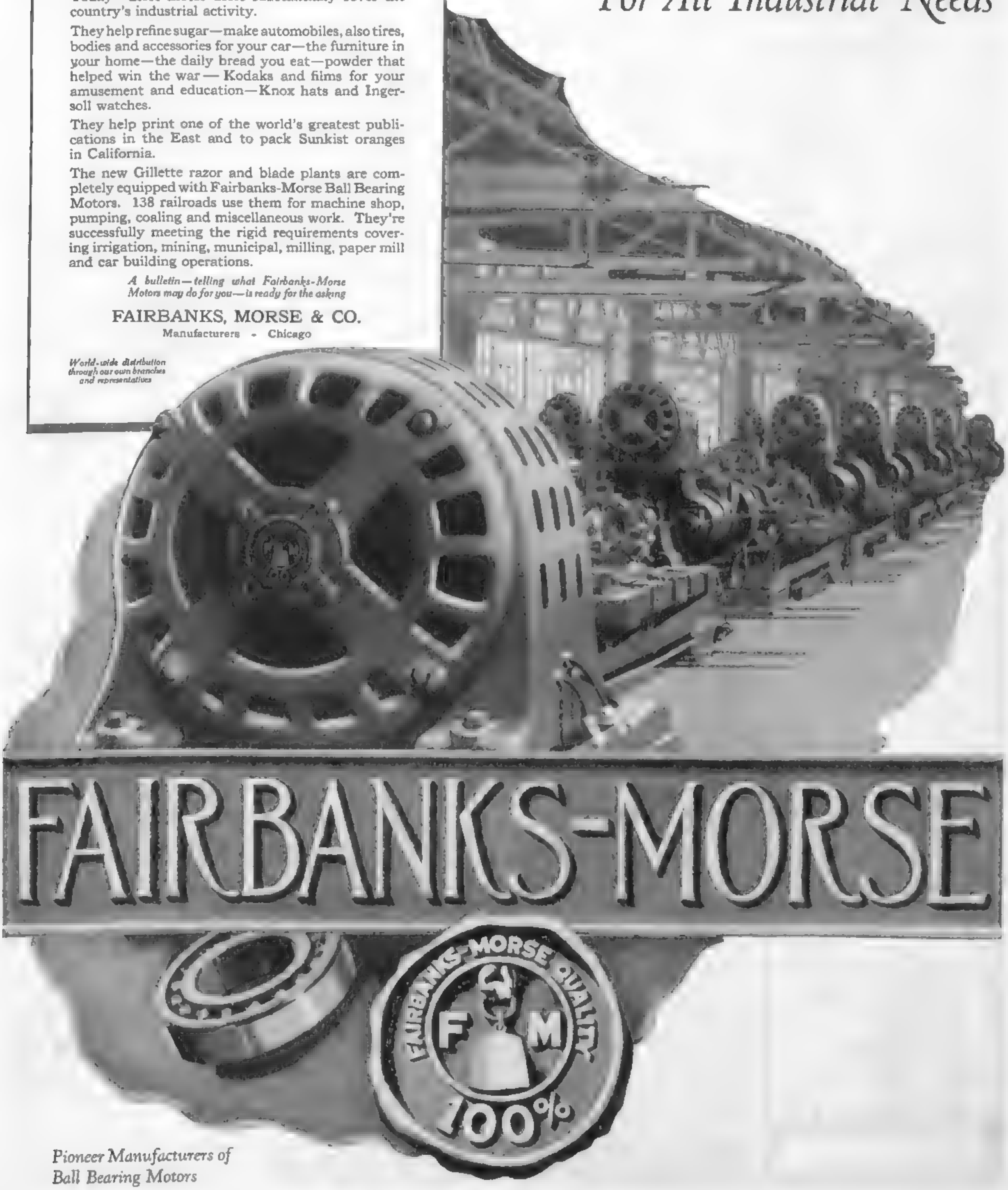

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NIGHT LIFE AND THOMAS ROBINSON

(Continued from Page 9)

"All I know about it, dear, is that when I came home this afternoon there was a telegram from Bobo Lindsay, a Philadelphia boy at school, saying that he was in town on his way back, that I was to meet him to-night at the roof, that he would get a table, and that it was important. So I thought"—he hesitated ever so slightly—"I thought I'd go."

"Certainly. Why not? Do you think the party will be just you and—this Bobo? By the way, Tom, I love his name."

"He might have guests. Jerry Shaw, from Easthampton, for example."

"Yes," said Mrs. Robinson sweetly. "Go on."

Perhaps Thomas Robinson had not intended to go on.

"He might have others."

"Oh," said his mother. "Ladies?"

"It might be. I don't know, mother, a thing more than the telegram said. But it might be a Mrs. and Miss Fenn."

"Do I know them? Of course," she went on, as if she were afraid that the conversation might seem too serious—"of course I realize there are lots of ladies in the world whom I don't know."

"You do this one—in a way. Do you remember when we came back on the France there was a girl with a plaid skirt and a Scotch cap with a cairngorm ornament?"

"Oh, my goodness!" cried his mother. "Wasn't that plaid skirt rather short?"

"Not any shorter than Hilda Willson's and the Archibald girls'."

"No," meditated his mother, "that would be scarcely possible. And they're among the fashionable débutantes of the year. I see your point, my son. Go on."

"Her name is Phœbe Fenn. And it turns out that Bobo has met her. She's from Indianapolis. She's studying singing here in New York. She has a mother——"

"Oh, my dear," murmured Mrs. Edgar Robinson, "haven't they always? Oh, I mean," she went on hurriedly, "I'm sure she has, I'm glad she has"

"Of course you can be sure the mother is coming to supper."

"Oh, mothers go to supper, do they? Is that the vogue?"

"She's great fun, the mother. And so is Phœbe. Oh, mother, you know nobody calls anybody by last names any more! She's a nice girl, I think, mother; and she's hoping to go on the stage in musical comedy."

"Yes, I'm sure I hope she will," murmured Thomas' mother in an uncertain kind of way. "Why," she went on slowly, "do you say you only think she's a nice girl?"

"Well, mother"—and suddenly her boy flushed—"I'm going to talk to you the way you said I should. Bobo says that the other evening he kissed her in the taxicab. And I—well, I didn't—but I had afterward a kind of feeling that perhaps I could have too."

His companion turned a little pale.

"Does that mean, mother, that she's not a nice girl?"

"Ah," she replied quickly, "I wouldn't want to say that, not on that evidence."

"Mother," said Thomas Robinson, rather solemnly it seemed to her, "I'm going to ask you a funny question."

"Are you, dear? Well, I'll try to answer it."

"When you were a girl you were a nice girl, I know; now weren't you ever kissed by anybody but dad?"

One instant she hesitated, and then she took the plunge.

"Yes, I was," she answered. And then she laughed. "I was kissed at Bellhaven in a surrey—that was before people kissed in motors—by Ned Haddon. Oh, my goodness, I wish you could see him now—fat and a sight. But he was very handsome then—though no handsomer than you, Thomas—and he kissed me—and no, I didn't mind. And I was really a nice girl. So there, boy, there's the truth."

"Well?" her son asked.

"Well," she replied, "all it proves is, dear, that I suppose you must judge for yourself who's nice and who isn't. All the advice I can give you is that the nice people really are the nicest. And the most amusing if you're out for pleasure."

"The most amusing, would you say, mother?" Was there the least trifle of an air of being tolerant, out of his vast experience, of his sheltered darling mother?

They were rising to go on to the play. A little early, perhaps, but it was nearly nine, and they were both fond of the theater. She paused a moment and her head was flung back with a queer little air of bravado that he didn't quite recognize.

"Oh, yes," she said. "For all you know I may be more amusing than—all I mean is that I may be more amusing than you have any idea of, Thomas. Really, nice people often are."

These remarks may seem enigmatic. If they have any meaning will be best seen in the light of Mrs. Edgar Robinson's later conduct. At the moment they caused no further comment. The pair of them went on to Tinkle Tankle, where Thomas Robinson found it very pleasant to be with a lady who talked so little during the acts and so much during the *entr'actes*, contrary to the custom prevalent in the best New York society. With a kind of rapture—it was really all that—he recognized afresh how pretty, how attractive, how much a lady his mother was. But there is a logical deduction here. Did he, we may wonder, make it afresh? A lady is or should be—oh, very much the mother of a gentleman!

An evening passed at a New York musical comedy is said not to stimulate thought—all the very most high-class critics tell you so. But perhaps they have not seen Tinkle Tankle, or at least do not know Thomas Robinson or his mother. For as he and his fair companion came out with the crowd there was something in the air between them, as if during the spasms of jazz each had thought, each had come to some decision. The car was not yet in sight, the chauffeur was playing the favorite New York game of last-in-the-line. The fresh air was refreshing, invigorating. Perhaps it gave them courage to say what they had to say. If a melodramatic phrase is here employed it is because it is so earnestly desired that no reader shall miss the feeling of the importance of the next few words.

"Can I drop you wherever you are going, Tom, or shall I go straight home?" she asked with a bewildering smile and an almost hard brilliant note of poise and self-control. "I've got Vaughan driving to-night, so I'm all right. There's no need whatever of your coming way up to Eighty-third Street with me."

He knew that she was treating him exactly as she would treat any perfectly grown-up person. He flushed a little, realizing how handsomely she was acknowledging his position. Then he turned a little pale, as sometimes happens when a fellow is about to do a rather handsome thing.

"Why not come on with me to the Frolic, dear? There's an extra place, and we'd all love to have you come."

"Oh, Thomas!" she gasped as she took in the magnificence of his action. "Would you really take me?"

And then the brilliant poised woman of the world simply broke down and became again merely the weak infatuated creature she had been.

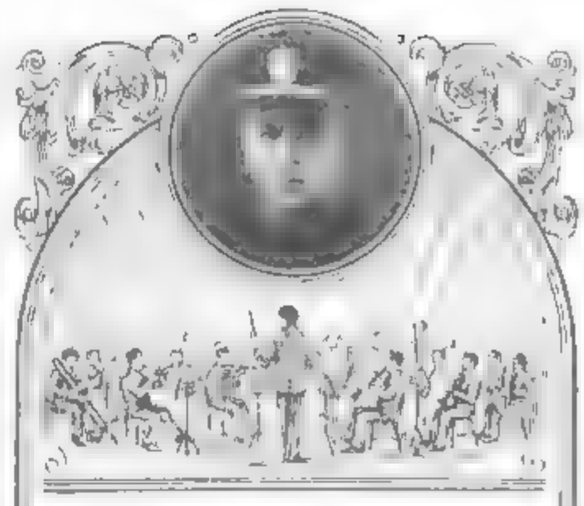
"Oh," she cried with the gayest small laugh, "I wish that car would come! I want to kiss you, Thomas, and I suppose it wouldn't look well here."

This remark, overheard by two ladies from out of town who were standing near them, gave the very oddest idea of New York when it was repeated upon their return home.

And when the car came and in its comparative seclusion Mrs. Edgar Robinson kissed her son, the Irish policeman at the Broadway crossing looked in at the window so smilingly and so sympathetically that Thomas was moved to explain, "She's my mother!"—which the policeman did not seem to believe.

"Tell him to drive up Fifth Avenue a way," ordered the lady. "I want to think. I don't believe in accepting supper invitations from gentlemen too hastily. And besides, if I went anywhere I should have to powder my nose."

Without waiting to come to a decision she proceeded to powder it, and though she



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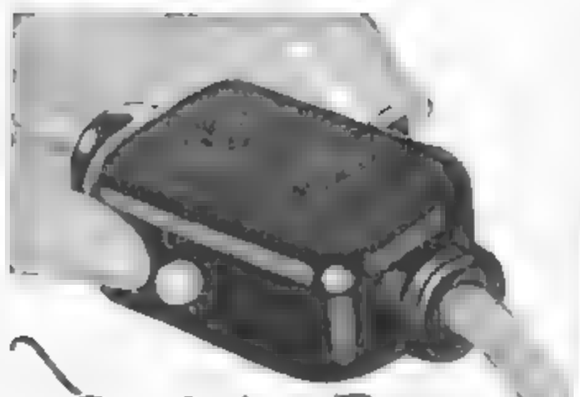

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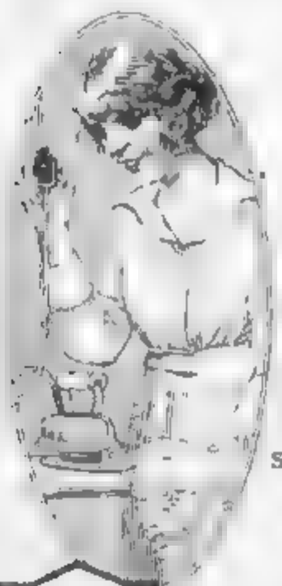

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had not said that it was necessary she put something red upon her lips. But of course this is a New York story. She appeared, in fact, to make quite ready to go on to supper, and then very gravely she said she wouldn't.

"No, dear. Thank you ever so much. I understand quite all that your asking me means. But no, I am not quite a fool; and I know of course that a mother would spoil the party."

"I don't," began our young man haltingly, "want you to get the wrong impression about this party. I don't imagine it is going to be such an awfully gay party, mother."

"No?" Her inquiry seemed to have almost a note of disappointment in it. "Not an awfully gay party! Well, all I can say is it would be if I were there!"

Thomas Robinson looked at his mother in mild astonishment.

"If I were not your mother ——" And then after another second, somehow tense with premonitions, if that is the sort of phrase you can write, "Why should I be?" she asked, adjusting something—a curl, probably—over her ear. "I can be anything you like!" she added. "I mean, of course, anything Bobo Lindsay would like."

Her son gazed at her in a mixture of delight, fascination and horror which he had certainly never known before. Was there perhaps more in this earlier generation than met the eye?

"I could be, for example, a French actress who has just landed."

"Could you?" gasped Thomas Robinson.

"Why not? I think I will be."

"I don't recognize you, mother dear."

"Tut!" she exclaimed. "You disown me, do you, you little wretch?" And her English took on the very least and most fascinating trace of a French accent. And then she broke into a perfect cascade of light laughter.

"Oh, take me home," she finally said, as if exhausted.

For answer her son simply put his head out of the window and gave Vaughan another direction.

"Not in the least," he announced with almost brutal firmness. "I'm going to take you back there. Why, I'd rather go to the Frolic with you than with anyone I know."

"I think," she murmured, "that's exactly as it should be. But after all, Thomas, a joke's a joke." She spoke with a trace of genuine embarrassment. "Wouldn't it be too ridiculous for me?"

"Not in the least. It'll be the greatest lark," answered Thomas Robinson.

"All right," she said. "Of course I always end by doing anything you say."

And as the motor went back down Fifth Avenue they discussed the question of which theater she had probably appeared most at in Paris.

It would now be natural that into this story should be introduced Miss Phœbe Fenn and her parent. Indeed as the story was started it was exactly here that it was planned that they should appear. Bobo Lindsay had invited them, and they had accepted even without the fashionable formality of pretending to chuck another engagement. And then something very queer and unexpected happened, as constantly does in stories, and very often even in real life. Bobo telephoned hastily to put them off, and equally hastily sent a hurry-up call for assistance to his friend Mr. Robinson. But it was in total ignorance of any such events that our hero, accompanied by Mademoiselle Fanchette La Valerie, approached the crisis of the evening.

There was the usual agreeable bustle at the entrance, and Thomas Robinson's spirits rose even higher, as the spirits of very young people are likely to do at midnight, when they ought to be at home in bed.

His companion, he could see, attracted the most favorable attention—even ticket takers and coat-room attendants are not wholly insensate clods. He prepared to bear her in triumph to that front-row table, when she herself caused a delay.

"I want to do you credit, dear. And I have a feeling that Mademoiselle La Valerie would never go into such a place without just one careful look in a mirror."

Mirrors, Thomas Robinson knew, were in a room at the left, and he started his fair friend in that direction when they almost ran upon young Mr. Lindsay, obviously on the watch for his guests.

"Lindsay," began our young friend—the use of the surname indicated that the moment was an excessively grown-up one—"I took the liberty of bringing a guest. I knew you'd be delighted."

Lindsay for one brief instant looked delighted.

"Mademoiselle La Valerie, this is Mr. Lindsay. Mademoiselle is of the Théâtre des Variétés at Paris."

Mr. Lindsay's eyes seemed suddenly to grow to twice their natural size, but both Mr. Robinson and Mademoiselle La Valerie took this as nothing more than a natural tribute to such an unexpected and delightful addition to the party.

"Is this Monsieur Bobo?" asked the distinguished stranger. "*Quel nom chic, Bobo! N'est-ce pas?* I hope before the soirée is over I too may be permitted to call him Bobo! I go now and whiten my nose a little. When I come back perhaps you will let me call you Bobo. *Hein?*"

And she fluttered away after this promising flight of coquetry.

But Bobo, who should, according to all the rules which govern the lives of men of the world, have been transported to the seventh heaven, seemed instead a prey to the most horrid emotions.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

And then he completely went to pieces. His face turned gray and then it literally caved in. His eye lost its luster.

"What is it?" asked Thomas Robinson a little sharply. "You look like a dying fish, Bobo."

"I wish I were," replied young Mr. Lindsay, quite simply and earnestly. "My father and mother suddenly decided to come on with me to New York. And they would come here with me! Isn't it awful?"

For the fraction of a second you might have thought Thomas Robinson was going to laugh. We would even say snicker, if that were not merely a thing that young boys do. But he controlled himself, if there had been any danger that he wouldn't.

"How could I expect that you'd ask me here to meet your family? That's the sort of thing, Bobo, that's not done." Thomas Robinson was actually severe.

"I couldn't get rid of them. They are like leeches. Honest they are, Tom. They hadn't got any too much confidence in me before, and now—you bring a French actress! I didn't know you knew any French actresses anyway."

"I know simply quantities of them," said young Mr. Robinson with great conviction. "You're very selfish," he went on with the agreeable inner conviction that he had got Bobo on the run. "You seem to think of nothing but your own troubles. What about my position?"

"Yours?" asked Bobo Lindsay in surprise. "I hadn't thought about your position. Have you got a position, Tom?"

"Am I to tell Mademoiselle La Valerie that your parents object to meeting her?" Mr. Robinson asked haughtily.

"Whether you tell her or not, they will object," walled the wretched Bobo in a perfectly broken and craven way. "Oh, Lord," he went on, "what are we to do? She'll be back in a minute."

This seemed a safe enough statement, but Thomas Robinson was in no mood to let it go unchallenged.

"If you know anything about women, Bobo," he said sharply, "which I see you don't, you know that they take quite a long time to powder their noses. You've got about twenty or twenty-five seconds to make a plan."

"I can't," confessed the wretched young Mr. Lindsay. "I can't think. You think, Tom. I never was so good a liar as you anyhow," he concluded ingratiatingly.

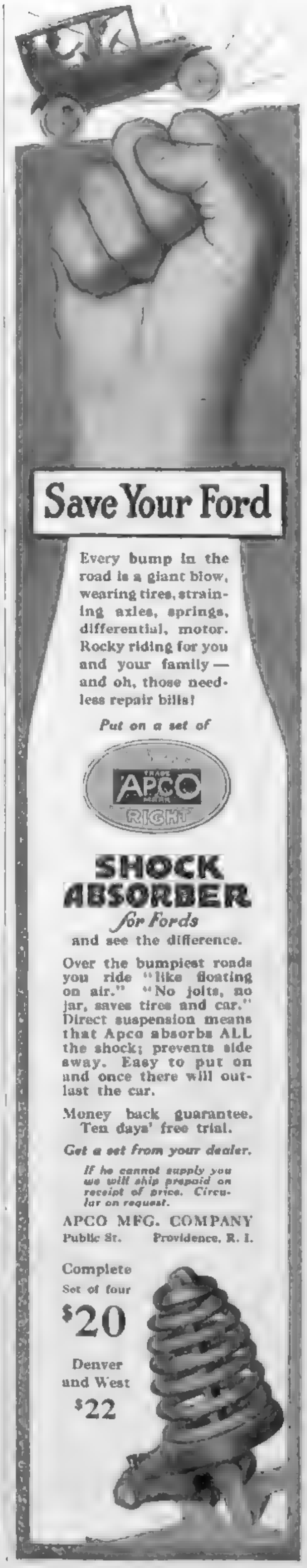
"Poor old George Washington!" replied Thomas Robinson with lofty scorn. "What will your people do if they know who she is?"

"Oh, I don't know," confessed the wrecked unhappy Bobo. "They have absolutely no honor. They are capable of telling your mother and father."

Thomas Robinson stepped back in horror, as if he had almost trodden upon a nest of serpents.

"Good Lord," he said, "they wouldn't tell my mother!"

It occurred to him that it might be effective here to break down and sob, but then



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he thought the roof was almost too public for that.

"Of course," Mr. Lindsay was going on, "this will absolutely make you at school when it becomes known. Gosh, a French actress! But, Tom, you simply can't bring her down where we are. Of course she's an absolute peach, but that only makes it worse. I'll go down and say—oh, I'll say you're sick or dead."

"And that you're giving a little wake for me?" asked his friend, still with great contempt.

"Well, what, then?" Bobo tried to shift the responsibility.

"Whatever you like." Young Mr. Robinson was courteous but haughty. "All I insist on is that Mademoiselle La Valerie be not insulted. French actresses," he went on in a strange, agreeable generalization, "are not accustomed to being insulted."

At that moment the French actress in question was seen threading her way back to them. Her nose, whatever she may have done to it, was adorable.

Bobo gave a start.

"I'm going to beat it," said he with all the air of a criminal. "I can't face it. I'm going home and to bed, and leave them flat. I think I've got the sleeping sickness."

But Thomas Robinson caught his arm as in a vise.

"Don't be a child, Bobo." Bobo was eight months older than Thomas Robinson, so it was not at all unpleasant to address him in this way. "I'll fix it," he said a little wearily, and with an almost languid detached air—of Lord Byron, say; or of a young prince; or of whomever you like. Or of Thomas Robinson, for those who can think of no higher praise.

"Mademoiselle La Valerie," he began—and though his manner was controlled his eyes sparkled with pleasure at his plan—"I've just made a bet with Lindsay."

Mademoiselle was about to ask whether he thought he could afford to, when she recollected herself and merely said "Ah!"

"I say that you're the best actress in the world."

"Oh, I am!" she commented at once. "You will win, my young friend."

"Tom, I didn't say she wasn't the best actress in the world. I'm sure she is," blurted out Bobo, who was coming at once under the kind of spell that actresses—probably especially French ones—know how to cast upon young men.

"Only," said Thomas Robinson, speaking very distinctly, "he didn't see how you could prove it here to-night. But I've thought of a way. Now his party is his father and mother."

"Oh!" cried Mademoiselle La Valerie, and Bobo thought she was going either to laugh or to cry. He couldn't tell which, but he thought either might be lovely.

"And so I said," went on Thomas Robinson with a triumphant air, "that you were such a wonderful actress that you could simply pretend you were my mother!"

It caused a moment's silence, as a tremendous announcement almost always does. And then mademoiselle laughed softly; it was a good deal like silver bells.

"I don't know. What is she like, your mother?"

"I think," said Thomas Robinson, smiling, "that she is a perfect darling."

"Then you can do it!" cried Bobo ecstatically, and Thomas Robinson looked at him in surprise, as if after all there was more in the boy than met the eye.

Supper was very like supper the world over, only rather pleasanter than usual The only things that need be told are two or three speeches after it was all over.

As they came out the two youngest gentlemen lingered a moment behind.

"Listen, Tom," said Bobo confidentially. "She put it over my people all right, but I don't think she was very good. She was far more attractive than any mother I've ever met!"

And the other remark was in the car in which, as was natural, Mr. Robinson was escorting Mademoiselle La Valerie home. They were sitting in a comfortable silence, at about Sixty-fifth Street.

"Mother," said the boy, "I've been thinking over a lot of things. You're right; the nice people are the nicest. And the most amusing too. That's a kind of promise, do you understand?"

"I think so, dear."

"Don't worry about me a great deal, dear, when I'm out late."

"I don't believe I'll need to, dear."

And then he said, almost shyly—that is, shyly for such an accomplished man of the world—"Mademoiselle, what are you doing for dinner to-morrow night?"

"Oh," replied the lady, "there's an old fellow named Edgar Robinson who simply pesters me with his attentions. He'll be back in town and he'll expect me to dine with him."

"Well, in that case," said her admirer, "I may or may not come. He might be jealous of me, don't you think?"

"He might well be," answered Thomas Robinson's mother confidentially.

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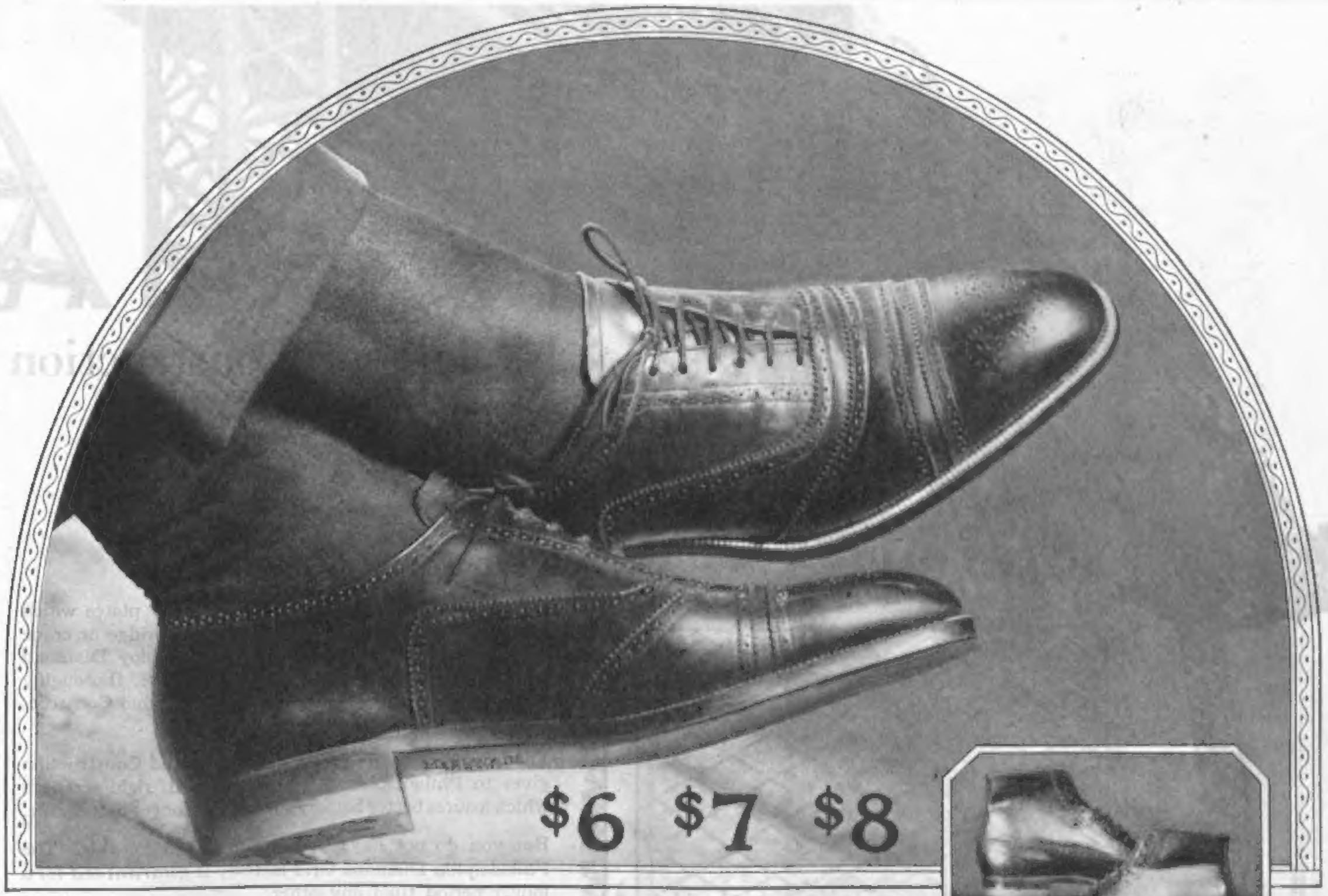

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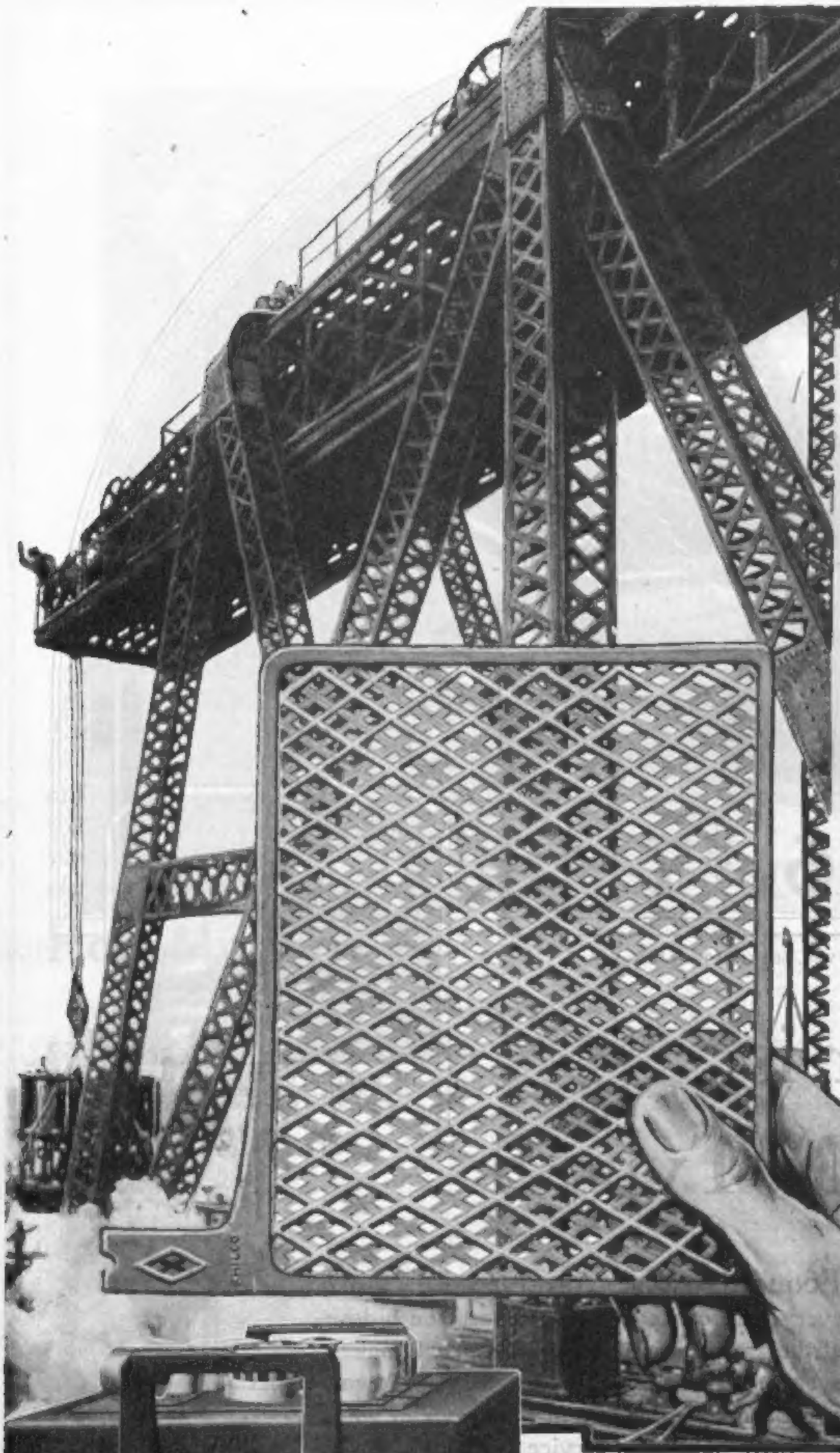

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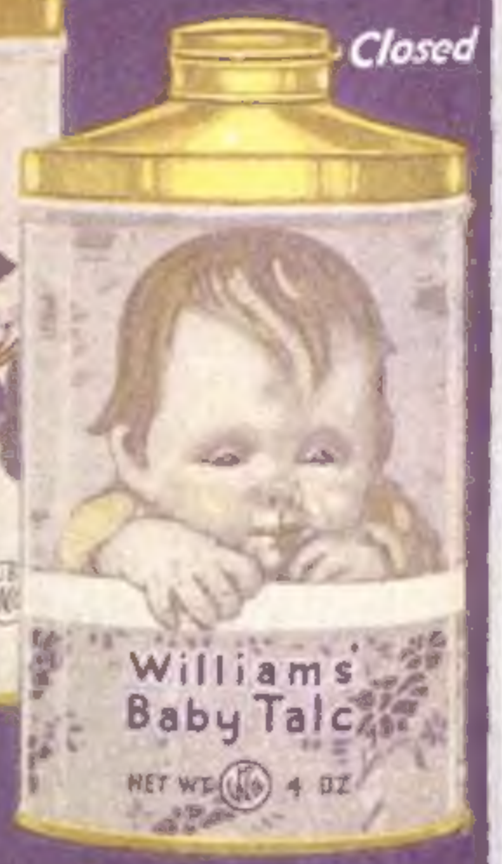

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